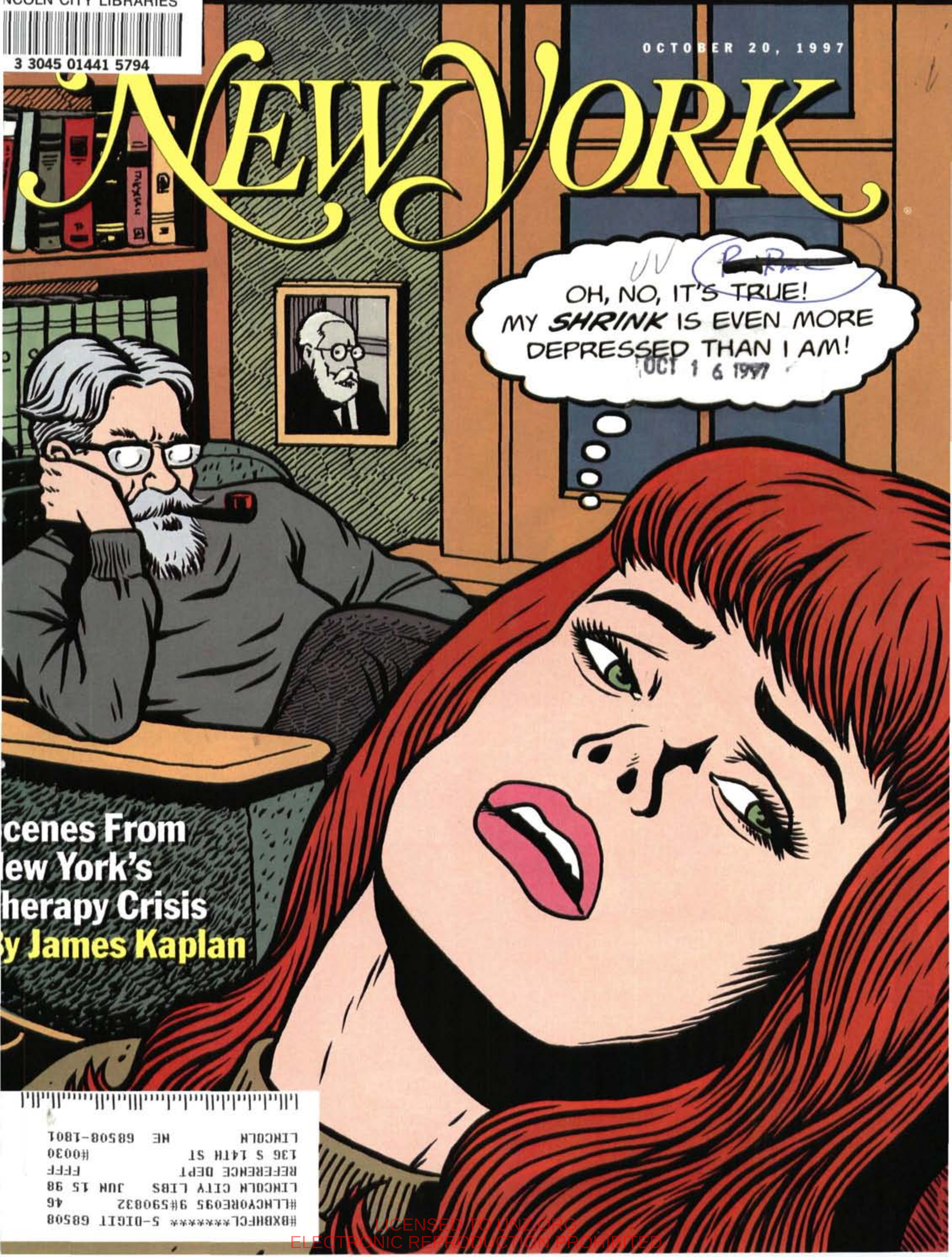
AN BEN CHAVIS MAINSTREAM FARRAKHAN?

NCOLN CITY LIBRARIES
3 3045 01441 5794

OCTOBER 20, 1997

NEW YORK


OH, NO, IT'S TRUE!
MY *SHRINK* IS EVEN MORE
DEPRESSED THAN I AM!

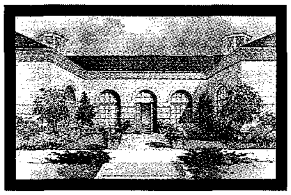
UV [redacted]
OCT 1 6 1997

cenes From
lew York's
herapy Crisis

y James Kaplan

WE'RE SETTING A PLACE FOR YOU…

…IN THE NEW GARDEN TERRACE ROOM AT THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN



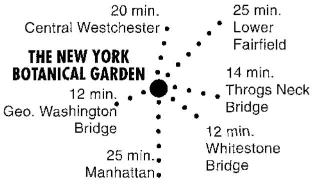
It's hard to imagine a more magical setting for your wedding and other gala occasions.

Only 25 minutes from Manhattan, the new Garden Terrace Room offers the lush surroundings and visual delights of one of the world's foremost public gardens. Like the setting, the food and service by the noted Abigail Kirsch are extraordinary. All amenities are included, from fine table appointments to outstanding staff.

The spacious ballroom with soaring windows and Palladian architectural details, opens to terraces and gardens that promise spectacular seasonal displays.

Privacy is assured. Everything you need and want for a memorable celebration is here: easy accessibility, unique environment, the superb food and service of Abigail Kirsch.

By appointment only; for information please telephone (718) 220-0300.

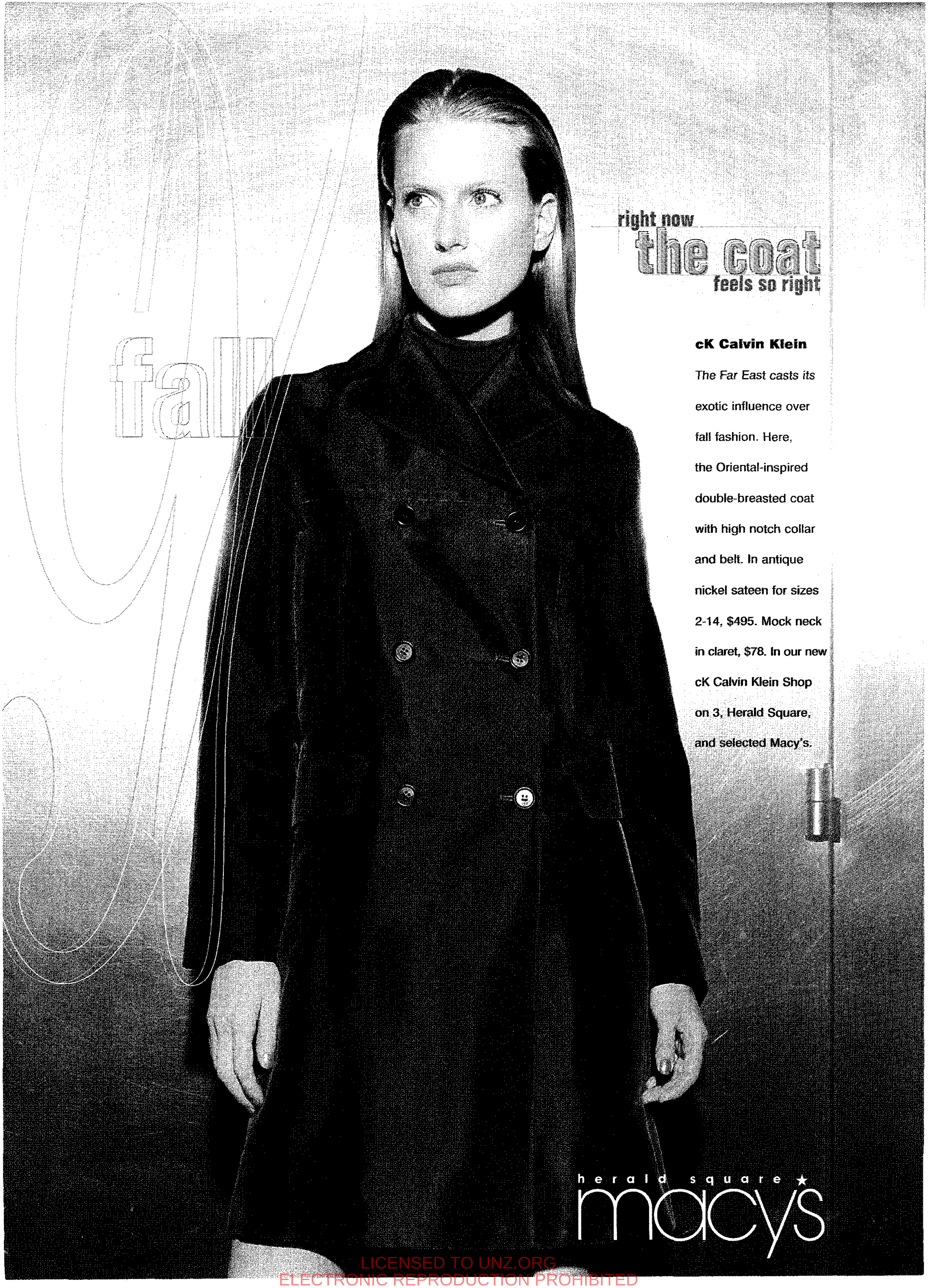

20 min.
Central Westchester
25 min.
Lower Fairfield
THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN
14 min.
Throgs Neck Bridge
12 min.
Geo. Washington Bridge
12 min.
Whitestone Bridge
25 min.
Manhattan

Abigail Kirsch

AT

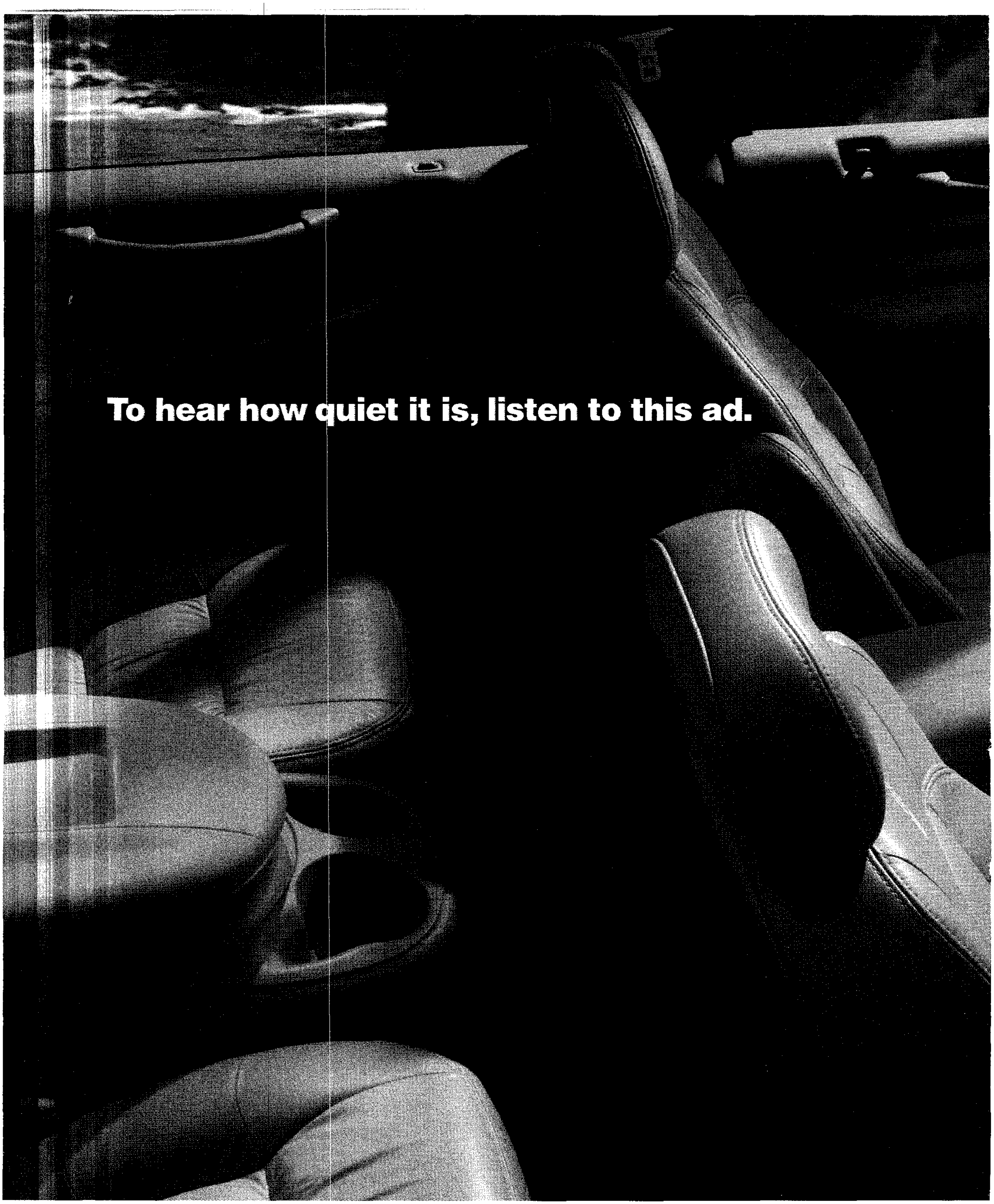
THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN

Bronx, New York


fall
right now
the coat
feels so right
herald square
macys

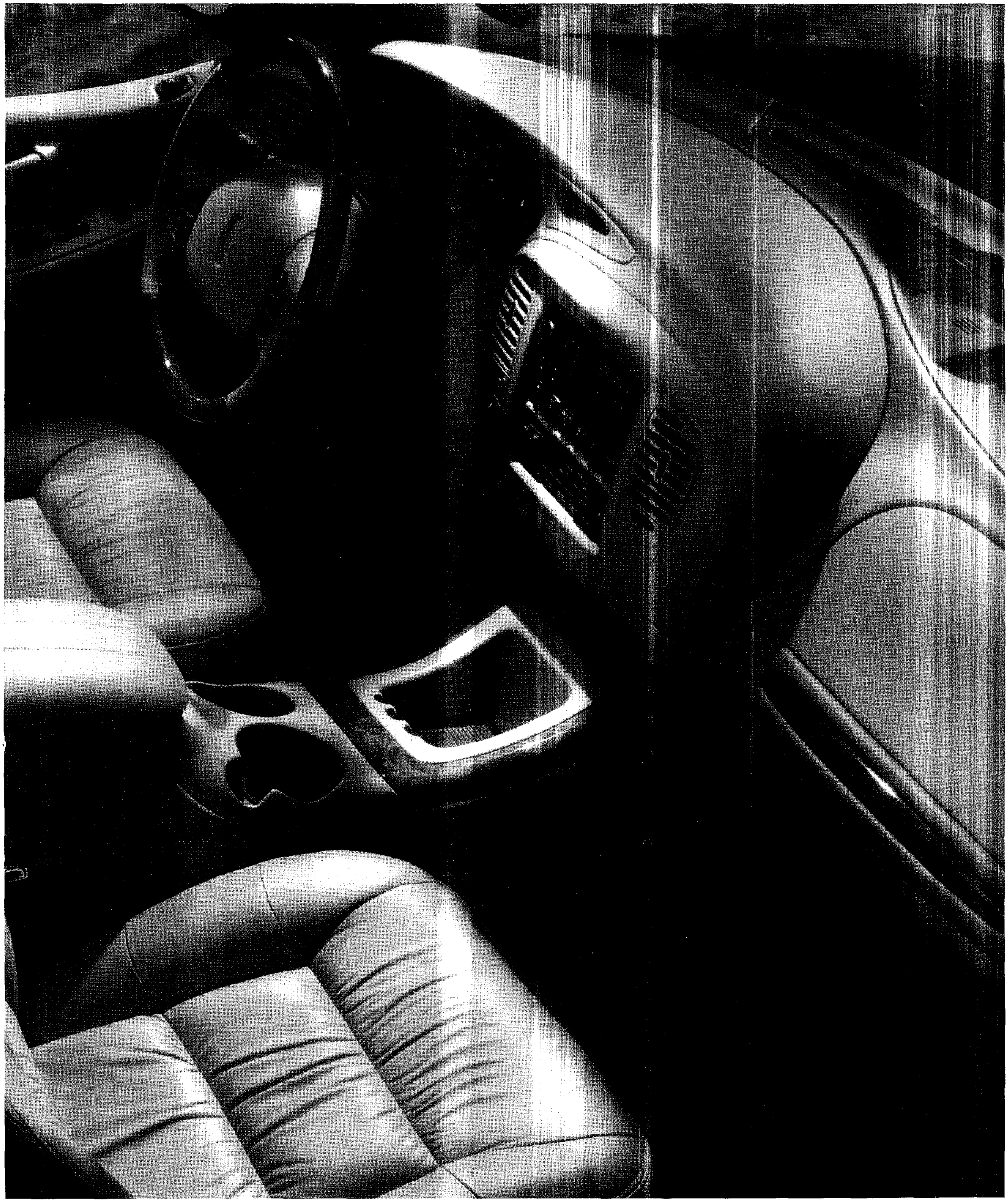
cK Calvin Klein

The Far East casts its exotic influence over fall fashion. Here, the Oriental-inspired double-breasted coat with high notch collar and belt. In antique nickel sateen for sizes 2-14, $495. Mock neck in claret, $78. In our new cK Calvin Klein Shop on 3, Herald Square, and selected Macy's.


To hear how quiet it is, listen to this ad.

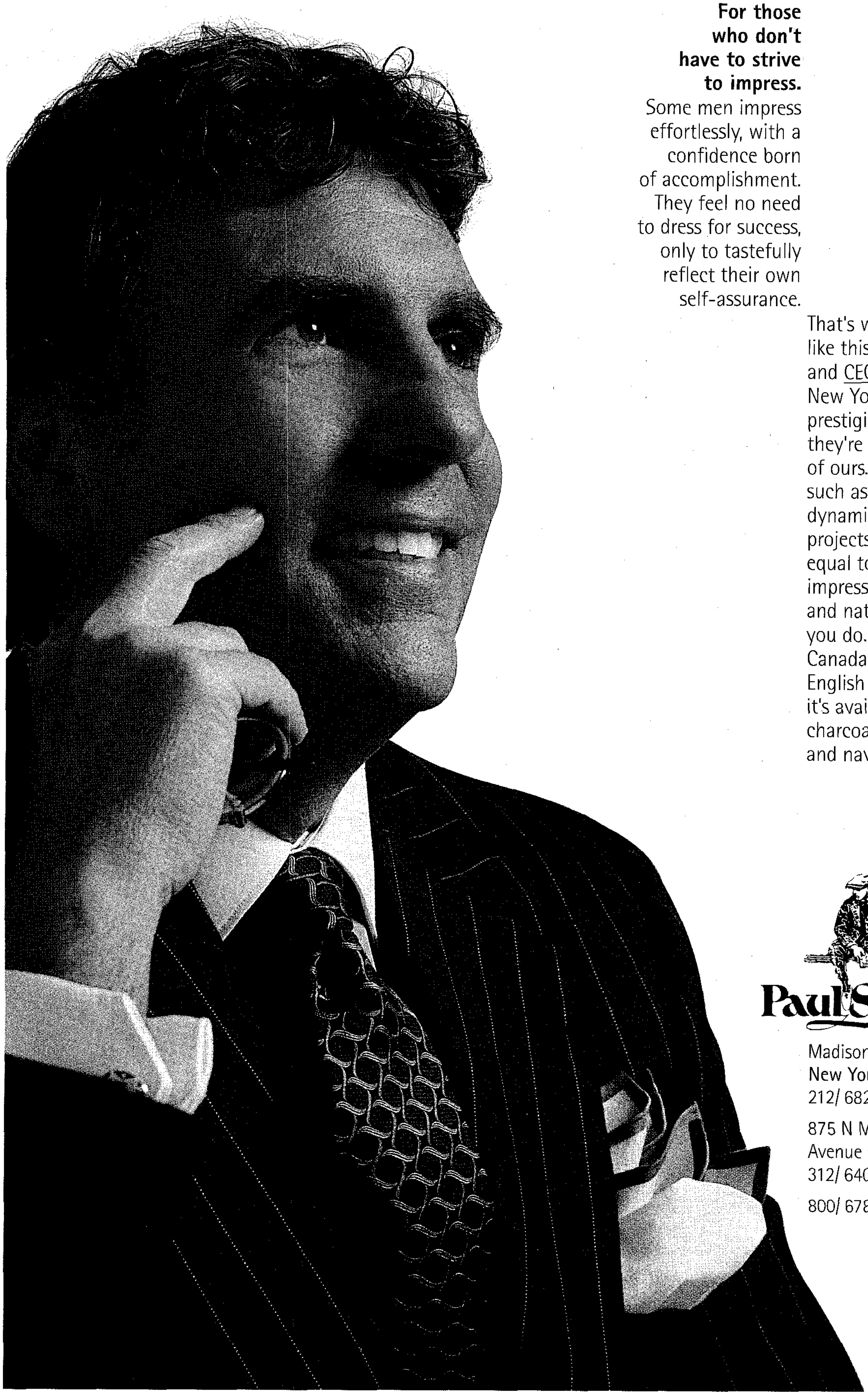
Once inside the all-new Navigator, you're likely to hear little more than your thoughts. Because for all its ruggedness, it's still a Lincoln. We kept it quiet with sound-absorbtion materials throughout the interior, coupled with an available air-suspension system and specially tuned shock absorbers

LINCOLN



for a smooth ride. So you aren't likely to hear a thing, except maybe the call of the wild. For information about this full-size luxury SUV, call toll-free 1 888 2ANYWHERE (1 888 226-9943), visit our web site at www.lincolnvehicles.com or see an authorized Lincoln Navigator dealer.

Navigator from Lincoln. What a luxury [**] should be.**



For those who don't have to strive to impress.

Some men impress effortlessly, with a confidence born of accomplishment. They feel no need to dress for success, only to tastefully reflect their own self-assurance.

That's why, like this President and CEO of one of New York's most prestigious banks, they're customers of ours. A suit such as this dynamic beadstripe projects a confidence equal to your own, impressing as easily and naturally as you do. Made in Canada of fine English wool, it's available in charcoal gray and navy.

Paul Stuart

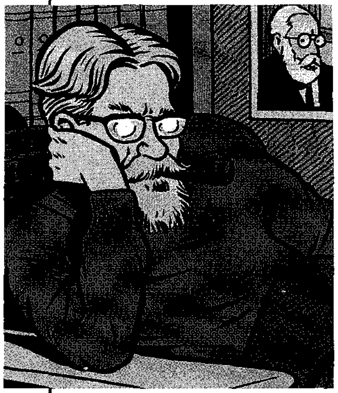
Madison & 45th
New York
212/ 682 0320

875 N Michigan
Avenue Chicago
312/ 640 2650

800/ 678 8278

Contents Oct. 20, 1997

> *"There's tremendous demoralization and pessimism in the field. What can we tell our young students? Everyone's going to be on medication; there'll be no jobs for them."*
>
> A SENIOR PSYCHOANALYST, PAGE 26



26 Shrink Wrap

By James Kaplan

Has psychoanalysis reached its final 50-minute hour? The field is contracting, the institutes that teach it are regrouping or facing irrelevance, managed care wants quick results, and doctors are increasingly replacing the talking cure with a prescription for Prozac. Even Woody Allen doesn't take it seriously anymore. *How do you feel about that?*

34 A One-Man March

By Peter Noel

Booted from the NAACP directorship amid scandal, Benjamin Chavis has spent the past three years reinventing himself as Benjamin F. Muhammad, Louis Farrakhan's lieutenant and the man who hopes to move the minister, and the Nation of Islam, into the mainstream.

40 Dis Harmony

By Richard Regen

Child prodigy turned intense young-punk filmmaker: That's the line on Harmony Korine, the screenwriter behind 1995's notorious *Kids* and now the writer-director of *Gummo,* a film about wasted suburban kids who kill cats for profit. Can his bratty art possibly find an audience?

44 Passing the Torch

By Jennifer Senior

Reports of cabaret's death are greatly exaggerated: Just ask anyone at the Eugene O'Neill Cabaret Symposium, a seaside boot camp where fiercely hopeful song stylists come under the tutelage of masters like Julie Wilson and Margaret Whiting. So what if some of them sound like *Oprah* with piano accompaniment?

Gotham

15 There once was a man from Limerick; Sputnik touches down in Brooklyn; the new gang hysteria; Harold Ickes speaks

Departments

22 The Bottom Line
Larry Black

When Wall Street gossip is as reliable as insider info, the small investor gets the shaft

24 The City Politic
Michael Tomasky

Exactly how and when did Ruth Messinger devolve from respected crusader to hapless campaigner?

78 The Insatiable Critic
Gael Greene

Square meals: Pino Luongo's Tuscan theme park is a circus

Marketplace

50 Best Bets
Corky Pollan

Vintage custard cups, classic British lighting, and decidedly non-e mail

52 Sales & Bargains
Ondine Cohane

Wedding rings, honeymoon suites, and furnishings for your new digs

The Arts

54 Movies
David Denby

Boogie Nights is sweetly amusing but never really delves more than skin deep

72 Theater
John Simon

Don't *Mansion* it: O'Neill's unfinished final work makes its own journey into night

73 Art
Mark Stevens

Richard Diebenkorn, a major painter with a minor reputation

75 Dance
Tobi Tobias

Look, Tharp! Twyla's new company makes an eclectic, brainy splash

77 Television
John Leonard

Homicide, cast changes notwithstanding, is still the best show on network television

Cue

81 The Foo Fighters meet the Stones; the unjoined conjoined twins; the biggest brain in Queens; Kevin Williamson, *Scream*writer; lobster-stuffed menus

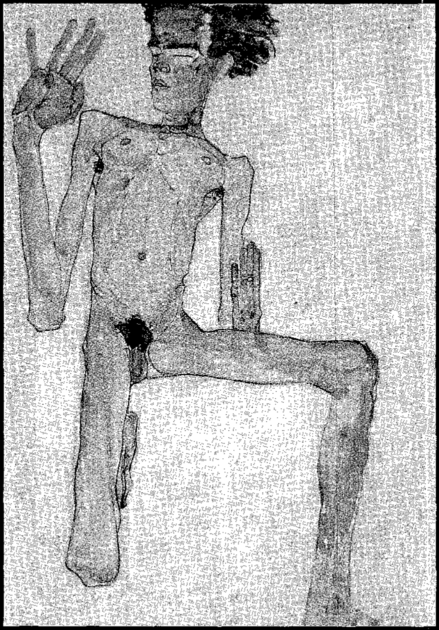
Misc.

Letters 8
Intelligencer *by Beth Landman Keil and Deborah Mitchell* 11
***Guardian* Crossword** 124
'Cue' Crossword *by Maura B. Jacobson* 124
Classified 112
Strictly Personals 120

OCTOBER 20, 1997—VOL. 30, NO. 40. Periodicals postage paid at New York, New York, and additional mailing offices. Editorial and business offices: 212-508-0700. **POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to *New York*, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Subscription rates in the U.S. and possessions: 50 issues, $42. **For subscription assistance, write Joseph Oliver, *New York* Magazine, Subscription Department, Box 54661, Boulder, Colorado 80322-4661. Or call (800) 678-0900 or (212) 447-4749.** Printed in the U.S.A.

Photographs: right, courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art; center, Nan Goldin; bottom, Nathaniel Welch.

Cover: Illustration by Mark Zingarelli.



Edgy.

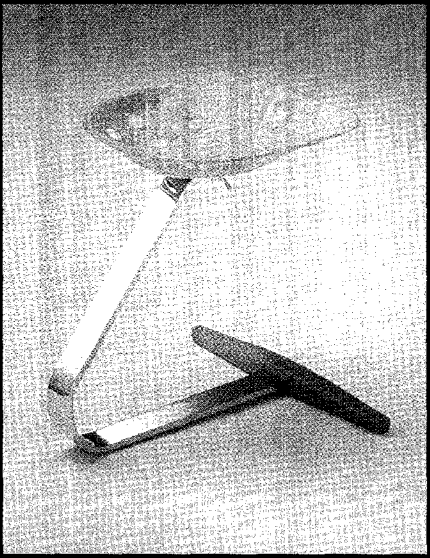
Erotic.

Extraordinary.

See it this fall at MoMA.

MoMA's exhilarating line-up of exhibitions and programs is one of the reasons why autumn in New York is so great.

Open daily except Wednesday, open late on Friday.



Advertisement © 1997 The Museum of Modern Art

Egon Schiele:
The Leopold Collection, Vienna
October 12, 1997–January 4, 1998

Sponsored by ROBERT LEHMAN FOUNDATION, INC. Additional support provided by Jo Carole and Ronald S. Lauder. The assistance of the Österreichische Nationalbank, the Austrian Mint, and the Austrian Cultural Institute, New York, is gratefully acknowledged. Indemnity granted by the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities.

Top left: Egon Schiele. *Kneeling Male Nude (Self-Portrait)*. 1910. Watercolor, gouache, and black crayon on paper. The Leopold Collection, Vienna.

Achille Castiglioni: Design!
October 16, 1997–January 6, 1998

Organized by The Museum of Modern Art, New York, in collaboration with Cosmit, Organizing Committee of the Salone del Mobile Italiano in Milan. Made possible by Maureen and Marshall S. Cogan. Additional support provided by Agnes Bourne, Alessi, Cosmit, Editrice Abitare Segesta, Campeggi S.r.l., and M2L, Inc.

Above: Achille and Pier Giacomo Castiglioni. *Mezzadro Chair*. Design date: 1957. Manufacture date: 1971. Manufacturer: Zanotta.Chromed steel, enameled metal, wood. Photo courtesy Zanotta.

On the Edge: Contemporary Art from the Werner and Elaine Dannheisser Collection
September 30, 1997–January 20, 1998

Supported in part by TDI. Publication made possible by Agnes Gund and Daniel Shapiro.

Left: Robert Gober. *Untitled*. 1989–90. Wax, cotton, leather, human hair, and wood. The Museum of Modern Art. Gift of the Dannheisser Foundation. © 1997 Robert Gober. Photo: Robert Gober Studio.

MoMA

The Museum of Modern Art
11 West 53 Street, New York
212.708.9400 www.moma.org

NEW YORK

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
Caroline Miller

MANAGING EDITOR
Sarah Jewler

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
John Homans

DESIGN DIRECTOR
Mark Michaelson

PICTURE EDITOR
Margery Goldberg

FASHION DIRECTOR
Jade Hobson Charnin

NEWS EDITOR
Jeremy Gerard

FEATURES EDITOR
George Kalogerakis

DEPUTY EDITORS
Phoebe Eaton, Maer Roshan

SENIOR EDITORS
Susan Dominus, Hugo Lindgren
Brian Parks, Matthew Weingarden

STAFF EDITOR
Ruth G. Davis

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Susan Brenna, Rene Chun, Peter G. Davis, David Denby
Simon Dumenco, Katherine Eban Finkelstein
David France, Samuel G. Freedman, Ralph Gardner Jr.
Gael Greene, Michael Gross, Peter Hellman, Tony Hendra
Craig Horowitz, Bob Ickes, Karrie Jacobs, Mark Jacobson
Maura B. Jacobson, Ariel Kaminer, Peter Kaminsky
James Kaplan, Beth Landman Keil, Andrew Kirtzman
Eric Konigsberg, John Leonard, Barbara Lippert
Mary Ann Madden, Michael Maren, Deborah Mitchell
Hanna Rosin, Hal Rubenstein, Nancy Jo Sales, Luc Sante
John Simon, Christopher Smith, Mark Stevens, Tobi Tobias
Michael Tomasky, Mim Udovitch, Alex Williams

CULINARY EDITOR
Gillian Duffy

BEST BETS EDITOR
Corky Pollan

PHOTO DIRECTOR, SPECIAL PROJECTS
Jordan Schaps

SALES & BARGAINS EDITOR: Dany Levy
FASHION EDITOR: Elizabeth Shepherd

STAFF WRITERS
Barbara Ensor, Linda Hall, Alexandra Lange, Edith Newhall
Jennifer Senior, Ethan Smith, Norman Vanamee

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR
Robert Patronite

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Christopher Bonanos, Robin Raisfeld

ASSISTANT EDITORS
Vanessa Grigoriadis, Claire Perrault
Michael Steele, Clay Thurmond

REPORTERS
Ondine Cohane, Patricia Falvo, Sam Grobart, Kris McNeil
ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Deborah R. Slater

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS
Sarah Bernard, Laura Georgio, Nicholas Meyer

ART DIRECTOR
Florian Bachleda
ART PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Eugene R. Tooman
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR: Jennifer Gilman
ASSOCIATE PICTURE EDITOR: Maisie Todd
ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR: Vita Parrino
DESIGNERS: Andrea Dunham, Pino Impastato
ART ASSISTANT: Phoebe Robinson
ART STAFF: Steven Davis, Anthony Funaro
Anton Ioukhnovets, Petros Petrou, Jennifer Procopio
COLOR PRE-PRESS MANAGER: Alejandro Gomez

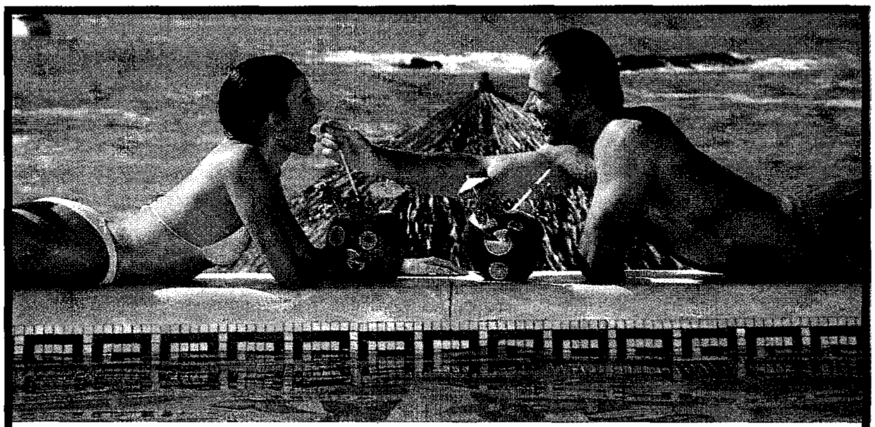
SYSTEMS MANAGER: Marty Reinert
ASSOCIATE SYSTEMS MANAGER: David Miller

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: James B. Reffler
ASSOCIATE PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Robert P. Wilkey
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Joel H. Bernardo
EDIT/PRODUCTION CLOSE COORDINATOR: Mia H. Tran

The following are registered trademarks, and the use of these trademarks i strictly prohibited: Best Bets, Best Bids, Between the Lines, The Botton Line, Brief Lives, The City Politic, Cityscape, Cityside, Cue, Cue New York In and Around Town, Intelligencer, Legal Aid, The National Interest, Nev York, New York Intelligencer, New York Journal, The Passionate Shoppe The Sporting Life, The Underground Gourmet, and The Urban Strategis *New York* (ISSN #0028-7369) is published weekly (except for combine issues the last week of June and the first week of July and the last two week of December) by K-III Magazine Corporation, 444 Madison Avenue, Nev York, New York 10022-6999. Telephone: 212-508-0700. **Copyright © 199 by K-III Magazine Corporation. All rights reserved.** All requests for per missions and reprints must be made in writing to Reprint Managemen Services, 147 West Airport Road, P.O. Box 5363, Lancaster, PA 1760 5363; reproduction without permission is strictly prohibited. *New Yor* Magazine is not responsible for the return or loss of unsolicited manuscript Any submission of a manuscript must be accompanied by an SASE. Office of K-III Magazine Corporation: William F. Reilly, Chairman; Charles C McCurdy, Vice-Chairman; Beverly C. Chell, Vice-Chairman.

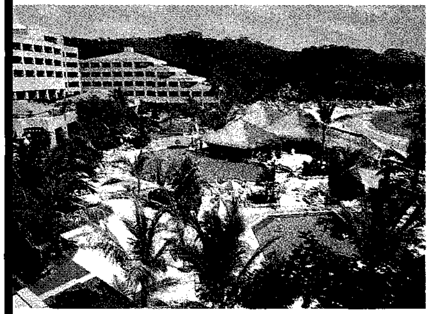
NEW YORK

PUBLISHER
Amy R. Churgin
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
Alan Katz
BUSINESS DIRECTOR: Betsy Cronen
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Ginger Sutton
RETAIL MANAGER: Stefanie Feidelson
BEAUTY MANAGER: Amy Hochfelder Ball
SALES REPRESENTATIVES
Alexis Demetroulakos
Jennifer Fishman, Hollis Fuller
Kira Krieger, S. Nina Leone
Claudia Ryan, Ron Stern, Leslie Weiss
SALES ASSISTANTS: Aimee Barnett
Victoria Davies, Paula Griffiths, Jennifer Hunn
Ahu Z. Resimcioglu, Cara Rubin
MIDWEST MANAGER: Sasha Mayoras, 312-616-1895
DETROIT: Traci Van Gorder, 248-353-2537
CALIFORNIA: SD Media, 310-264-7575
SOUTHEAST: Stites & Fontaine, 770-491-1419
TEXAS: Tierney & Company, 972-625-6688
FRANCE/UK: S & R Media, 011-33-1-47-61-08-26
CANADA: Media Services International, 905-238-9228
ITALY: Studio Villa, 011-39-2-31-16-62
HONG KONG: Pacific Asia Media, 011-852-834-6128
ADVERTISING SYSTEMS MANAGER: Sharon Y. Quinn
ADVERTISING COORDINATOR: Jacqueline Lopez
CREATIVE SERVICES DIRECTOR
Beverly Hood Allen
SPECIAL EVENTS DIRECTOR: Gerry Napoli
SENIOR WRITER/MERCHANDISING: Lauren Paige Kennedy
ASSOCIATE MERCHANDISING: Dion Ancheta
SPECIAL SECTIONS: Christy Casamassima
ART DIRECTOR: Ilene Segal
DESIGNER: Robyn Lash
PROMOTION ASSISTANT: Sunny H. Lee
RESEARCH AND MARKET DEVELOPMENT DIRECTOR
Eileen P. Ronan
SENIOR RESEARCH ANALYST: Christine McKaba
RESEARCH ASSISTANT: Peter R. Chiacchiaro
INFORMATION SERVICES DIRECTOR: Valerie Taylor
VICE-PRESIDENT, GROUP CLASSIFIED DIRECTOR
Nancy J. Fedder
CLASSIFIED MANAGER: Teresa Taylor
SALES AND MARKETING MANAGER: John Miceli
SALES DEVELOPMENT MANAGER: Michelle Krell Kydd
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Manuel Gomes
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT: Dana Cohen
SALES REPRESENTATIVES: Mark Bristow
Theresa Bunce, Kendra Callahan
Debbie Horowitz, Chris Lutkin
Wendy Pusey, Alexandra Singerman
STAFF: Denise Fowler, Greta Turken, Heather Schultz
CONSUMER MARKETING DIRECTOR: Joyce A. Hansen
CONSUMER MARKETING MANAGER: W. Sean O'Connell
ASSOCIATE CIRCULATION DIRECTOR, DISTRIBUTION
David Schaefer
ASSOCIATE CIRCULATION DIRECTOR, PLANNING
Anne Loganbuhl
CONTROLLER
David Rockefeller
ASSISTANT CONTROLLER: Deborah L. Sheffey, CPA
MANAGER OF SPECIAL PROJECTS: Carmine Tiero
ACCOUNTANT: Michael Torres
A.P. SUPERVISOR: Kathleen Marney
COLLECTIONS MANAGER: Susan Haridas
STAFF: Aubrey Guio, Maribel Lopez
OFFICE SERVICES MANAGER
Mary Ann McCarthy
STAFF: Esther Gillyard, Priscilla Hood
Joseph Markfelder, Angelo Molina, Omar Rowe
Virginia Spraggins, Sarah Wigfall
K-III MAGAZINES
CHAIRMAN: William F. Reilly
VICE-CHAIRMAN: Charles G. McCurdy
VICE-CHAIRMAN: Beverly C. Chell
VICE-PRESIDENT: Curtis A. Thompson
EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT, AND
PRESIDENT, ADVERTISING AND MARKETING: Janice Grossman
VICE-PRESIDENT: Brian T. Beckwith
VICE-PRESIDENT AND CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER: Linda C. Jenkins
VICE-PRESIDENT, FINANCIAL PLANNING & ANALYSIS: Jennifer P. Chu
VICE-PRESIDENT, CONTROLLER: David W. Whitwell
VICE-PRESIDENT, CONSUMER MARKETING: William I. Barber
VICE-PRESIDENT, SYSTEMS: Robert M. Cummings
VICE-PRESIDENT, MANUFACTURING: Edward J. Egan
VICE-PRESIDENT, SINGLE COPY SALES: Mark A. Peterson
VICE-PRESIDENT, GROUP SALES: Nan L. Elmore



4 days/3 nights at
Royal Maeva Resorts
for the most luxurious
all-inclusive vacation
anywhere!

Everything is included for your enjoyment:
▪ Deluxe accommodations ▪ Sumptuous buffets and a la carte dining in 4 restaurants ▪ Room Service from 7 AM to 11 PM ▪ Unlimited cocktails, wine & beer (imported & domestic liquors) 11 AM to 2 AM ▪ Great sports menu with equipment & assistance ▪ Nightly spectacular stage shows ▪ Disco dancing ▪ Hotel taxes & service charges *included too!* ▪ *Plus the "MaevAmigos", our bilingual staff of hosts,* sports helpers & show time entertainers here to assure that you have a wonderful holiday!
Families: 1 or 2 children under 12 years of age, stay, play & eat free when sharing accommodations with parents.



HUATULCO-OAXACA
$315.* extra nights $100*
5th night free to 12/19/97

PLAYACAR-CANCUN
$445.* extra nights $136*
5th night free to 12/19/97

Royal MAEVA®
Deluxe All Inclusive Resort
MEXICO

Contact MEXICANA 1-800-531-7921, AEROMEXICO 1-800-237-6639 or CONTINENTAL AIRLINES 1-800-523-3273 for flight arrangements

Call your travel agent or dial toll free for reservations
1-800-GO-MAEVA
Los Angeles area (213) 935-6089 FAX (213) 935-6197

*Rate per person, double occupancy. Packages include transportation between airport & resort.

BUSTER
GOES LATIN LOCO!

BUSTER POINDEXTER
BLASTS OFF WITH
Buster's Spanish
RocketShip

Featuring the single
"Ondine"

Salsa with Schtick!
Merengue Madness!
It's Hotter than Hot!

Spanish Rocket Ship

Words and Music by
David Johansen and Brian Koonin

ISLAND
Part of the PolyGram family

©1997 Island Records, Inc.

LETTERS OCTOBER 20, 1997

Boy Toys

Fear and loathing in New York over the predations of teenage boys and the predicament of teenage girls.

I COMMEND NANCY JO SALES'S STARK exposé on the sex lives and power structure of Manhattan high-school students ["The Sex Trap," September 29]. The rapport she developed to get such uncensored information is admirable. As a psychotherapist and, more significantly, a mother of a 6-year-old girl and a 3-year-old boy, I found the article both scary and sad. It revealed a community of children who seem to be lost and confused, with plummeting self-esteem and without resources to work through the transition from childhood to adulthood.

I wonder where the parents and other adults who love and care about these kids are. I'm sure at the stage of parenthood where I am now, they, too, tried to make sure their children had the best possible chance in life. Is it that too much attention has been paid to children's academic and financial potential, with a low priority on their social and emotional needs?

Wendy Maitland
MANHATTAN

THANKS TO NANCY JO SALES'S ARTICLE, I have officially decided never to have kids. Maybe it's not such a great idea to raise kids amid this flurry of juvenile bacchanalia. The teens' notion of fame is so distorted, I can't imagine from what source it is derived, other than drugs and alcohol. When I was in high school, you were branded a slut if you dressed like Madonna—only when they sang "Like a Virgin," they meant it. With this new breed of sexually promiscuous youngsters, the concept of virginity or even safe sex is as antiquated as Atari—not only laughable but practically unheard of.

Lesley S. Abravanel
MIAMI BEACH, FLA.

HOW HEARTBREAKING TO READ YOUR story about teenage girls' yearning for love and acceptance. Maybe the reason the girls you interviewed aren't more confident is because society as a whole doesn't have confidence in them.

As a young woman entrepreneur building a Website for teenage girls, I hear one comment repeatedly from potential investors: "But girls don't like computers!" Meanwhile, I see girls using all parts of the Internet every day and loving it. Have some respect for girls and give them more entertainment choices than the tired trio of makeup, clothes, and sex.

Isabel Walcott
Founder, www.smartgirl.com
MANHATTAN

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, or sent via e-mail to 104700.2560@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.*

I AM A STUDENT AT THE FIELDSTON School in Riverdale. I know these kids who listen to commercial rap while chilling on 86th and Broadway. The incorrect image portrayed so convincingly in Sales's article is that the protagonists are considered cool. This is simply not true. What makes me angry when I read these articles is the fact that my parents read them, too. Although they know me better than to think that I am like these kids, these articles give many adults the impression that my generation is a disappointment. Don't think that all of us are like this. Because we aren't.

Alissa Kronovet
MANHATTAN

WHERE DOES NANCY JO SALES *FIND* THESE people? I'm 14 years old. I go to Hunter College High School. I've never met anyone in a crew. None of the girls I know are running around doing ecstasy, and every kid I know can string together an English sentence, unlike some of these interviewees. These articles are about underachieving kids in select schools and the bad things they're doing. Who reads the articles? Parents of overachieving kids in good schools. I wish Miss Sales would write an article that represented more than one percent of the population. But hey: No one wants to read about *normal* kids, right?

Sam Brody
MANHATTAN

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO, WHEN I TAUGHT English in a New York City boys' school, I knew that my students and I had private out-of-school lives. We met in school to share the things we had in common, such as literature and language and civility, and to prepare them for the productive lives we wished for them. Now I say, why bother? Just let them all suck and fuck and forge their checks and let oversexed adolescent creeps rub their nubile bodies. The mothers don't seem to care—why should we? Pull up the drawbridge and live behind the moat. To think we worried about Holden Caulfield.

Don E. Jones
SAFETY HARBOR, FLA.

THE MAJOR DIFFICULTY OF NANCY JO Sales's article is its strong tendency to normalize (and thus glorify) what I believe to be the behaviors of very troubled youngsters. The dangers in doing this include the following: Those teenagers who might be flirting with the idea of behaving like the kids described will see these behaviors as cool, common, and something to emulate; it minimizes the dangers involved in these behaviors; while indicating that some of the teens described show evidence of psychological distress, the article underplays just how troubled these youngsters are. Having seen young people like those described, I know that many show symptoms of depression, self-mutilation, eating disorders, drug and alcohol abuse, etc. While on the surface they appear cool, I suspect they demonstrated a considerable degree of bravado to Sales. The article also underplays the deviance of the so-called cool boys. Often, these are boys who are not functioning well academically, who are heavily into alcohol and other drugs, and who are also involved in other antisocial behaviors.

Alex Weintrob, M.D.
Child/Adolescent Psychiatrist
MANHATTAN

Corrections In an article on the "New Cocaine Culture" in the city [September 1], several comments attributed to Michael Bennett, principal owner of Emerald Trading Group, by our reporter Rene Chun, were not his. Mr. Bennett did not say or suggest that coke is a "big problem" among his colleagues at Emerald Trading or on the commodities exchange. *New York* regrets the error.

The bracelets featured in the October 6 "Gotham: Style" cost $65 to $210 for a set of 80. They are available at Barneys, Saks Fifth Avenue, Scoop, and Calypso, or by calling 800-730-5643. ■

Rockport®

be comfortable. uncompromise.™
start with your feet.

The Bourbon Street collection. Lightweight, durable and with a look that's equally at home at the big presentation or the local bistro, these shoes are engineered without compromise to be some of the most comfortable shoes in which you can do business. Visit us to try on a pair, and be prepared to get comfortable. For more information call 1-800-ROCKPORT (762-5767) or visit www.rockport.com

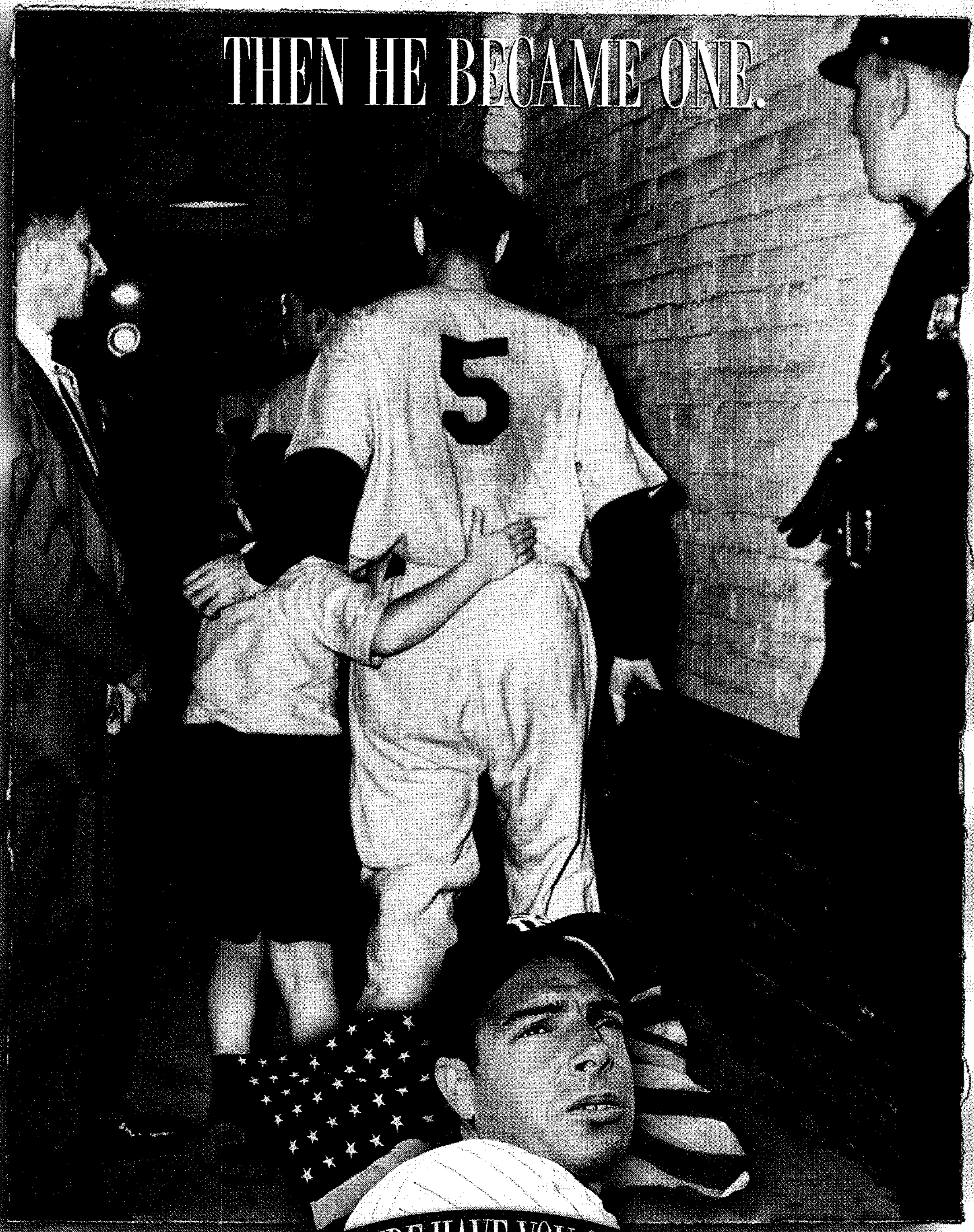
Rockport, 160 Columbus Ave. between 67th & 68th Streets, N.Y.C. (212) 579-1301

NEWPORT KING OF PRUSSIA MALL BOSTON

© 1997 The Rockport Company, Inc. All Rights Reserved. ROCKPORT is a registered trademark and UNCOMPROMISE is a trademark of The Rockport Company, Inc. **Style shown: Bourbon Street Boot**

HE DEFINED AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION.

THEN HE BECAME ONE.



WHERE HAVE YOU GONE JOE DIMAGGIO?

MON., OCT. 20 HBO AT 8PM ET/PT

IT'S NOT TV. IT'S HBO.

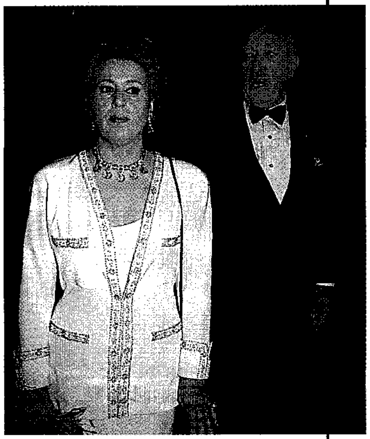
http://www.hbo.com ©1997 Home Box Office, a Division of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P. All rights reserved. HBO is a registered service mark of Time Warner Entertainment Company, L.P.

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

A QUINN-TESSENTIAL LEGAL BATTLE

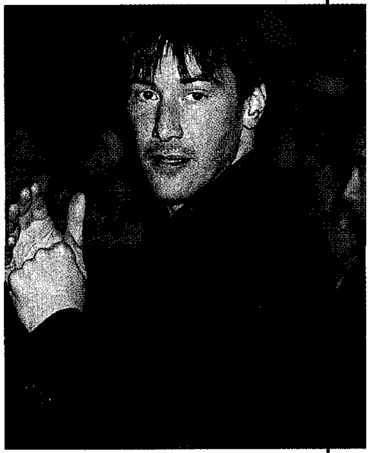
Iolanda Quinn seems to be having a hard time deciding just who her enemies are. The former Mrs. **Anthony Quinn** is unhappy with her divorce settlement; by her estimates, she'll be left with only $300,000 in liquid assets, no life insurance, and no part of her ex-husband's pension. Apparently, she didn't keep quiet about her displeasure with the work of her former lawyer, **Raoul Felder**—who responded by threatening to sue her for libel, in a letter that asked "I wonder what is the Italian word for 'ungrateful'?" Felder also wondered about the translation of words like "bigoted," "whining," and "never satisfied." ("That letter was intended for Iolanda Quinn only," says Felder.) Now Iolanda is asking that the court not grant him legal fees, claiming Felder talked her into the settlement, according to sources close to the case. Since the agreement stipulates that the court will determine who will pay legal fees, Felder applied to the court for payment, urging that it find *Anthony* Quinn responsible for all expenses. But that's not comforting enough for Iolanda, who claims that Felder's request for $240,000 in expenses goes against a confidential letter she received from him that promised never to ask her for payment. "It doesn't matter whether the money comes from Iolanda or Tony," says Iolanda's new attorney, **William Betz.** "It's still coming from Iolanda, because Tony would just pay from capital that Iolanda is entitled to." Tony Quinn's attorney, **Barry Slotnick,** says of Iolanda's objections, "She's using this as an excuse to reopen the deal, but the deal is final." As for his request for payment, Felder responds: "I am simply following the terms of the settlement. And I *still* asked that the *husband* pay for everything."



The mighty-troubled Quinns: Browbeating Raoul?

MORE THAN MINOR KINKS FOR *MATRIX*

The suspense in Warner Bros.' new thriller *Matrix* was not limited to onscreen action. **Keanu Reeves,** the film's star, recently found himself in a real life-threatening predicament, according to insiders on the set. During prep for the movie, scheduled to begin shooting this March in Australia, Reeves was required to take a complete physical exam. To the actor's disbelief, says one insider, he was told he had a fracture in his neck. When Reeves went to get a second opinion from his own physician, not only was the diagnosis confirmed, but he was rushed to the hospital to undergo emergency surgery, the source continues. While Reeves's spokesman confirms the operation, he dismisses it as "minor surgery on a disk in his neck." The film sources say Reeves was told that the problem, which was apparently due to a neglected sports injury, could have resulted in paralysis had it not been treated. Reeves is now fully recovered.



Keanu Reeves: Neck of time

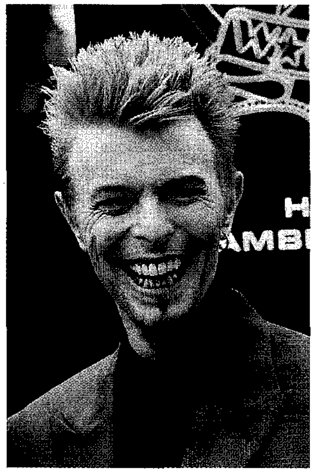
TAKING A SEVENTIES THEME TO THE MAX

Tommy Dean Mills, who helmed the second incarnation of Max's Kansas City, when it was a seventies rock-star haunt, has plans to reopen it as a midtown theme restaurant strewn with photos of every known rocker who ever crunched on the club's famed dried chickpeas. But before Mills can start marketing those Max's drink coasters and freezer magnets, he'll have to contend with the widow of **Mickey Ruskin,** the original owner. **Yvonne Sewall-Ruskin** has plans for a Max's revival of her own and has threatened a lawsuit if Mills—who held the restaurant trademark until it lapsed in 1986—tries to use the name. Tommy "lived off somebody else's laurels and rode with it," says Sewall-Ruskin. "Now he's doing the same thing again." Mills claims that Ruskin never applied for the trademark when he owned the space and adds that he trademarked the name when Ruskin "went out of business in 1974." After Mills's failed attempts to settle with Sewall-Ruskin out of court ("He offered us next to nothing. It was insulting," scoffs the widow), the restaurateur filed an opposition proceeding against her trademark registration. "I would have made her the curator for our merchandising department," says Mills. "It didn't have to come to this."

THE GARDEN GOBBLES RADIO CITY

Radio City Music Hall's longest-running drama is almost over. The production company that runs the famed Art Deco theater has been publicly feuding with Rockefeller Center's **Jerry Speyer** over a new lease. Now comes word that Speyer has brokered a deal, linking up Radio City Productions with Madison Square Garden to create a new company that will sign the lease soon, according to several inside sources. MSG's **Dave Checketts** will head up the new entity, which will book talent into both the Garden and Radio City. Lots of production com-

Photographs: top, Gregory Pace/Sygma; bottom, Jonathan Green/Globe Photos.



David Bowie:
Ciggy Stardust

VH1 POPS ITS OWN

VH1 is counting on the fact that the guests on its Fashion Video Awards have a sense of humor about themselves. Four nights before airing the awards on October 28, the music network will reshow last year's special, but in the form of *Pop-Up Video,* with blurbs highlighting some of the financial excesses and near-disasters of the event. Among the tidbits collected: **Naomi Campbell,** who was originally asked to be VH1's Role Model of the Year, requested that **Nelson Mandela** personally present her award (he was otherwise engaged for that evening; she eventually backed out altogether); and **Stella Tennant** was flown in at great cost by Concorde for an appearance that lasted approximately five seconds. Compared with some of the other guests, **David Bowie** didn't need much for his band, just a special commercial juicer, pounds of fresh fruit and vegetables—and several packs of cigarettes. Says a VH1 spokesman: "In our experience, people are amused by *Pop-Up* much more than they are offended."

Bianca Jagger:
Junketearing

panies looked at the space over the past year, according to one well-placed source, but none would agree to Speyer's terms: He was asking for more than $1 million a month in rent, according to the source. "No lease has been signed," said a spokesman for Speyer, who refused to elaborate; spokespersons for Radio City Productions and MSG likewise declined to comment.

HEVESI'S PASS; BIANCA'S GAS

HEVESI'S BRONX TALE: State Senator **Larry Seabrook** was surprised to get a flyer for City Comptroller **Alan Hevesi**'s November 6 "town hall meeting" in the Bronx. Seabrook represents the district Hevesi will visit, and he says that even Mayor **Rudy Giuliani**—whom the Democratic Seabrook does not support—gets in touch before he visits the district. "But this was a surprise to me," Seabrook says. Not that the senator, who supports **Al Sharpton,** is holding a grudge. "I'll take a tune from Tupac Shakur: I ain't mad at 'im," says Seabrook, who adds that he'll attend the event if he's invited. Which is going to happen after all: Hevesi's office insists that Seabrook's invitation is in the mail.

BIANCA'S GUARDIAN ANGELS: Guatemalan officials insisted on providing **Bianca Jagger** with two bodyguards on her recent visit to their country. Maybe they remember that she was dating then-congressman **Robert Torricelli** in 1995, when he blew the whistle on CIA involvement in the country's internal politics. Or maybe the issue she was there to research—saving the rain forest—carries security risks. Because Bianca spent most of the trip in back-to-back meetings in her hotel, reports **Anne Livet** of Don't Bungle the Jungle III, which organized the fact-finding mission to the forest, the guards spent most of their time just sitting outside her door. But sure enough, the one day Bianca dashed out to buy a new pair of boots for her trek to Tikal in the rain forest, a tear-gas bomb went off at the shopping mall (evidently not related to Jagger's visit). That's when her bodyguards came in handy, shooing her out of the store and back to her hotel.

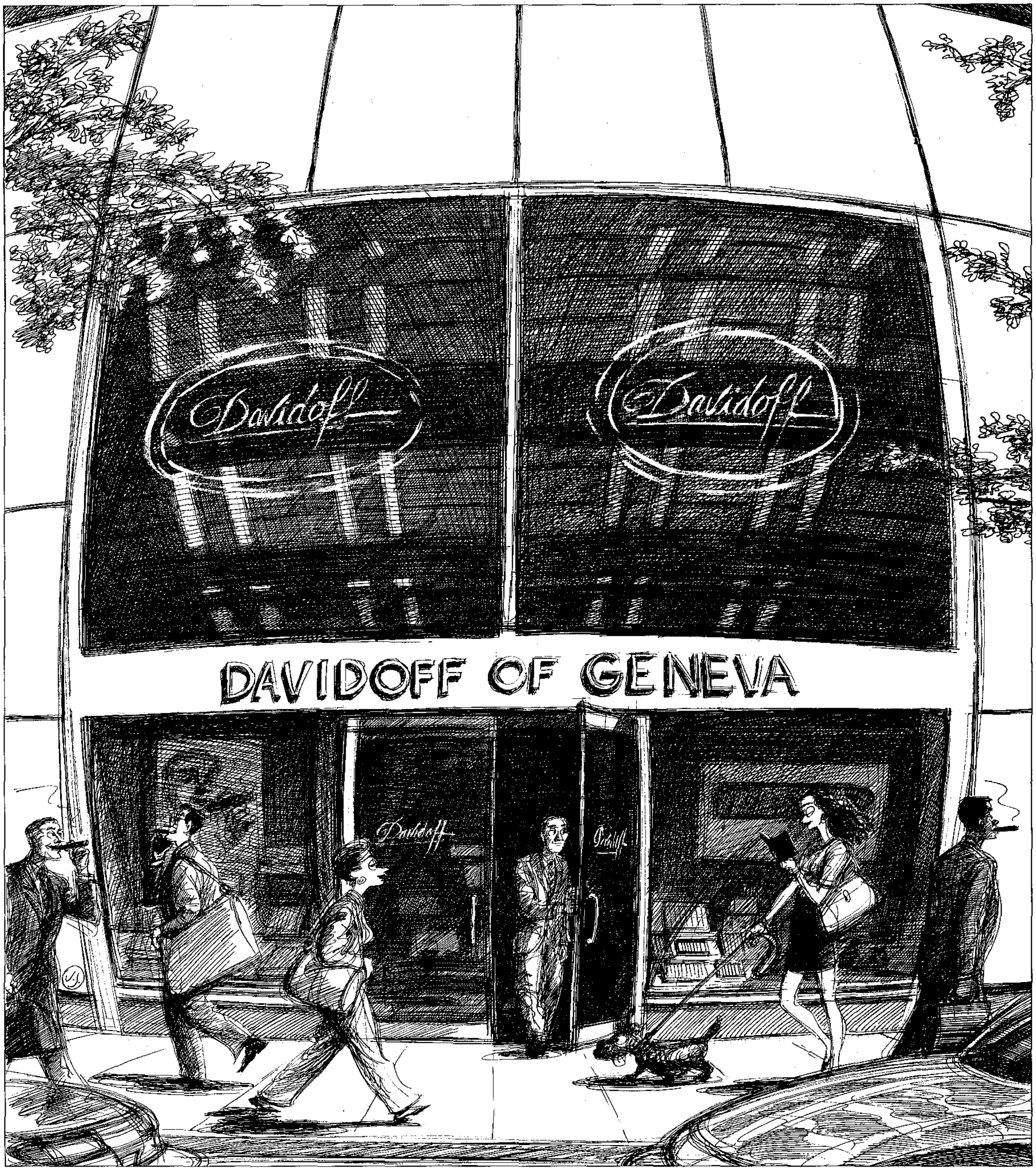
HOLLYWOOD'S PECKING ORDER: Being the son of **Gregory** didn't save **Tony Peck** from the typical screenwriter's fate of writing movies that are never made. Peck and his partner, **Joseph Brutsman,** toiled for a decade over a series of scripts before their tenth one finally went into production in August. Called, appropriately enough, *Free Money,* it's currently shooting in Montreal and stars **Charlie Sheen, Mira Sorvino,** and **Marlon Brando.** Brando plays Sven the Swede, whose twin daughters marry Sheen and **Thomas Haden Church.** "I'm pretty happy about it," reports Peck. Now he has the proverbial two-picture deal—and Peck says he'll produce and Brutsman will direct their next outing.

Additional reporting by Kate Coyne and Shana Ting Lipton.

BILL KOEPPEL: SEE YOU IN COURT, MA

William Koeppel, the real-estate scion who made headlines giving sweetheart rental deals to Giuliani insiders, has found a new way to make the papers. Now he's suing his mother, **Roberta Koeppel.** In court papers, William claims that when his father died last year, his mother schemed to "increase her income and assets by depriving me of millions of dollars." He alleges in those documents that she "exiled" him from his $1.5 million home in Westchester and locked him out of the Koeppel & Koeppel offices. Their enmity isn't new: When he was a child, he tells the court, his mother "locked me inside of dog cages and sedated me with medication so she would not have 'to bother' with me." In the papers, William responds to Roberta's allegation that he planted a bugging device in her bedroom, claiming that he'll "attack" his mother's "competency and credibility . . . by proving that the device is nothing more than an ordinary electrical plug." *She* claims in court papers that only $35,000 in cash is available now from her late husband's $13.3 million estate, largely because the estate has paid her son $228,000 a year "for which he renders *no services.*" In fact, her papers claim that he's taken money from the estate "by fraud, misrepresentation, or other intentional and tortious acts." These bitter sentiments are from pretrial motions; the case doesn't even have a court date yet.

Photographs: left, Eric Charbonneau/Berliner Studio/Outline; right, Patrick McMullan.



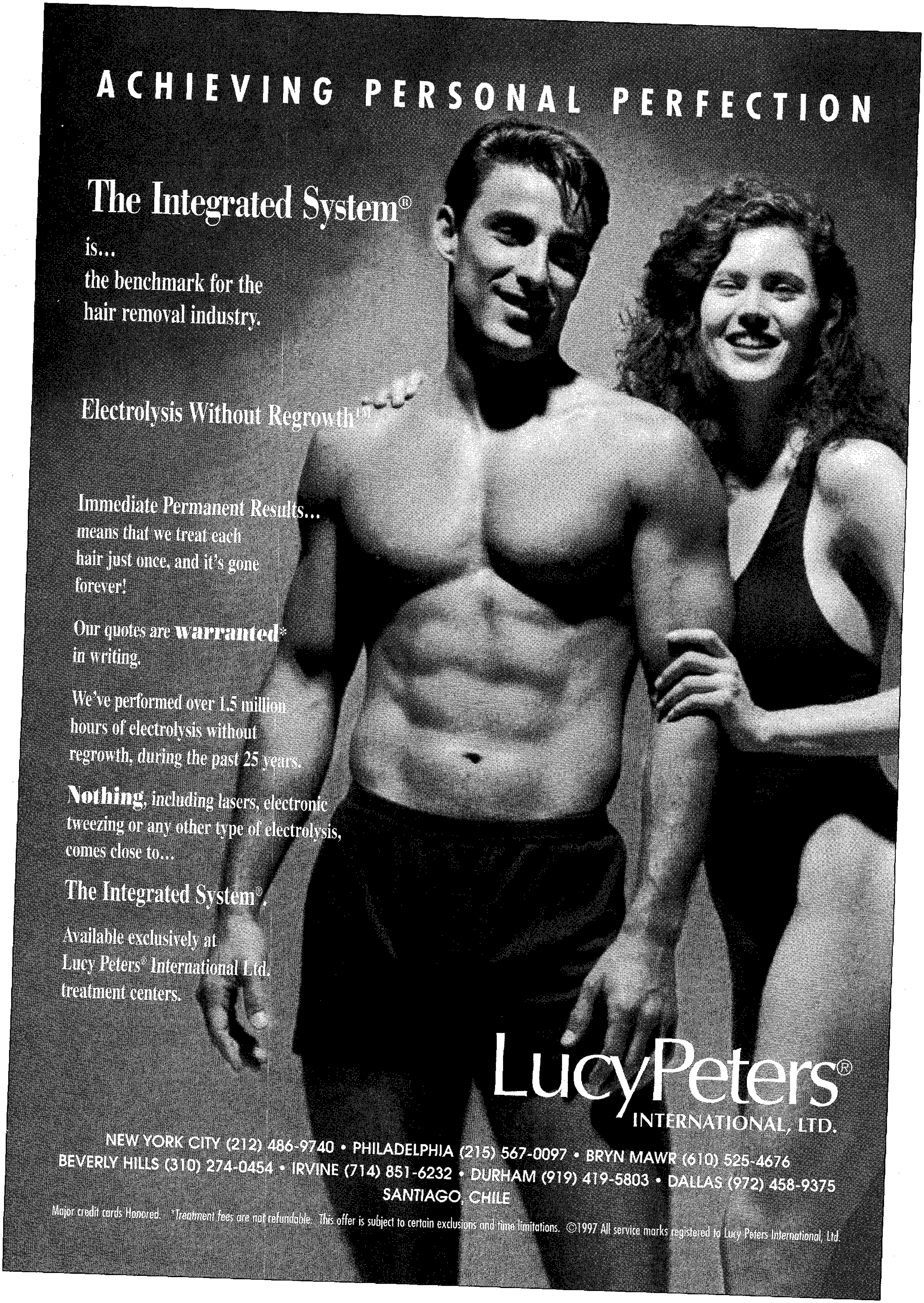
After 10 years, we finally made the "535."

The wait is over. After a decade of success at the Madison Avenue Boutique, Davidoff proudly introduces the limited edition, full-bodied, 10th Anniversary "535" Cigar. Made by Hand in the Dominican Republic, this unique cigar epitomizes Davidoff's obsession with quality.

Davidoff
535

For those who are obsessed with quality.

535 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK. 212 751-9060/800-548 4623 • 232 VIA RODEO, NORTH RODEO DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS. 310-278-8884/800-328-0039. **CATALOGUE ORDERS,** 800-328-4365 EXT. 63
GENEVA, BRUSSELS, AMSTERDAM, LONDON, SAO PAULO, MONTREAL, NEW YORK, PANAMA CITY, MEXICO CITY, BEVERLY HILLS, TOKYO, SEOUL, BEIJING, SINGAPORE, HONG KONG, KUALA LUMPUR, BANGKOK, MOSCOW, BERLIN, ZURICH



ACHIEVING PERSONAL PERFECTION

The Integrated System®
is...
the benchmark for the
hair removal industry.

Electrolysis Without Regrowth™

Immediate Permanent Results...
means that we treat each
hair just once, and it's gone
forever!

Our quotes are **warranted*** in writing.

We've performed over 1.5 million hours of electrolysis without regrowth, during the past 25 years.

Nothing, including lasers, electronic tweezing or any other type of electrolysis, comes close to...

The Integrated System®.

Available exclusively at
Lucy Peters® International Ltd.
treatment centers.

LucyPeters®
INTERNATIONAL, LTD.

NEW YORK CITY (212) 486-9740 • PHILADELPHIA (215) 567-0097 • BRYN MAWR (610) 525-4676
BEVERLY HILLS (310) 274-0454 • IRVINE (714) 851-6232 • DURHAM (919) 419-5803 • DALLAS (972) 458-9375
SANTIAGO, CHILE

Major credit cards Honored. *Treatment fees are not refundable. This offer is subject to certain exclusions and time limitations. ©1997 All service marks registered to Lucy Peters International, Ltd.

NEW YORK IS UNIQUE IN THE HISTORY OF HUMAN KINDNESS—*ED KOCH*

GOTHAM

CRIME

Bloods Lust

'Tis the season for politicians to jump on the gang wagon.

AFTER ANOTHER SERIES of random box-cutter slashings on the streets of New York last week, long-simmering anxieties about the arrival of Los Angeles's dreaded Bloods street gang exploded in a flurry of dire pronouncements. City politicians smelled an opportunity. The Bloods were finally here, they cried out, and it was time for action. That meant one thing: an exhausting round of press conferences.

"This is the time to really try to crush them," Mayor Giuliani told reporters in D.C. on Tuesday, announcing a plan to push gang-fighting legislation in Albany.

"School officials should proceed quickly and forcefully," said Ed Stancik, the special schools investigator for New York, the same day. Gangs aren't ordinarily his beat, but as luck would have it, he'd spent the past six months working on a report about the Latin Kings. "We recommend zero tolerance," he said.

"We will not tolerate their mindless acts of terror," Charles Hynes—the Brooklyn prosecutor who is planning a run for governor—told a roomful of reporters a couple of hours later. He outlined a plan to set high bail for gang-related crime, make assault by a gang member a felony, and designate a special grand jury for gang-related inquiries.

The next day, Mayor Giuliani—who used to be a *federal* prosecutor, and who also has an election coming up—said he'd get tougher still: 80 more police officers to fight gangs, and legislation to criminalize the wearing of gang colors. "I wouldn't do that social-welfare-agenda thing," he added, "because it

GANGS
NEW YORK POST
GANGS

SPIN CYCLE

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF P.R.

Blue-Chip Blues

- "To serve our customers well, every employee needs to know about Dow Jones' products and services. Spend some time today learning about one or more Dow Jones products." *—Memo to Dow Jones employees, October 7*

- "Take time to LISTEN today. Listen to your co-workers; listen when you're on the phone, and especially listen to any external customers you speak with today. Listening well is the first step in providing excellent service." *—Memo to Dow Jones employees, October 8*

- "Familiarize yourself with the Dow Jones Internal Directory today. It's an invaluable tool to help you help customers who need to reach a department or person within Dow Jones. You could make the difference . . . between gaining a new customer or losing one to the competition." *—Memo to Dow Jones employees, October 9*

- "Dow Jones & Co. said third-quarter net income fell 34%, reflecting a sharp operating-income drop at its financial information-services segment." *—The* Wall Street Journal, *October 9*

CAMEO

New Jacques City

JACQUES DERRIDA WAS PLAYING WITH FIRE. THE reigning king of literary deconstruction had made an impressive sweep through New York. Tuesday's symposium at NYU had been packed. Last night's discussion at Cooper Union had sold out. And at tonight's lecture, at the New School for Social Research, the lobby was jammed with several hundred acolytes, one of whom was carrying a bouquet of sunflowers. But Derrida and the panelists were out to dinner, cutting their arrival dangerously close. (This much is known: They had avoided making reservations. Too public. Too risky. One panelist had even spared his secretary the burden of knowing: plausible deniability.) The crowd was getting antsy. They were hungry for theory, and there was no telling what would happen if they didn't get it. At last, the glass doors opened. The crowd parted. "Elvis," someone said, "is in the building."

lustration by Stephen Kroninger. Photograph by Richard Melloul/Sygma.

kind of gives excuses for joining gangs."

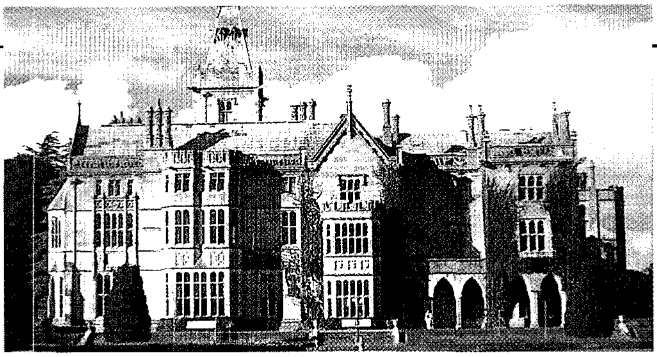
Ruth Messinger got her two cents in, too. "It shouldn't have taken terrible incidents and grisly headlines to get the mayor to act," she chided. Then Sal Albanese held a press conference of his own at the steps of City Hall, where he'd recently tried to land a job. "I went to Rikers Island two years ago," he told reporters. "I pointed out then that we had a gang problem, but of course the administration and the Police Department chose not to change their strategies."

After all the press conferences, the central issue—how much of a role gangs play in the recent wave of violence—remained a mystery. Nobody could say for sure whether the recent violence was the work of organized criminals or merely a product of the kind of tabloid frenzy that had kids "whirlpooling" three summers ago, "wilding" in the early nineties, and shoving commuters onto subway tracks in the late eighties. Examining the police numbers (702 gang members arrested since July; more than 100 slashings this year) wasn't much help either. This is the first year the department has kept records, so there's nothing to compare them with.

"A lot of these people who claim to be Blood members really are wannabes," Police Commissioner Howard Safir conceded on Wednesday. Even Stancik stressed that his report was based on incidents in 1995 and 1996. "But now we have the framework to deal with gangs if they become a problem." Hynes was more direct: "From my standpoint," he said, "whether someone is a wannabe Blood or a real Blood is immaterial to the way we respond to it."

David Brotherton, a professor at John Jay College of Criminal Justice and an expert on gangs in New York, scoffs at the politicians: "Talk about hype. Right now, nobody really knows how serious the Bloods phenomenon is. If the name hadn't been the Bloods, if it had been something like the Serpents or the Scepters, I think there would have been a very different response."

NORMAN VANAMEE



The Irish like to call it Stab City, but Limerick does have its lovely parts.

PUBLISHING

Irish Eyes Are Frowning

Limerick lashes back at Frank McCourt.

Angela's Ashes, Frank McCourt's memoir of a miserable Irish childhood, may have earned an all-but-permanent spot on the *Times* best-sellers list, but back home among the drunken fathers, pious mothers, and pompous priests of McCourt's Limerick, its author is receiving a less rapturous reception.

When McCourt begins his term later this month as a writer-in-residence at the University of Limerick, the former Stuyvesant High School teacher will be greeted by pickets, petitions, and a new book that claims to rebut "the myths" of *Angela's Ashes.*

The return of the emigrant has angered residents smarting from McCourt's unflattering portrait of the city. University officials confirm having received a number of threats directed at the 67-year-old author. The police are investigating. "Frank McCourt does not understand the level of animosity that exists toward him here," says Gerard Hannan, a local radio host and leader of the anti-McCourters. According to Hannan, a petition is circulating demanding that the university withdraw its offer to McCourt. "The last I heard, there were more than 20,000 signatures," Hannan says.

Further stoking the campaign against McCourt, Hannan last week published *Ashes,* a book arguing that life in Limerick during the thirties was not all grinding poverty and overcast skies. "My uncle went to school with Frank and used to say that he was a perpetual moaner," says Hannan, who is particularly agitated by what he describes as McCourt's "bitter attacks" on his late mother—the Angela of the book's title—especially stories of Angela having sex with relatives. "He attacked people who are dead and can't defend themselves," Hannan bristles.

Frank McCourt was traveling in New Zealand and could not be reached for comment, but his brother, actor Malachy McCourt, dismisses the protests as jealousy. "We Irish are great at many things: literature, music, acting, and begrudgery," he says. "Actually, Frank is paying them to say these things about the book. It's great for sales."

Hannan has published *Ashes* himself, with a first printing of 10,000 copies, and hopes to interest an American publisher. "I have tapped into something here," he says.

Malachy McCourt—who is working on his own memoirs—remembers Hannan's family growing up amid the same poverty as his own but can't resist a gentle dig. "They were of the lower orders," he laughs. But McCourt admits that some people in his hometown don't much care for his brother, recalling an incident last year when a local sidled up to the McCourts at a book signing. "Let me tell you something," the stranger whispered. "There's people here who would cheerfully slit your fuckin' throats."

EAMON LYNCH

BREAK IT DOWN

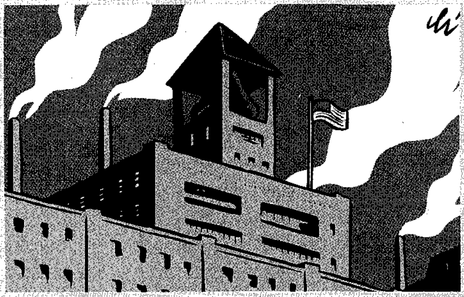
Mobile Homeroom

● **LAST WEEK'S PANIC:** On October 6, a new Harlem elementary school housed in a former dry-cleaning plant was evacuated. Contrary to official claims, air tests proved that lingering chemical vapors posed a hazard to children.

● **THE REAL PROBLEM:** School overcrowding.

● **THE QUICK FIX:** Trailer classrooms, situated next to existing school buildings. This fall, the city more than doubled its number of trailers. At least 500 are now in use, enough to accommodate the pupils of about two dozen small schools.

● **THE SIDE EFFECT:** Isolation is a big worry of many teachers and parents. Last month, a Canarsie fifth-grader, apparently suffering an asthmatic attack, collapsed on the sidewalk between the school and her trailer homeroom. (A Good Samaritan found her and carried her to safety.)



● **THE NIGHTMARE SCENARIO:** One school-construction official has floated the idea of "educational villages," envisioning a day when trailer classrooms might be clustered on vacant lots. Says one Brooklyn parent: "I was showing my 10-year-old pictures of a trailer park, and I said, 'Do you understand that this is where you're going to school?' "

CHRIS MITCHELL

Photographs: top, Allan Philiba/Gamma-Liaison; center, Liam Burke/Press 22. Illustration by Mark Match

POLITICS

Harold the Conqueror

Tough-talking senators kiss Ickes's ring.

HAVING BEEN UNABLE TO deliver the decisive smoking gun, or even keep the nation glued to its C-SPAN, the senators investigating President Clinton's fund-raising abuses began last week already feeling neurotic and insecure. The last thing they needed was Harold Ickes in their midst. From the moment the New York lawyer and former White House official strutted into the hearing room, he was unsettling. Ickes sat at the witness table smirking, his hands folded into an eight-knuckled fist and his bodyguard-cum-lawyer Robert Bennett scowling just behind him. Ickes's opening statement was defiant and sharp, his responses curt and combative. He gave off the air of a moody bulldog who might be friendly enough at the moment but who could snap his leash and attack whenever he felt the urge.

But Ickes never had to. His reputation alone was enough to make men cower.

It was a strange sight. This was, after all, the day the senators had been waiting for, their chance to grill the man who, as Clinton's deputy chief of staff, was at the center of all his fund-raising operations, a man known for squeezing donors until they bled, a man whose initials show up on memo after damning memo. The press section was packed with reporters chomping at the bit, reporters who would have given up a year's worth of expense accounts for an hour of Ickes under oath. And all the senators could think to do was stroke his ego.

"You're very good," said Senator Robert Bennett, Republican from Utah (and no relation to Ickes's lawyer).

"You are one of the most skillful witnesses I have ever seen," said Pete Domenici, Republican from New Mexico. "And it reminds me of one of the first cases I had in New Mexico, and I told my boss we had a cinch and 'Just let me do it.' But the whole first morning, I was a real flop, such that my boss said, 'My dear friend for life, I thought you were good.' " At that point, the confession got a little awkward: "I make that point because it is almost impossible to interrogate a man like you in any ten or twelve minutes. You are just too good."

Ickes wouldn't take the compliment. "Can I get my wallet, just to check it?" he asked Domenici, and reached around to his back pocket.

A couple of senators tried to get tough with Ickes, but they couldn't pull it off. Senator Don Nickles, Republican from Oklahoma, came out scratching. He mentioned the testimony of a certain R. Warren Meddoff, a Florida businessman who accused Ickes of asking him to destroy a suspicious document. That document, which Nickles said he got from *Newsweek*, says Ickes told Meddoff to wire transfers to various accounts, including the Democratic National Committee's. Ickes listened to the senator's accusations, then calmly informed him of one simple point: Ickes himself had long ago submitted a copy of the document in question to the committee. So why would he later ask someone to destroy it? The witness and the senator sparred for a while, and at some point Ickes lost his temper. Nickles promptly changed the subject and joined his colleagues in their hallelujah chorus. "I've heard you're a brilliant person," he said, in retreat.

Displaying Giuliani-like intimidation tactics, Ickes owned the Senate.

At the end of the day, the senators picked up their binders and left, dejected, no better informed than they had been that morning, leaving behind them another useless day of hearings. Ickes was still smirking.

HANNA ROSIN

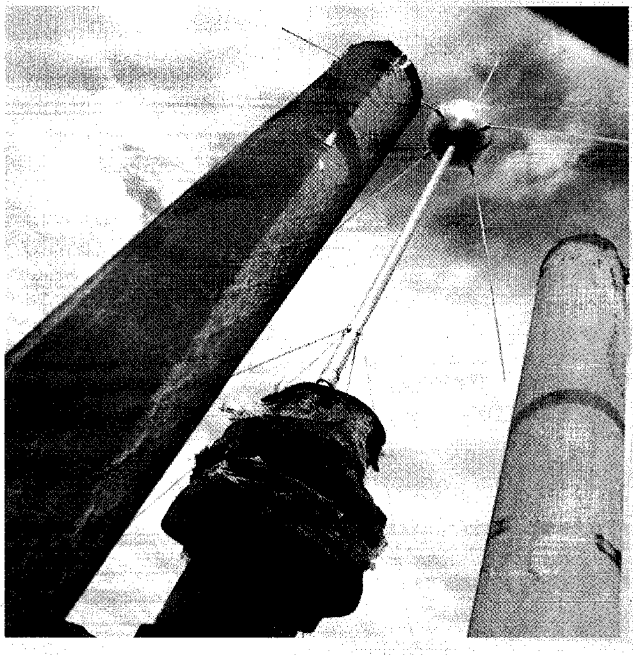
SITE LINES

Satellite of Love: Brooklyn's Going-Nowhere Sputnik

EXACTLY 40 YEARS AFTER THE SOVIETS LAUNCHED *SPUTNIK I*, the first man-made satellite, artist Gregory Green stands on the sidewalk beside the Brooklyn Brewery in Williamsburg proudly pointing skyward—or, more accurately, roofward. Atop a nearby loft building, perched between a dormant smokestack and a metal water tower, is an antenna-studded aluminum orb. *Gregnik Proto II*, as this flightless satellite is called, is not an ostentatious tribute to the space age, like Donald Trump's Columbus Circle Unisphere, but a subtle rooftop oddity, a silvery jewel on North Brooklyn's humble skyline, best viewed from the corner of North 11th and Berry Streets. On display for the month of October, presented by the Public Art Fund, this *Gregnik* will never fly. It will, however, broadcast a taped compilation of artists' messages—the sound is college radio, 3 A.M.—from five half-watt transmitters (90.5 on your FM dial) positioned throughout the neighborhood.

Green, whose art marries the boyish curiosity of Tom Swift with the less innocent creative drive of the Unabomber, has built backyard versions of a nuclear bomb, "mechanically complete" but for the plutonium, and a 32-foot rocket grounded, he claims, only by the high cost of fuel. "These things are much simpler than you would guess," says Green, who intends to someday shoot a *Gregnik* into orbit. "Anyone can have the power that changed the world 40 years ago," the artist marvels as he gazes up at his roofbound spacecraft. "Some yahoo from Brooklyn could do the thing it took the entire Soviet state to do in 1957."

KARRIE JACOBS



If only it could fly: Artist Gregory Green has brightened up the water towers of Williamsburg with his Soviet-era communications device.

Photographs: top, Joe Marquette/AP/Wide World; bottom, Kristine Larsen.

MEDIA

Power of the *Press*

Messinger isn't Jewish paper's only enemy.

After the brouhaha that erupted when Republican public-advocate candidate Jules Polonetsky, in a letter to the Brooklyn-based *Jewish Press,* described a Ruth Messinger mayoralty as "our worst nightmare," many New Yorkers, Jews included, were left wondering: What's the *Jewish Press*?

"We like to think we're the voice of the Orthodox community," says the weekly's general manager, Jerry Greenwald. With a circulation of 90,000, the paper features a kids' comics page, kosher recipes, and rabbinic commentary. But it's best known for its shrieking headlines, its right-of-right politics, and its attacks on fellow Jews. Messinger got off easy.

ARAFAT SUFFERS A BREAKDOWN: HAS BECOME A PARANOID MEGALOMANIAC, read one 1993 headline. In a 1991 column, senior editor Arnold Fine supported claims that African-Americans were brought to the country as indentured servants and lost their freedom as a result of their own incompetence. Greenwald describes the column as "a very unfortunate piece" and definitely not the paper's official position. "Some things slip through sometimes," he observes.

Abraham Foxman, the Anti-Defamation League's national director, is a frequent critic. "They're shrill in their characterization of those with whom they disagree," he says. Even the Israeli consulate refused to send them information for a while in 1994, after the *Press* likened members of the Rabin administration to Nazis. Contact has since been reestablished.

One senior Democratic operative, who asked not to be identified, says that for all its political vitriol, the editorial board can be selectively compliant. "For years, they attack my boss virulently," he says. "Then, six months before the election, you sit down with them. They discuss the price of the ad, and then they endorse you. I've seen it happen over and over again." Greenwald denies the allegations. "If I found anyone taking money for any article," he says, "I would fire that person immediately."

There's a running joke among the more highbrow Jewish media about the *Press*—that as the only English-language Orthodox paper, the tabloid really ought to start publishing in English. But its influence should not be underestimated. "Just like there are people who claim to read *Playboy* only for the articles, there are people who claim only to read the *Jewish Press* for the ads," notes David Luchins, an aide to Senator Moynihan and himself an Orthodox Jew. "But you have to wonder." Liz Galst

THE SCENE

Bar None

Text by Vanessa Grigoriadis
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

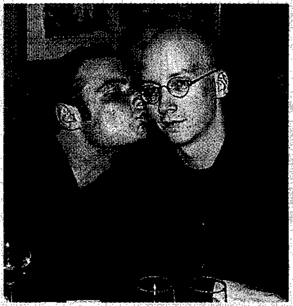
"Six A.M.," purrs Ivana, making even the news of her wake-up time sound somehow ribald. "I have a trainer; one has to." Cindy Adams responds, in her own, equally distinct accent: "Okay, Miss Gorgeous, but I'm an old Jew, and I don't have to." As she speaks, Adams unwraps another chocolate bar.

The evening's centerpiece, Nikki Haskell's new "couture bars," are twenty calories apiece—and taste it. But they're not about flavor; they're about serving the psychopharmacological needs of womankind. And the chocolate klatch, assembled chez Ivana, is about celebrating those needs. "Women, every month, need chocolate," declares Beverly Johnson, waving away some Peking duck.

Another smile for the camera, girls? Adams shrieks at the idea of being photographed beside her well-toned hostess. Ivana shrugs her bare shoulders and reveals the secret of her shape: "I really don't like sweets."

Ivana Trump, Nikki Haskell, and Joan Collins celebrate the launch of Nikki Bars (low-calorie chocolate bars) at Trump's home.

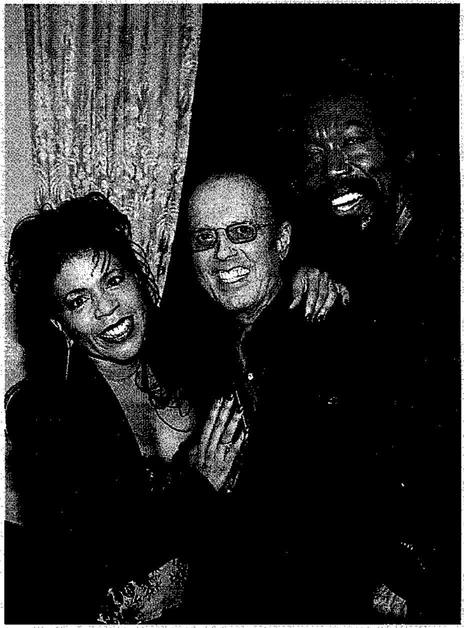
Mario Cuomo and Abe Beame at Van Cleef & Arpels for a party honoring Matilda Cuomo and the Mentoring USA program.



At Gertrude's, for a party celebrating the opening of the Sergio Rossi boutique, Liev Schreiber and Greg Mattola.

Celebrating the publication of Gus Van Sant's *Pink,* André Balazs and the author at the Matthew Marks Gallery.

Casey Kasem, Kenny Scharf, Bianca Jagger, Emmanuel, and Randy Hayes in Tikal, Guatemala, on a fact-finding trip for Don't Bungle the Jungle III.



Valerie Simpson, Francesco Scavullo, and Nick Ashford at the party for *Scavullo Photographs 50 Years,* held at Denise Rich's home.

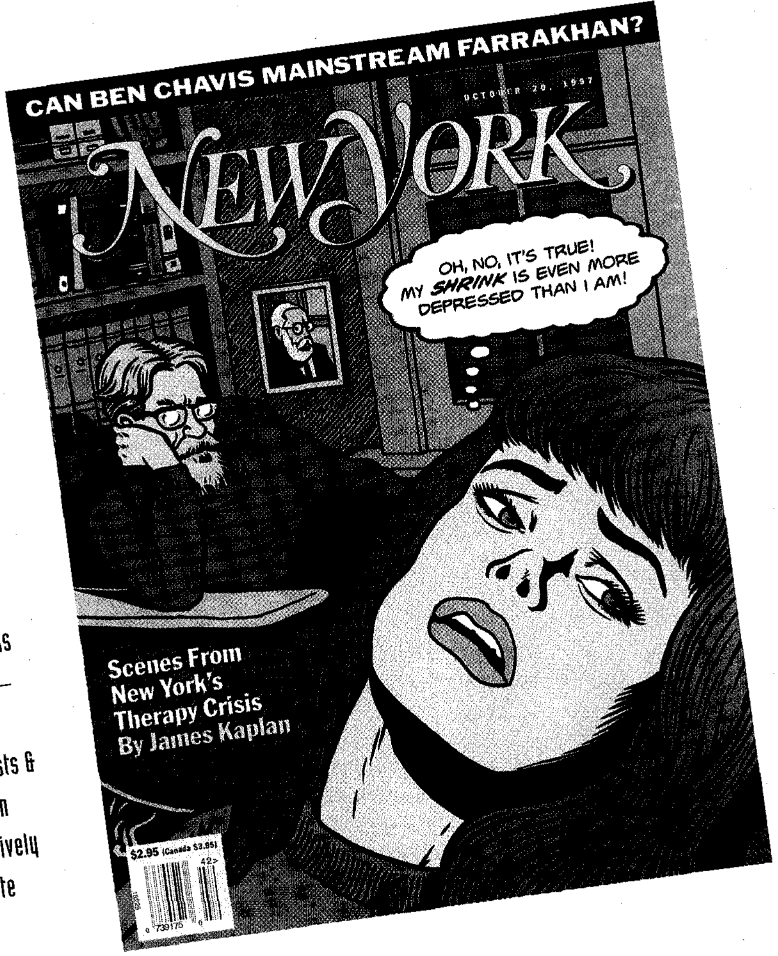
Now Open 24 Hours

YOUR FAVORITE DEPARTMENTS, TRUSTED CRITICS AND MORE

Intelligencer
Gotham
Features
Critics & Columnists
Sales & Bargains
Restaurants
CUE
Strictly Personals

PLUS

Articles, contests & information found exclusively on our site


CAN BEN CHAVIS MAINSTREAM FARRAKHAN?
OCTOBER 20, 1997
NEW YORK
OH, NO, IT'S TRUE! MY SHRINK IS EVEN MORE DEPRESSED THAN I AM!
Scenes From New York's Therapy Crisis By James Kaplan
$2.95 (Canada $3.95)

www.NEWYORK.mag.com

The Best Online Guide to Gotham

LAUNCHING MONDAY, OCTOBER 13

<< check it out >>

GOTHAMSTYLE

EDITED BY DANY LEVY

GUCCI
GUCCI MADE IN ITALY

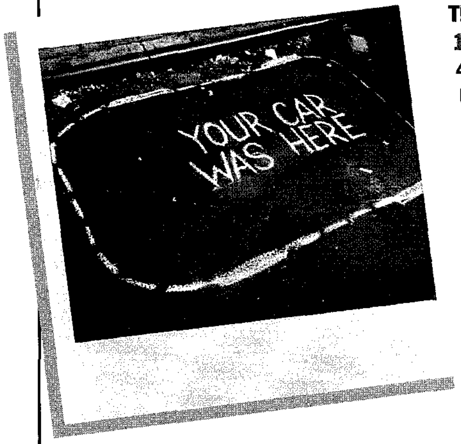
Buy Lines

Presenting the top waiting-list items at Gucci—things you can't buy, no matter how much you're willing to pay for them.

PATENT-LEATHER 4½-INCH STILETTO
Price: $395
Units already sold: 650
Current wait list: 200
Chance that wait list will move before next ridiculous footwear dictum is issued: 4½ percent

STRETCH-WOOL MINI WITH FRONT SLIT
Price: $375
Units already sold: 550
Current wait list: 300
Chance that wait list will move before Contempo Casuals comes up with an acceptable knockoff: None

GG VELVET SHIRT
Price: $995
Units already sold: 650
Current wait list: 300
Chance that wait list will move before item looks like "last year's Gucci shirt": None, and they're already running low on fabric



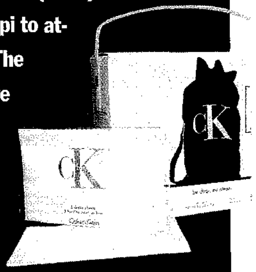
Grand Theft Autos

The definitive listing of the city's hottest cars: 1. Honda Accord. 2. Toyota Camry. 3. Nissan Maxima. 4. Acura Legend. 5. Toyota Corolla. Unfortunately for the manufacturers—and for those who own these models—the list, compiled by the Police Department, ranks the automobiles most often stolen. Honda takes the NYPD's left-handed compliment in stride. "We are aware the Accord is very popular with thieves," says spokesman Art Garner, adding proudly, "as it is with consumers." Nevertheless, it's a ranking Honda is eager to relinquish. Hence the company's new privately encoded radio-frequency-operated ignition system. "Great idea," says an officer with the Brooklyn South Task Force Auto Larceny Unit. "Until thieves figure out a way to get around it."

BODY TYPE

I'll Tumble 4 Ya

Not content merely to scent every inch of our bodies, perfume-makers are after the shirts on our backs. This fall, Calvin Klein introduced cK be scented dryer sheets—you know, like Bounce and Snuggle—as part of its "be dirty, be clean" promotional set. "The research-and-development guys thought we were nuts, but these things are flying out of stores," says Jan Sharkansky, spokeswoman for Calvin Klein cosmetics. Boutique-brand dryer sheets aren't entirely new: Fashion types are already hooked on a brand called Wood Scents, available in fragrances such as cedar and white-oak acorn (a box of just eight sheets goes for $8.99; call 1-800-237-4444 to order). Wood Scents were developed by two hunters from Mississippi to attract wildlife. The sheets may lure more than deer. "All the models kept stealing them from me," says one photo stylist who places used Wood Scents in suitcases when packing for shoots. If dryer sheets don't entirely satisfy, another option could be on the way: "There have been talks about cK be detergent," laughs Sharkansky. Maybe she's not kidding.

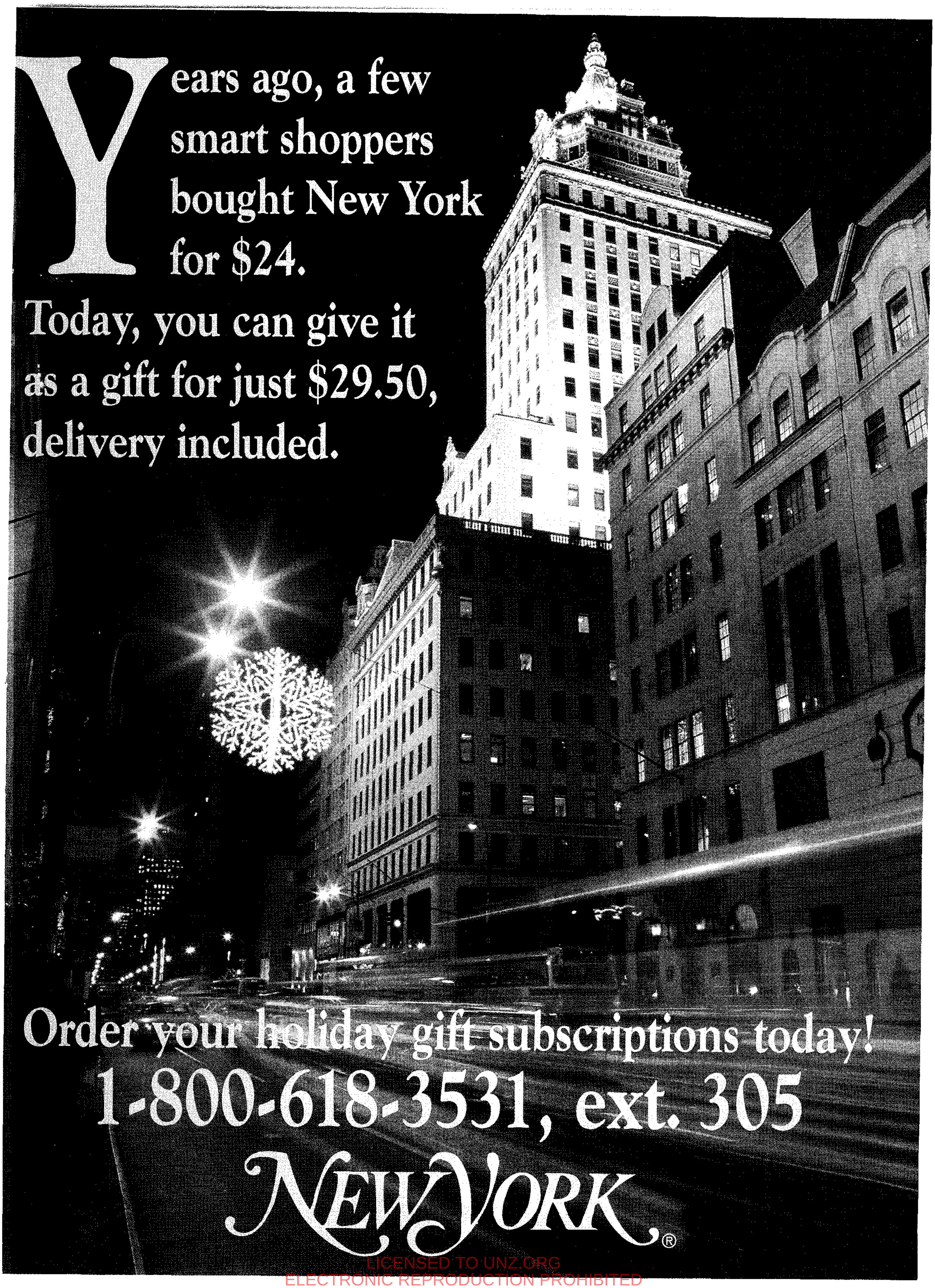


Kate Coyne and Beth Landman Keil

Tangerine Dream

Orange may never be "the new black" (nobody is ready for an all-orange wardrobe, and *little orange dress* lacks a certain rhythm), but at this season's parties, it's making a strong bid for color of choice. *Note to stylists: Looks especially good against a backdrop of autumn leaves. Consider for drive-in-country shoot.*

Photographs: clockwise from top, Steve Wisbauer; Wayne Simpson; Patrick McMullan. Car illustration and photograph by Bob Eckstein



Years ago, a few smart shoppers bought New York for $24.

Today, you can give it as a gift for just $29.50, delivery included.

Order your holiday gift subscriptions today!

1-800-618-3531, ext. 305

NEW YORK®

THE BOTTOM LINE LARRY BLACK

October Surprises

The deck is stacked against the small investor who wants to make a killing during earnings season. Even the SEC is taking a hard look at who knows what and when.

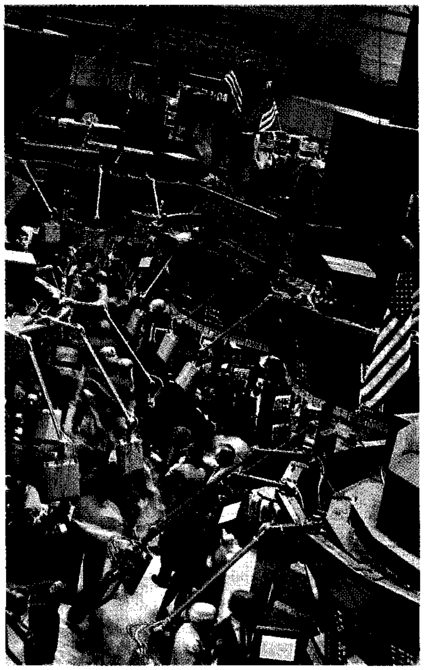
IT'S EARNINGS SEASON ON WALL Street, those key few weeks every quarter that separate the market's Thoroughbreds from the also-rans. And for many investors whose savings are tied up in the stock market, it can be a time of irritating disappointments and missed buying opportunities. Many have grown tired of seeing their mutual funds underperform the Dow and the S&P 500 year in, year out, while individual stocks like Microsoft and Compaq always seem to be beating the Street's expectations.

So it's not surprising that growing numbers of relatively sophisticated individuals with a serious interest in day trading are taking matters into their own hands—getting software from online brokers that allows them to "trade like the pros," reading all the publicly available material on a company, and maybe talking to friends in the business. When profits are announced, they take the plunge.

And almost inevitably, they get burned. Just about anyone on Wall Street will tell you it's a big mistake for individuals to play the market this way, particularly amid the volatile trading that occurs around the release of quarterly results. Big brokers and investment firms have the experience, the resources, and the time to out-trade the savviest amateurs.

But the truth is that the big guys' edge doesn't always derive from their superior skills and faster computers. A look at the past few quarters suggests that at least some of the advantages enjoyed by the institutions derive from dubious disclosure practices that effectively discriminate against the investing public—practices by both companies and brokerage analysts whereby institutional shareholders are occasionally fed what amounts to insider information.

The market's intense focus on earnings in recent years has encouraged companies to offer investors more clues about what to expect so they won't be severely punished for failing to "make the numbers." The pressure is also on the analysts to predict final results more accurately. But what can develop is a cozy three-way relationship between a corporation, the analysts who follow it, and their key institutional clients. And it's the small, out-of-the-loop investors and their brokers who suffer.



Great expectations: The market severely punishes companies that don't meet them.

The trading that surrounded last month's earnings announcement by Oracle, the big software developer, shows how this can play out.

ORACLE EARNS 15 CENTS PER SHARE flashed across the screen soon after the NASDAQ closed. (A majority of companies release their results after normal trading hours, theoretically to give all investors an opportunity to digest the numbers.)

Oracle's results matched the widely broadcast "consensus estimate" of the Wall Street analysts who follow the firm. But if you'd checked in on the Motley Fool, the best-known financial forum on the Internet, at 3:40 that afternoon, you would have learned that the fifteen-cents consensus estimate for earnings was still shy of Silicon Valley's "whisper number" on Oracle, which was seventeen cents.

Whisper numbers are the unofficial, last-minute revised estimates of the earnings numbers that circulate ahead of an announcement (and are even reported on CNBC). Some are just Internet gossip, but others come from analysts, who reveal them to their best clients. The SEC believes whisper numbers may originate with company officials, who often review and comment on analysts' reports before they're released to the broader market. Companies and analysts who exchange significant information with one another are obliged to disseminate this news promptly to the public or risk running afoul of insider-trading laws. But in practice, this required disclosure doesn't always happen, and even when such lapses come to light, those involved are rarely prosecuted. (To vaccinate themselves against any charges of selective disclosure, some companies have started to script all their briefings and invite the press in, even broadcasting these briefings live on cable channels.)

So Oracle didn't make the whisper number, and its share price, $39 9/16, fell by one point on Instinet, an after-hours market run by Reuters for large traders. Small investors have only recently gained access to these "third markets," which continue to be dominated by institutions.

Almost an hour after earnings were released, Oracle began the customary conference call with analysts to discuss the news; the company revealed that its database sales were trending downward. While the call was still in progress, the shares plummeted again on Instinet, dropping another 2½ points. Traders later attributed the selloff to institutional shareholders who sat in on the call.

The firm's smaller shareholders, who weren't allowed to listen (companies maintain that the cost of allowing all shareholders to sit in on the calls would be prohibitive), were invited to hear a tape recording of the call one hour later. But by then, the after-hours markets

Photograph by Jon Riley/Tony Stone Images.

in the U.S. were closed. When Instinet reopened the next morning—the next chance individuals had to trade—Oracle opened at $37⅛. At 9:30 A.M., on the NASDAQ, the shares started trading at $37⅜.

WHAT HAPPENED WITH ORACLE IS NOT unusual; a lot of major companies limit access to these conference calls. The SEC is concerned enough about this discriminatory access that this year, it has started consulting a number of experts on the issue. The controversy will likely be addressed in new rules the commission is expected to publish soon.

Financial-news dissemination has come a long way from the time, only a decade ago, when companies would dispatch runners wearing synchronized watches to Dow Jones and Reuters with the earnings reports. Technology has given every household access to real-time quotes and online trading, not to mention all-business cable-TV networks.

A membership survey conducted two years ago by the National Investor Relations Institute (NIRI) found a disturbing pattern of favoritism in one-on-one briefings and prerelease phone calls. Just what does constitute full and prompt disclosure? Right now, the SEC is operating under an archaic 1934 law that says that material news about a stock must be disseminated within five days—a lifetime in today's markets. The commission and other regulators are now agonizing over how to make Wall Street a more level playing field.

The issue is complicated by the increasing sophistication with which companies report their earnings and prepare the market for the release of the actual figures. While corporate America may be more forthcoming about its problems, accounting practices still afford companies considerable leeway in deciding how and when they release the bad news.

The urge to manage market expectations has prompted some companies to issue confessions. Over the past few weeks, companies expecting weak earnings—Coca-Cola, Eastman Kodak, and Gillette, for instance—have been "preannouncing" disappointments before the actual reporting date. Contrition makes for better P.R., allowing analysts who follow these companies to revise their numbers and avoid embarrassment; there's also ample evidence that the market is quicker to offer a penitent that is merely having one bad quarter some measure of forgiveness, restoring its share price after a short stint in purgatory.

Perhaps the most extreme example of corporate unction comes from Microsoft, which persistently lowballs the market in its earnings "guidance," thereby guaranteeing a pleasant surprise when it does announce. (If the company pulls off this feat again next week when it reports its fiscal-first-quarter results, that will mark the seventeenth straight quarter Microsoft has beaten Wall Street's forecasts.)

Microsoft's humility knows few bounds; its chief financial officer, Greg Maffei—and Michael Brown before him—has gone so far as to tell investors the company's shares are definitely overpriced.

Microsoft's desire to rein in optimistic expectations was demonstrated in July, when the market had driven its shares up by $10 (to over $150) on the strength of a widely reported whisper number that was ten cents higher than Wall Street's official "consensus" number. Microsoft tried to quash the whisper number with calls to analysts. And indeed, when the actual earnings figures were released, they *appeared* lower than the whisper number. Only what really happened was that Microsoft deferred its operating profit—equal to exactly 10 cents a share—into a discretionary account for rainy-day purposes. In effect, Microsoft *had* met the whisper number.

Didn't matter. Shares tumbled by 4½ points in the after-hours markets and continued to fall the next day. Microsoft has yet to rebound; it's now trading at just under $140. Only those who had access to third markets could have bailed out at a better price.

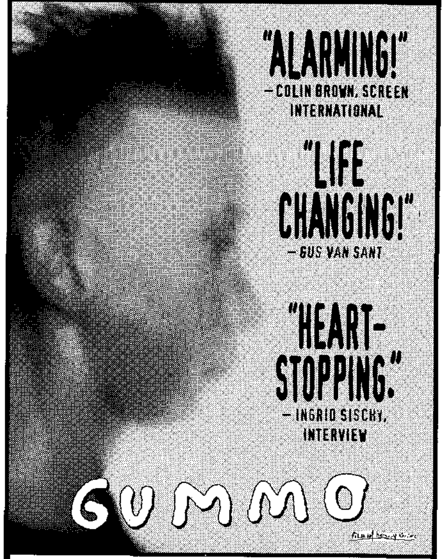
BUT THERE'S HOPE FOR THE LITTLE GUY. Some companies are beginning to take a greater interest in what they usually (pejoratively) refer to as "retail investors."

Institutions control more than 80 percent of the shares of some of the country's biggest companies. But they are notoriously fickle shareholders; typically, they hold stock in any given company for only nine months. (Pension funds tend to hold on to shares longer.)

"The companies are starting to get jittery about that, particularly with the market at these levels," notes NIRI president and CEO Louis Thompson Jr. Individuals, on the other hand, tend to buy and hold. They're likely to keep the same shares for seven years, on average. And they hang on to them, through recessions, restructurings, and crashes.

Surely they deserve a better deal than this. ▬

New York Coliseum
ANTIQUES SHOW
OCTOBER
18 & 19
Sat. 10am to 7pm, Sun. 11am to 6pm
The Best Source for Decorators & Collectors.
300 Exhibits
Featuring period furniture, garden & architectural antiques, prints, textiles, ethnic & tribal art, folk art, paintings, pottery, porcelain, moderne furnishings, art glass, silver, jewelry, lamps & lighting, vintage fashions, books, ephemera & more.
NEW YORK COLISEUM
59th St. at Broadway, NYC
Admission $10
STELLA SHOW MGMT. CO.
212-255-0020

From the creator of KIDS comes
THE MOST ORIGINAL FILM OF THE DECADE!


FINE LINE FEATURES PRESENTS AN INDEPENDENT PICTURES PRODUCTION OF A HARMONY KORINE FILM GUMMO
LINDA MANZ MAX PERLICH JACOB REYNOLDS CHLOE SEVIGNY JACOB SEWELL NICK SUTTON
COSTUME DESIGNER CHLOE SEVIGNY PRODUCTION DESIGNER DAVE DOERNBERG MUSIC SUPERVISOR RANDALL POSTER
EDITOR CHRISTOPHER TELLEFSEN DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JEAN YVES ESCOFFIER
CO-PRODUCERS ROBIN O'HARA AND SCOTT MACAULAY EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS RUTH VITALE STEPHEN CHIN
PRODUCED BY CARY WOODS WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY HARMONY KORINE
R RESTRICTED
DOLBY
Independent Pictures
FINE LINE FEATURES
EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT STARTS FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17TH
*ANGELIKA FILM CENTER
CORNER OF HOUSTON AND MERCER ST.
995-2000
* DOLBY
NO PASSES ACCEPTED TO THIS ENGAGEMENT
Visit the Fine Line Features web site at www.flf.com

THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

What's Left?

Whatever the reason—the times, the incessant bullying by the incumbent—a campaign that should have galvanized Ruth Messinger has instead robbed her of her voice.

NOT LONG AGO, I SAT DOWN TO interview Ruth Messinger in her campaign office. The idea, I explained to her press aide, Lee Jones, was to talk not about her campaign or the things she'd do if elected mayor but about politics more generally—what she thought of the changes in political life, nationally and locally, over the past 25 or 30 years, and how she herself had changed.

With an opponent decrying her extreme liberalism, I figured, she would surely want to go on the record with her personal political views. Everyone who follows local politics knows Messinger's background is in the left, but no one's sure what she thinks today. It's a spot on the canvas she's left undaubed, as Gail Collins noted in the *Times* recently. This would be an opportunity to say what she thought, in a forum that wouldn't reduce her words to a series of sound bites.

The results were unpublishable. She said nothing. Oh, she still believes in government, government can level the playing field, yes it has made its mistakes and must be more efficient, but of course she still believes in it. From the first question (the country's more conservative today than it was when you started in politics, and why do you think this is so?) to the last (what would you do differently?), she dodged and stonewalled and avoided saying anything that represented a discernibly, let alone passionately, held point of view.

Maybe she wasn't up for it that afternoon; you *do* have to be in the mood for such a dialogue. Maybe, because my views on the left's collapse are known to her, and I'm fairly certain they're not hers, she suspected I was somehow setting her up. Maybe—undoubtedly—she was concerned that a single errant sentence would be lifted by the Giuliani campaign as evidence of her continuing pinkoism. Whatever the cause, the effect was that of a candidate cowed by the opposition and the general political climate and too terrified to say anything.

Her campaign has been stunningly bad, and heavy scorn has been directed at her handlers. They deserve some of it: Consultants are supposed to help a candidate find her voice when it's lost. But the problem runs deeper, and I'm sure I'm not alone in wondering: What on earth happened to Ruth Messinger?

Trumped: Messinger's supporters saw her turnaround on Riverside South as a betrayal—one that didn't even win her any new friends.

IF YOU KNOW HER ONLY FROM THIS CAMPAIGN, you'd be shocked to learn that ten years ago, Messinger was arguably the most respected politician in New York City. She was smart, tough, and almost always better prepared than her opponents. She had cadres, not just from her West Side base but from across the city, who would have marched with her into the East River if she'd asked them to. And this as a member of a City Council that in 1987 had almost no power. What power it did have was not supposed to devolve to a left-leaning member who was on the outs with the council leadership, but Messinger was just too . . . *good.*

"She was a person with a great deal of credibility in the press and in the council," says George Arzt, a consultant who was Ed Koch's press secretary then, "so we knew what a difficult stance we would have in going up against her. When we had strategy meetings where we knew she was going to be involved, we paid special attention, because we knew she would get up on the floor and make substantive remarks. And we knew she had the ear of the New York *Times.*"

"She was a worthy adversary," says Koch, in those days the liberal in conservative hair shirt to whom Messinger played the gadfly. "Very smart. She had a network of people in my administration, and even though I gave instructions that I didn't want anything to do with her, she always got around that. She was the leader of my opponents. There were substantial numbers of them, and she was their intellectual leader."

In 1989, she wanted to run for mayor. She probably should have. It's likely, given the times and the competition, that she would have won, and she would have been an improvement on David Dinkins—yes, she would have done the Rainbow Curriculum thing, but she was more decisive and knowledgeable than Dinkins. Instead, she deferred to black aspiration—kind of nobly, I'd say, since she must have known in her heart that she would have been a better mayor—and

Photograph by Brian Velenchenko.

settled for the Manhattan borough presidency.

Which wasn't bad for a while—she still sat on the Board of Estimate, which set policy in the three areas of city government that matter: contracts, land use, and the budget. But in 1990, the Board of Estimate was dissolved. It was a move she supported in the name of good government, but it left her with a job that was little more than a bauble.

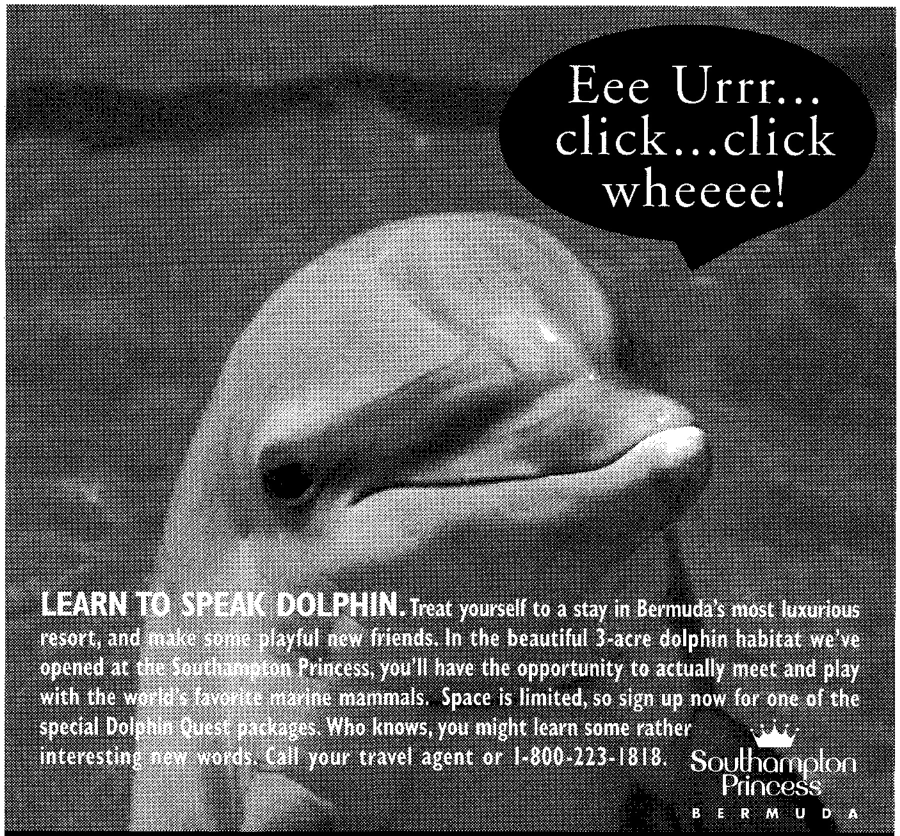
Ask people what really changed her profile, though, and they respond in chorus: Trump. She had built her reputation as an incorruptible fighter of moneyed interests; but when she came out in support of Donald Trump's Riverside South project in 1992, the reputation deflated. "Trump," says one Democratic activist, "represented the moment for a lot of people when she was no longer a tribune or an advocate but became just another politician."

She said her thinking had changed, but she never explained how or why in a persuasive way. It wasn't just that she gave her blessing to the city's most aggressively self-aggrandizing developer against the wishes of many of her neighbors. It was also how she did it. Madeleine Polayes, who continues to fight the Trump project, says that Messinger, after she made her decision, never even bothered to call. And Polayes had known her since the sixties—for years, they lived on the same block.

As attempts to redefine oneself go, it was, to say the least, clumsy. Start with smaller projects; start with people other than Trump; most of all, talk about your position with people who've been your friends for twenty years. At any rate, she lost big chunks of her base and gained nothing (you think Donald's voting for her?). That's redefinition, all right.

Today, she seems not to know where she should stand. The city's political culture has changed dramatically. The Rainbow politics she came to embrace in the eighties are a sure loser in 1997; white liberals may not find in Rudy the kind of guy they'd invite over, but they're voting for him. And Messinger, having lost her old identity, has not found a new one that she's been able to articulate with any authority. She is a victim not of her lefty past, it turns out, but of her faceless present.

A friend of mine says Rudy lost him after the mayor refused to attend the opening of Arthur Ashe Stadium. But, he added: "I can't vote for Messinger. I'd have no idea what I'd be voting for." I've known her for ten years, and the way this campaign has gone, neither would I. ■



LEARN TO SPEAK DOLPHIN. Treat yourself to a stay in Bermuda's most luxurious resort, and make some playful new friends. In the beautiful 3-acre dolphin habitat we've opened at the Southampton Princess, you'll have the opportunity to actually meet and play with the world's favorite marine mammals. Space is limited, so sign up now for one of the special Dolphin Quest packages. Who knows, you might learn some rather interesting new words. Call your travel agent or 1-800-223-1818.

Southampton Princess
BERMUDA

THE SOUL OF BERMUDA. THE HEART OF YOUR VACATION.

Represented by Princess Hotels International, Inc.

Wendy PRESENTS AMERICA'S FINEST ANTIQUES SHOWS

The Park Avenue Antiques Show

at Wallace Hall, Church of St.Ignatius Loyola, PARK AVENUE at 84th ST, NYC

October 17-19

BENEFIT PREVIEW: Thurs. Oct.16, 6 pm to 9 pm., $50 per person. Tickets available at the door.
SHOW HOURS: FRIDAY & SATURDAY 11 am - 8 pm, SUNDAY 11 am - 6 pm
ADMISSION $10.00 For Information: (212) 288-3588
FREE SHUTTLE BUS FROM THE ARMORY AT 67th STREET
ALL TICKET SALES BENEFIT CHURCH OF ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA

"Anyone who wants to hire an interior designer... should start by calling Designer Previews."

– NEW YORK MAGAZINE

We will show you
the work of more than
100 fine designers and architects
and help you select
those best suited to your needs.

For further information or brochure
212·777·2966 or 800·367·4816

DESIGNER PREVIEWS

Preview: http://www.dpreviews.com

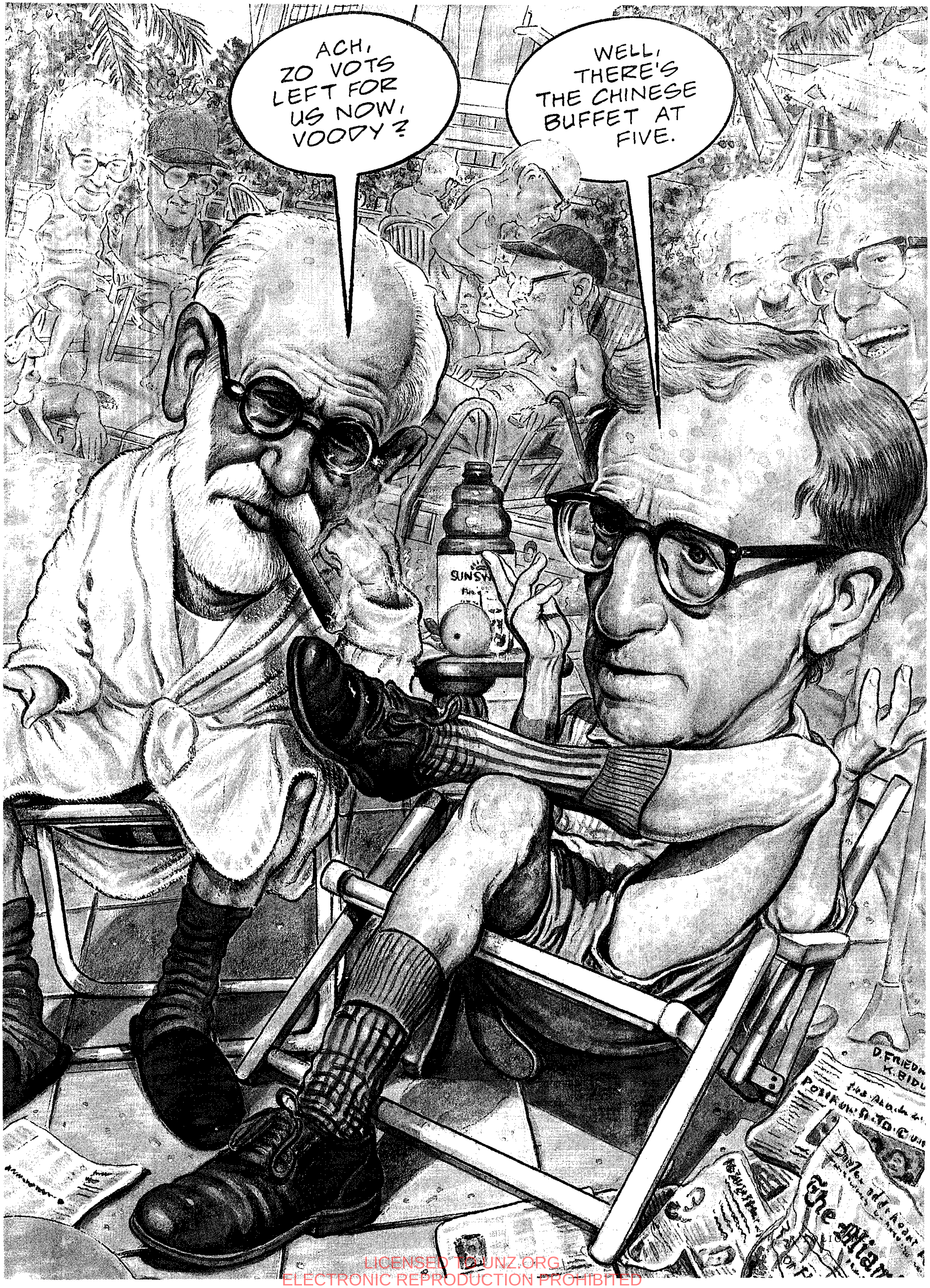
Propped up by antidepressants, pushed by their insurance companies, more and more New Yorkers are abandoning their analysts' couches. We don't seem to need shrinks anymore. But how do you think that makes them feel?

The Final Analysis

THERE'S A SCENE FROM WOODY ALLEN'S now-twenty-year-old *Annie Hall* that stays with me: Remember the split-screen sequence where Diane Keaton's Annie and Allen's Alvy complain to their respective shrinks about their sex life? When the good doctors ask how often they do it, Alvy says, "Hardly ever. Maybe three times a week." "Constantly!" says Annie. "I'd say three times a week." ■ Whatever you think of Woody Allen, it seems fair to posit that there was a moment when he had his finger on something important about relationships, and something essential about New York, and that that moment was contemporaneous with *Annie Hall* and, two years later, his second great cinematic love letter to the city, *Manhattan*. ■ And in Allen's worldview, being analyzed was as integral to being a smart Manhattanite as

BY JAMES KAPLAN

Illustration by Drew Friedman and K. Bidus.


ACH, ZO VOTS LEFT FOR US NOW, VOODY?
WELL, THERE'S THE CHINESE BUFFET AT FIVE.
SUNSW
D.FRIEDM
K.BIDU

WILL PSYCHO-ANALYZE for FOOD
RPM

martinis and evening clothes were in the movies of the thirties. And true psychotherapy meant psychoanalysis right and proper, with a strict Freudian—the kind, Allen joked, who if you killed yourself charged you for the sessions you missed. In Woody Allen's cosmos, the psychoanalyst was a remote, godlike, intellectually overpowering figure, a direct avatar of Freud himself, who was right up there in Allen's personal pantheon with Groucho Marx and Louis Armstrong.

Yet in *Manhattan,* there suddenly cropped up a new kind of shrink, Diane Keaton's Donny (!), who called her on the phone at 3 A.M. weeping and finally wound up in the hospital from a bad acid trip. Shooting forward to the present, in Allen's 1996 *Everyone Says I Love You,* analysis has been reduced to a trifle, a plot device by which Allen's goatish aging protagonist learns Julia Roberts's erogenous zones. The popular notion of a shrink now is someone like the therapist Oprah Winfrey played on the coming-out episode of *Ellen,* talking to Ellen DeGeneres about Feelings and Lifestyle Choices.

Thus is encapsulated a 50-year transition in the stature of psychoanalysis in this country: The impossible profession is on the ropes. And Freud's reputation has never been so battered. The art-science he founded, once a kind of secular religion in America, with a cultural force Freud compared to the effects of the Copernican and Darwinian revolutions, is now a national afterthought, a discipline in financial peril and internal tumult. A new membership survey of Division 39 of the American Psychological Association—the psychoanalytic division, 4,000 members strong nationwide—reveals starkly bad news. Older analysts fear the future ("I expect to be out of practice in a year or two, not by choice," one writes); younger ones are just hanging on ("grim, bleak! more work for less money"). In 1985, the average practitioner was seeing three patients three times a week; in 1997, the average analyst has only one three-time-a-week patient.

"Psychoanalysis has dropped out of the general culture," says senior analyst Edgar Levenson, M.D., of the William Alanson White Institute. "Back in the 1940s, it permeated culture—you couldn't pick up a pickle without being accused of having unconscious homosexual impulses. But a lot of Freud's findings have gone out—nobody believes in penis envy or castration anxiety anymore. All the primal Greek type of psychoanalysis has become democratized and pragmatic. It no longer has the dramatic terminology, and it doesn't promise epiphany."

Jonathan Lear, a psychoanalyst and professor on the Committee on Social Thought at the University of Chicago, and the author of an impassioned 1995 *New Republic* essay defending Freud against his many detractors, says, "In a funny way, that's where the news is—how did psychoanalysis ever get so popular? You might say one reason out of many is that it grabbed the transference of the culture," Lear tells me, using the term for the patient's set of fantasies about any person but especially the therapist. "There's something about the analyst having an esoteric secret, the unconscious—them knowing what it is—that grabbed the popular imagination. [But] instead of the analysts analyzing it, they took advantage of it. Like any transference reaction, that can't last forever.

"And in a democratic, skeptical culture, in a market economy, eventually there has to be some pressure on any way of earning money. And when the pressure finally came, the profession was in a very rigid place. And had made inflated claims for itself, which it couldn't defend."

LIKE VIRTUALLY EVERYBODY OF A CERTAIN SOCIOECONOMIC LEVEL and educational background in the New York metropolitan area, I've spent all my adult years surrounded by psychoanalysis, in a sea of it, as it were. Most of my friends and relatives were in various forms of treatment: lying down or sitting face-to-face; once

Illustration by Ross MacDonald.

a week, or twice, or even three or four or five times.

My own psychoanalytic surround was even more intimate than most: Because my wife, my mother, and my sister-in-law are, respectively, a psychologist, a psychiatric social worker, and a psychiatrist, I gradually, osmotically grew familiar with the profession's literature and terminology. New York took on something like the aspect of a company town, albeit a severely factionalized one: There were the psychiatrists, the psychologists, and the social workers; the analysts and non-analysts; the various analytic institutes, each with its own powerful gravity and colossi. I began to know the players and the conflicts, the heroes and the villains, the stars. The town talk and the gossip.

There was the groundbreaking 1985 lawsuit brought by psychologists suing (and winning, out of court, in 1989) for inclusion in the American Psychoanalytic Association—which, along with many of the classical institutes, had long barred non-M.D.'s.

There was Janet Malcolm's 1980 *New Yorker* profile of the pseudonymous analyst Aaron Green, of the austerely traditional New York Psychoanalytic Institute. Malcolm's piece caused a great ruffle of titillated, mildly scandalized self-regard in the communities, and set the jungle tom-toms drumming about the identity of Green, whose cover was quickly blown. The most secretive of professions appeared to take an exhibitionistic thrill in uncovering certain of its treasures: Everyone seemed to know who Woody Allen's and Robert Redford's shrinks were; everybody seemed to know of certain senior analysts who had been cashiered by institutes for marrying patients.

And then, of course, I had my own analysis, twelve years of it, thank you very much, just three years shy of Alvy Singer's fifteen in *Annie Hall* ("I'm gonna give [it] one more year, and then I'm goin' to Lourdes"): I began in my early thirties, adrift emotionally and professionally, and the treatment guided me through the growth of my marriage and career, the birth of my children, and the death of my father.

> "When the pressure came, the profession was in a rigid place. It had made inflated claims for itself, which it could not defend."

Twice a week for more than a decade, face-to-face, in a dowdy Upper West Side office with a view of wooden rooftop water towers. My shrink was anything but a strict Freudian: Instead he was warm, menschy, direct, a handsomer version—bearded at times; at times not—of the Judd Hirsch character in *Ordinary People*. I called him by his first name, though he was no Donny. He was a trained analyst, but he told me some time into the treatment that he'd rebelled against the Freudians early on, that the classic style, remote and monosyllabic, wasn't for him, that his personality demanded more give-and-take. His apostasy, he confided, had diminished him in the eyes of colleagues and supervisors.

And at first, I'll confess, in my own. For I worried sometimes about that give-and-take. Was I really supposed to know all this about him? He had a couch: Why wasn't I on it? There was even a period of several years when—horrors!—my psychologist provided coffee and homemade cookies; after a while, the refreshments weighed on me, and I asked that they cease. At some point, I worked up the nerve to ask whether what we were doing here was really psychoanalysis. My doctor shrugged Talmudically. I'm an analyst, he said.

Why was I so concerned about the purity of my treatment? Part of it was simply intellectual snobbery: As a writer, I admired the classical forms and looked for artistic depth. I eagerly ingested Malcolm's profile of the severe, relentlessly Freudian New York Psychoanalytic apparatchik Aaron Green. My shrink wasn't like that. (He was funny, for one thing.) Analysis as an ordered, exhaustive excavation of the past—a one-sided outpouring of free association by me leading, by minute increments, to minor revelations—didn't seem to interest him. Whatever was in the air in the session that day was of first priority. There were many occasions when, between appointments, I came up with what seemed a brilliant aperçu about myself, brought it carefully wrapped into a session—and then sat, flummoxed, as my shrink sidestepped and homed in not on my words but on the music, as it were: what was happening right in the room, with him.

As I understood it, my therapist wasn't by any means rejecting Freud's monumental ideas but his austere tenet of analyst-as-mirror, which the predominantly medical American psychoanalytic Establishment had conflated with its own self-importance into a mystery cult that excluded and belittled the patient. Freud's daughter, the analyst Anna Freud, had argued for humanizing analysis, as had the great American analyst Leo Stone. The result was the doctrine of interpersonalism, in which the relationship between patient and therapist became a crucial part of the process. My shrink was an interpersonalist. Yet there were times when my treatment felt like a course without a syllabus.

Still, themes recurred over time, and grew clearer, and gradually lost their power to ambush me. The treatment's directness helped me become more direct with myself. And then, after a certain mysterious proportion of this onus shifted from my shrink to me, I left. It felt strange—and undeniably sad—to be suddenly out on the street, bereft of the cozy structure of my two afternoons per week, always at the same time. My doctor had made no exaggerated claims for the process, and while there was no doubt that my life was better, there was no trumpet flourish, no sense of having emerged onto some higher spiritual plane. Melancholy, stress, and anxiety all still existed for me; I was just somewhat better equipped to handle them.

But then, Freud had promised nothing more, or less. After all, he had famously spoken of analysis, from the practitioner's point of view, as an " 'impossible' profession in which one can be quite sure of unsatisfying results," a profession whose only hope is to "[transform] hysterical misery into common unhappiness."

Had my treatment, I wondered, been worth it? Worth the twelve years, and the approximately—I still gasp a bit at this—$100,000 it had cost me? The cynical joke I sometimes made was that my doctor could have bought a cabin cruiser with the proceeds and put my name on the transom. But then, quite arguably, my own boat wouldn't have been floating nearly so well without his help. From the driest possible cost-benefit standpoint, the time seemed to have been worth the money.

Dryness aside, however, there was another legacy: a heightened tendency to see all behavior in a psychoanalytic light, to feel that we're all driven by largely unconscious fantasies and desires, that our dreams define and rule us, and that every human presentation is only the tip of an iceberg.

And no small part of the strangeness of leaving analysis was my discovery that this way of looking at the world seemed to be draining out of the world faster every day.

Photograph by Nathaniel Welch.

TWENTY YEARS ON FROM *ANNIE HALL* IN NEW York City: A bourgeois populace more wised-up, if not wiser, goes about its business with the cautionary knowledge of what all those years of analysis did for Woody Allen—these days merely an aging content-provider rather than a chronicler of our lives. Life seems to have gotten bigger and smaller at once—faster and colder and more computerized and complicated. We live in a world with a million choices: what to wear, what to eat, where to shop, what to watch. Whom to be.

But all those possibilities make us anxious: We can indulge any appetite, but there's never quite enough time to be human. A full exploration of the unconscious, in this world, would be seen as irrelevant—not to mention laughably time-consuming. (If not just plain laughable: Much of America has always cherished the idea that people who get psychoanalyzed are either crazy or malingering.) Our sense of ourselves as characters in a story, as people about whom a story might be fashioned, has diminished; the true narrative form of our time is the sitcom.

Meanwhile, Freud is surely twirling at top speed in his grave—with some helpful spin contributed by his many current detractors, captained by Frederick Crews. Crews, an emeritus professor of English at the University of California at Berkeley, has charged psychoanalysis with creating a recovered-memory industry, inducing patients to fabricate incidents of childhood sexual abuse, even alien abduction and past lives. In his final book, *The Demon-Haunted World,* Carl Sagan threw psychoanalysis into the same quasi-scientific category with parapsychology and dowsing.

Well, there *is* a recovered-memory industry, a subset of an ever-burgeoning psychotherapy (as opposed to psychoanalysis) industry based on achieving a goal Freud never promised—happiness. Happiness is attainable, the industries and self-help books promise, if we concretize the past and simply cast it off, thus achieving the perfect unexamined life. The perfect *American* life. Prozac will make you free. Our huge, thin-souled culture of appearances and diversions, of having a nice day, would have been horrifying to the man who developed a world-changing system of thought based on the idea of an infinitely complex psyche, a psyche in a constant state of conflict or reconciliation with its unconscious impulses.

"Whatever valid criticisms can be made of psychoanalysis, the whole phenomenon of Freud-bashing is, I think, fundamentally an attempt to attack the very idea of the unconscious," Lear says. "That's very dangerous. Really what we have is a choice between coming to understand our unconscious, learning to live with it, or our unconscious will live us.

"In the past, there would be great literary-cultural events. Sophoclean drama gave expression to and vent for unconscious fantasies—it was a way of coping. Great literature has always been that for us. It seems that insofar as there are any fantasies now, they're getting lived out in popular culture, in very violent movies. And there's nothing else. The truly humane and deep approaches to the human psyche through literature—I don't think they're used now."

"What can we tell our young students? Everyone's going to be on medication; there'll be no jobs. And still they come."

Photograph by Nathaniel Welch.

"Maybe people are losing interest in their own imaginations," Edgar Levenson says. "I think people are increasingly having difficulty distinguishing between reality and virtual reality—people are no longer making distinctions between movies and reality. I think all this stuff about repressed memory is part of it. If you remember something, is it real, or did you invent it? How do you know?"

And where does psychoanalysis stand in such a world?

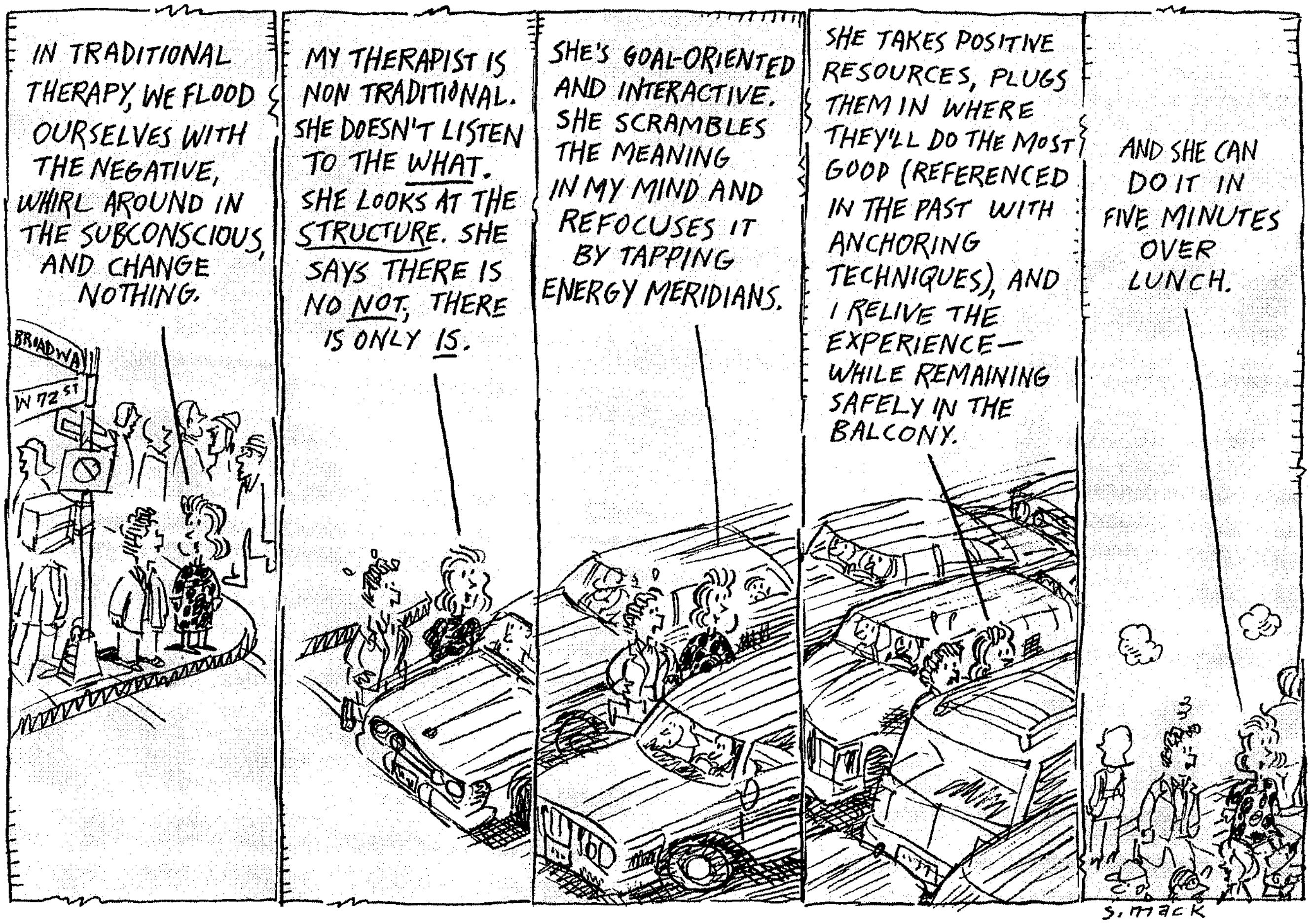
WHEN I PUT THE QUESTION TO MARYLOU LIONELLS, PH.D.—AN ANALYST for more than two decades, and for the past five years the director of the Upper West Side's William Alanson White Institute, one of the world's premier centers for psychoanalytic training—she sighs. "I'll tell you," she says. "We brought it on ourselves."

She's a strong-looking woman with a broad face and big, square horn-rimmed glasses, a woman who gives off, if such a thing is possible, a kind of warm flintiness. "We have been secretive and elitist and exclusionary," Lionells admits. "We have inhibited a dialogue with other intellectuals, with the universities, with the media. And then tremendous insurance coverage for analysis and psychotherapy started around fifteen years ago, and it made us very cocky. We had lots of new people to train. When I became director, I talked about the insidious march of managed care. We thought Clinton would save us, that something would save us. Well, nothing saved us.

"Managed care didn't really hit New York till five years ago; our senior people were still in excellent financial condition till a couple of years ago. Now a lot of them are in trouble. We had a workshop a while back, and a couple of very senior people here went to the panels on managed care. At one of them, a young fellow, a candidate here who had worked for a managed-care company, was very embarrassed to have to tell these senior people that there was no chance they would get on any of the plans. The companies want younger people who will adhere to the guidelines."

But it turns out that Dr. Lionells is scarcely in the mood for laments or nostra culpas. For it seems that smack in the middle of the managed-care era—a time in which even the august, threadbare New York Psychoanalytic can scarcely muster a class—White is prospering. "The number of applicants had gone down 50 percent here—till this year," Lionells says. "Our class in the fall was larger than any over the last five years. The applicants now are older, more settled in their career. Either they're aware of the internal ferment in psychoanalysis, or they come from a professional psychology practice where they realize their lack of training inhibits their work. We have cognitive-behaviorist candidates, psychiatrists—even if all they want to do is [therapy or] medicine, they realize that if they don't understand transference and countertransference [the analyst's transference to the patient], they're handicapped. So you're getting all this blending; you're beginning to have cognitive therapists applying interpersonal teachings."

She smiles confidently. And her very surroundings—indeed, even her personal appearance—seem to support her contentions. Dr. Lionells, wearing an elegant silk blouse, black slacks, and mutedly stylish low black pumps, *looks* prosperous. Her office—a visu-


IN TRADITIONAL THERAPY, WE FLOOD OURSELVES WITH THE NEGATIVE, WHIRL AROUND IN THE SUBCONSCIOUS, AND CHANGE NOTHING.
BROADWAY
W 72 ST
MY THERAPIST IS NON TRADITIONAL. SHE DOESN'T LISTEN TO THE WHAT. SHE LOOKS AT THE STRUCTURE. SHE SAYS THERE IS NO NOT, THERE IS ONLY IS.
SHE'S GOAL-ORIENTED AND INTERACTIVE. SHE SCRAMBLES THE MEANING IN MY MIND AND REFOCUSES IT BY TAPPING ENERGY MERIDIANS.
SHE TAKES POSITIVE RESOURCES, PLUGS THEM IN WHERE THEY'LL DO THE MOST GOOD (REFERENCED IN THE PAST WITH ANCHORING TECHNIQUES), AND I RELIVE THE EXPERIENCE— WHILE REMAINING SAFELY IN THE BALCONY.
AND SHE CAN DO IT IN FIVE MINUTES OVER LUNCH.
S. MACK

al symphony of custom-built blond-wood cabinets and soft leather chairs on the third floor of White's 74th Street townhouse—looks prosperous. And White itself, as Lionells walks me around the premises, looks very prosperous. "One of the first things I did when I became director was to paint and redecorate," Lionells tells me. "When I first came on, there was a great hue and cry about the feminization of the institute. It had been a very sober, analytic gray. But I thought my job was to open up the institute—the paint job was just an external manifestation of that change. And I feel very pleased with myself about the results."

I ask her what she means by opening up White.

"When I became director, I thought we needed to adapt our program to the community," she says. "So four years ago, we started the Center for the Study of Psychological Trauma. The center comprises several services—working with the sexually abused, with people affected by HIV, with people with eating-disorder and substance-abuse problems, infertility issues."

But some in the profession squint skeptically at White's ecumenism. "Everyone seems agreed that there are fewer analytic patients, so there's tremendous competition between institutes for trainees and patients," a female senior analyst tells me. "So the institutes are offering eating-disorder training, drug-abuse training, gay-and-lesbian-issues training—it's 'Anything to get students in the door, and then we'll teach them analysis.' "

We're in a dimly lit office on West End Avenue, with pleasant but nondescript furnishings: The setting couldn't be more different from the director's office at White. And although in one sense the comparison is apples and oranges—the director of White is, after all, both analyst and political figure—it isn't entirely irrelevant. Among psychoanalysts, décor is seen, more often than not, as distraction. What could be more lulling, more revelation-inducing, than a slightly tatty Upper West Side office in a nice, Salingeresque prewar high-rise full of ancient cooking smells—an office with an old couch, a couple of well-worn Eames or Stressless chairs, a grungy carpet, and some Oriental prints on the wall?

The senior analyst is telling me that life in the psychoanalytic trenches these days is considerably different from the cushy world of White. "Most people feel very precarious about their practices," the woman says. "A friend and I look at each other complicitously whenever we discuss the fact that we're both doing all right. I don't know why it is—some of us are filled, and not necessarily because we're good. I know a number of very good senior analysts—it's clear their hours aren't filled.

"I was licensed in 1973," she says. "The kind of patients I see hasn't really changed—I think I see the same range of pathology and health. But the profession's being embattled with the medicalization of mental illness has had an enormous impact on employment in the field. There's been a steady decline of internships and entry-level jobs. I left [a position at a New York Hospital] in the early eighties—soon after, within one year or two, all of the child-psychology department was fired, and the department remodeled with an increased emphasis on behaviorist therapy and in psychopharmacology. This is happening all over the country.

"For those reasons, there's tremendous demoralization and pessimism in the field. What can we tell our young students? Everyone's going to be on medication; there'll be no jobs for them." She smiles sadly. "And still they come."

In a population frantic about time and money, it's more and more a buyer's market for psychoanalysis. John Deri, M.D., a psychiatrist and analytic candidate who has practiced in both Manhattan and San Francisco, is struck by the difference be-

Illustration by Stan Mack.

tween the two cities. "Only a small percentage of my patients now are analytic patients," he says. "In San Francisco, at least 80 percent of my practice was analytically oriented therapy—people I was seeing twice to four times a week. Since I returned to New York, the majority of my practice is pharmacological.

"In San Francisco, people seemed more interested in working on themselves than people in New York do. There's a Taoist expression—they talk about cultivating the self. In San Francisco, people worked on their character, their ability to have intimacy, and their ability to have curiosity and interest in the parts of themselves that thwarted their abilities to have those experiences.

"In New York, people more often than not seem to be seeking relief from symptoms of depression and anxiety, within the medical model. One very prevalent experience in New York is feeling overburdened—never having enough time or money. This itself [militates] against undertaking extensive psychotherapy. People feel they just can't do it. It seems so sad to me—it reminds me of that line from Wordsworth, 'Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.' "

Deri sighs. "I often think about my upbringing in New York City," he muses. "My mother was a psychoanalyst, and my father was a cellist and college professor. We lived on the Upper West Side, in a penthouse with a wraparound terrace and panoramic views. The rent—even at the end of my mother's life, in the eighties—was $330 a month. Imagine what it would be today."

NO TIME, NO MONEY. AND SO THERE'S ANOTHER CHOICE FOR THOSE in acute psychological pain, a choice taken by more and more people these days: joining a health-maintenance organization and accepting the psychotherapist and course of treatment mandated by the HMO. It's a system that—despite the fact that we in America have essentially brought it on ourselves—has driven some psychotherapists to view managed care as evil incarnate.

"I reread *1984* and *Brave New World,* and—I am not being facetious—you will find managed care on every page," says Karen Shore, Ph.D., a Long Island psychoanalyst and anti-managed-care activist, the co-founder and head of the National Coalition of Mental Health Professionals and Consumers. "It's thought control; it's intimidation; it's changing the language. It's Newspeak—they guide your thinking about every step of the process. It's industrialization—as in *Brave New World,* the industrialization of human beings.

"Managed-care companies want the same thing," Shore says. "They don't want patients to have any feelings for therapists, and vice versa. They've brainwashed young clinicians into thinking you must make the patient as independent as possible from the beginning."

Shore first started hearing about managed care around the end of 1991. "We had word that one of the main companies was going to take over the contract for New York State employees. A couple of patients told me their benefits were going to change, so I started reading this company's brochures. I became horrified. It was clear right away that this business, and not the psychotherapist, was going to be in charge.

"Most horrible was that the companies were going to be the ones who decided whether a patient needed more treatment. They were going to have to hear what is going on in the treatment, which violates the most fundamental right of patients, privacy. People come into psychotherapy because they have problems they're deeply ashamed of."

"The whole phenomenon of Freud-bashing is an attempt to attack the very idea of the unconscious. And that's very dangerous."

Shore claims the managed-care companies are driving the profession's high end—psychoanalytically oriented psychotherapy—out of business. "In California, where they've had managed care much longer, it covers 95 percent of the population," she says. "I know a therapist whose income dropped from $100,000 to $15,000—they're dropping like flies.

"I don't think psychoanalysis will ever really die—people need it," Shore says. "There are always going to be people who study it. But managed care is taking so much money out of the mental-health field that clinicians will no longer be able to get training. Psychoanalytic training costs, on the average, $50,000 after you earn your doctorate. And the companies want to pay everybody at a sub-master's level. We know of companies that are even using bachelor's-level people as counselors—meaning they have no experience whatever."

Price and length of treatment aren't the only points of contention. "Oxford lets you know that problems of personality and character will not be covered," says a psychotherapist who requests, fervently, that her name not be used: Oxford accounts for a substantial portion of her income. She explains how the managed-care giant in effect pressures therapists to change their diagnoses from conditions that appear on Axis II in the American Psychiatric Association's *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders,* conditions such as narcissism, histrionic personality disorder, avoidance, obsessive-compulsive personality disorder, to the medically treatable conditions that appear on Axis I—depression, anxiety disorders, and the like.

"I work on the phone with a social worker at Oxford who's a complete idiot," the therapist tells me. "I say, 'Are you saying to me that if I put down thus-and-so a diagnosis, I can continue to see the patient?' She'll just repeat, 'We cannot treat Axis II.' And then, because they think these are medical issues, you are very likely to be asked after ten sessions, 'Does this condition require medical treatment?' It forces the therapist to broach medication with patients where it may be irrelevant and counterproductive. And it colors the mind of a diagnostician to write something so the patient can get money—it does not set up a good working relationship with anybody.

"The more subtle danger is that the managed-care companies are changing the perception of treatment among a less-sophisticated population. People start to feel that medication is the only way to deal with character disorders rather than a means purely dictated by cost."

YET EVEN AMID RAGING MATERIALISM THERE ARE signs of what may be the beginnings of a humanistic backlash. "I think there are a lot of psychiatrists disappointed with psychopharmacology as a sole method of treating people," Edgar Levenson says. "You see people with agoraphobia or sexual-potency problems, and there are choices you have to offer. You can say, 'Listen, there are medications for what you have, but maybe it'd be good to look into why you have the problem.' I mean, Prozac and Zoloft are very effective, but they don't

Photograph by Nathaniel Welch.

solve the basic problem of human unhappiness. I have a psychopharmacologist in my practice; still, I tell patients, 'You can go on Zoloft, but it doesn't get you into a relationship.' "

Or help you stay in one. "A couple came in to see me about long-standing marital difficulties," an Upper West Side analyst tells me. "And in the process, the woman went back to her individual therapist, a psychiatrist, and obtained Zoloft. It had an immediate and positive effect. She calmed down, and their relationship much improved—it got to a point where the husband didn't think they needed to be in treatment anymore.

"But then the wife realized that what he liked was *her on medication*," the analyst says. "He's willing to give up a lot not to have the over-the-top parts, the messy parts—he was going to be happy if she would just control herself, and not work out their problems. But she didn't want to be a Stepford Wife. So she went off the Zoloft and went back to being very emotional about their problems."

"I've come to view that class of antidepressants very differently than I did a few years ago," says another doctor. "I really see it as a very important adjunct to treatment that in the past might have been undermined by depression. But I also see it as a very blunt instrument—I don't think it gets to any of the subtleties of internal experience. That's not what it's for, and that's not what it does."

But the fact is that a lot of people are not especially interested in the subtleties of internal experience. For them, antidepressants—and short-term, nonanalytic treatments such as cognitive therapy—exert a siren call. People used to seek out psychoanalysis as a kind of cultural reflex; now there are other reflexes. "Plenty of psychiatrists think Prozac is enough by itself," an Upper West Side psychologist tells me. "I remember talking to a psychiatrist who said if somebody comes into his office at all depressed, he always tries medication first. Whereas I know that sometimes in one or two sessions the depression may lift spontaneously—or just because you've talked to them and given them a place.

"Very few people come in thinking psychoanalysis is the treatment of choice for them," the psychologist says. "There was a time, in the fifties and sixties, when there were great hopes for it, but now, unless they're in the field or somehow related, people don't seek it out." Repressed-memory syndrome, flogged by the daytime talk shows, appears to have replaced the unconscious in the national consciousness: Maybe all our sadness is simply *someone else's fault*—a lecherous uncle; a probing alien. Why not?

"The whole repressed-memory thing gets people talking, but it gives such a bad name to the work in general," says the same psychologist. "I often have the experience where the patient comes in and has these caricaturized ideas, and the work is to engage at a different level—even in New York, among supposedly sophisticated people."

If this means that psychoanalysts these days have to work harder to sell themselves and their profession, get a little chummier, so be it. Of course, this can go too far. "Something that's quite trendy right now," Jonathan Lear tells me, "is that people will say, 'Well, in the fifties, analysts were so cold, and rigid, and they never said anything about themselves—I'm gonna be warm, and open, and I'm gonna talk about my feelings and fantasies.'

"I'm not in favor of anybody being cold or withdrawn," Lear says. "But I've been to a number of case conferences over the years, and I've found, with some of the therapists and analysts who have decided to talk to the patients about themselves, that over the years, *they* get much better."

"The really touchy-feely relational people will analyze their own dream in a session," says a Freudian analyst in private practice on the Upper West Side. "Some of us would say, 'Wait a second—who's gonna pay for this?' "

WELL. MY SHRINK NEVER ANALYZED his own dream, and though he did talk about himself from time to time, it was always in the service of reminding me that I was sitting with another human being—a consoling fact in itself—and was never out of context with my treatment. "I work for you," he told me once. It was a bracing statement—humbly proud, somehow, and, as ever, quite direct. I was touched by it, and helped by it, too. It acknowledged the exceedingly practical light in which he had come to see his strange job.

Practicality matters these days. "I've been in the field almost 50 years—I came in in 1950," Edgar Levenson tells me in his cozy, dowdy office. He's a wry, handsome man in his early seventies with foxy features and crinkly eyes. Blue blazer, pressed gray flannels, and—as seems to befit his exalted position in the field—*super*-sensible shoes: brown Mephistos. "When I came in, people were getting $25 an hour," Levenson says. "People would come into therapy who were less able to pay. And psychiatrists and psychologists lived on lower incomes.

"The early people tended to be mavericks intellectually—they went into the field when you couldn't make a living at it. There was a guy like Phil Lehrman, who'd been analyzed by Freud. He used to pay people 25 cents to analyze them.

"Then you got more and more apparatchiks, bureaucratic types—the people got duller and duller. And then it got to be known as a wonderful way to make a living.

"But now fees are going down. Instead of having three cars and a house in the country, people are scaling back. And the financial difficulty of maintaining a practice shakes the tree. I think there's a tremendously interesting new generation of practitioners—you've got an explosion of interest in the field."

"It's more pluralistic than ever," says Lewis Aron, Ph.D., president-elect of Division 39 and a professor in N.Y.U.'s postdoctoral program in psychotherapy and psychoanalysis. "There's more dialogue between psychoanalysts, and between psychoanalysis and other disciplines. There have never been so many books and journals on the subject. The Psy Broadcasting Network conducts panels on the Internet, with leading analysts from all over the world."

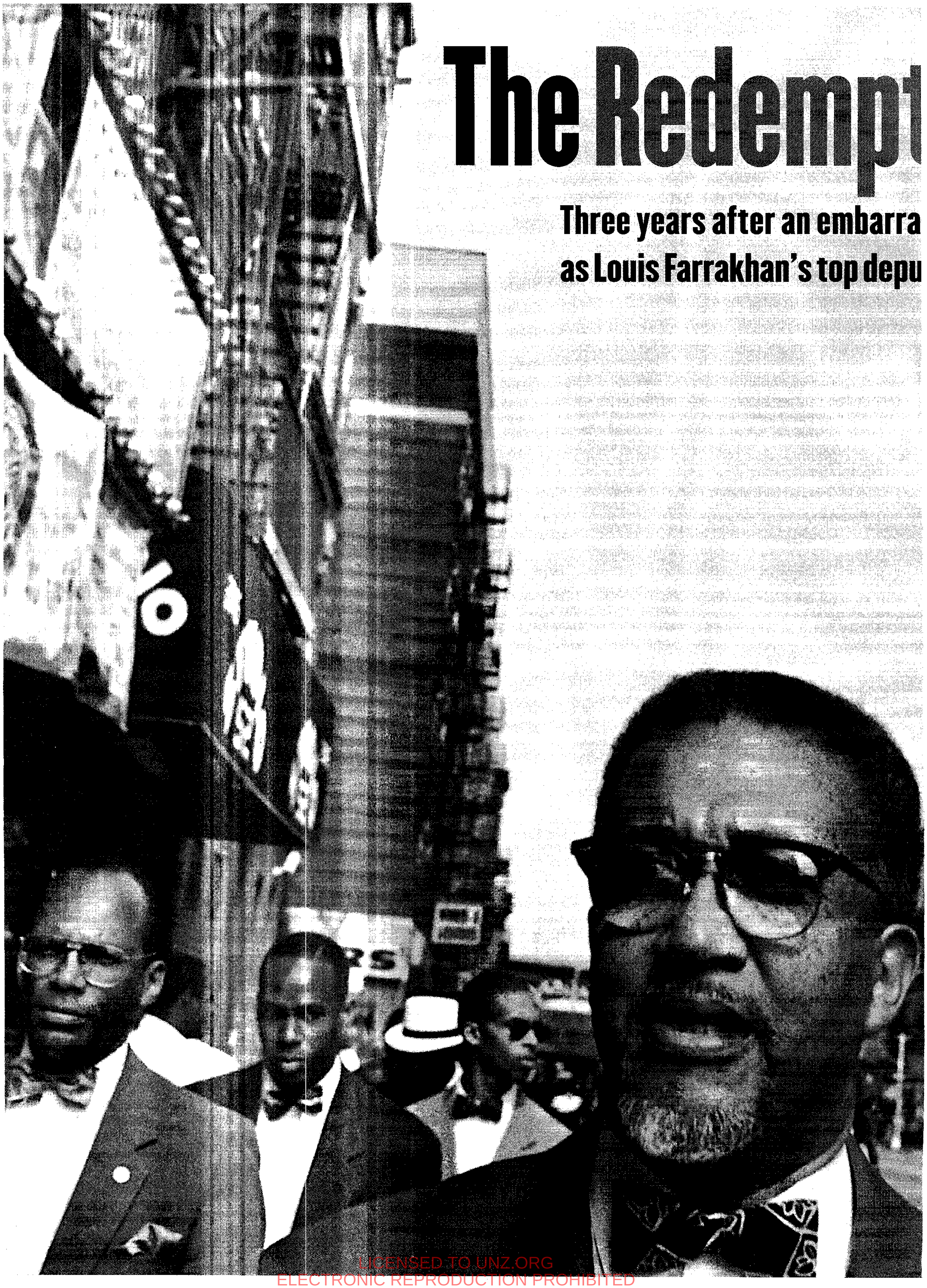
BUT PLURALISM HAS ITS FLIP SIDE. IN THE BEGINNING, FREUD SPLIT with Breuer and Jung, setting the tone; in the decades since, schism after schism has riven the world of psychoanalysis. It's hard to take as paragons of sanity doctors who can barely get along with one another. Each institute is a fortress, with its own house doctrine, and conservative and radical factions thereof: New York Psychoanalytic and Columbia, with their classic Freudians; White, with its interpersonalists; N.Y.U. postdoc, with a little of everything.

Who's in charge? Everyone and no one in our strange new world, where we can transform hysterical misery into common unhappiness with Prozac; where we can go online and find the company, and the solace, missing outside; where the unconscious seems but one more idea in the vast cultural smorgasbord. In such a world, psychoanalysis has relevance but has lost its reverence. It is a search for what is known rather than unknown. We emerge from it quickly and go on to other things.

Or do we? Our dreams persist, knotty and tragic and undismissable, silent testament to a psychic world as red in tooth and claw as the so-called real one. One afternoon, while eating a chicken sandwich and staring out the window, I bite my tongue, hard. Ten seconds later, through tears, I realize I've been furious at a co-worker for weeks without saying anything. Time to speak up? I wonder what my shrink would say. I wonder how he can possibly get along without me. ▬

The Redempt

Three years after an embarra
as Louis Farrakhan's top depu



n of Benjamin Chavis

sex scandal ended his reign at the NAACP, the minister has re-emerged
w he's preparing to take the Nation of Islam mainstream. By Peter Noel

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

HARLEM HOMECOMING: INSIDERS SAY CHAVIS MAY LEAD THE NATION'S NEW YORK OPERATIONS.

A LITTLE PAST NOON ON OCTOBER 4—TWELVE DAYS BEFORE THE second anniversary of the Million Man March—the streets around the Polo Grounds Towers in upper Harlem were abuzz with activity. Long-faced black men dressed in business suits, bow ties, and Stetsons scurried around a fleet of luxury sedans with tinted windows and out-of-town license plates, parked like a presidential motorcade. Walkie-talkies crackled. Then, as if on cue, a somber man with close-cropped, grizzled hair, mustache, and beard jumped out of one of the sedans and ambled into the sprawling housing complex. Trailed by a phalanx of security guards in Versace sunglasses, he climbed the stairs of a graffiti-scarred building and began to knock on doors, introducing himself to surprised tenants.

An hour later, having canvassed the building, he made his way back to the streets, where he was greeted by young hip-hoppers flashing peace signs and pumping their fists, mothers balancing babies and dragging shopping carts. Suddenly an 82-year-old woman broke through the tight ring of security and wrapped him in a bear hug. "Where have you been?" she asked tearfully.

After three years in purgatory, Benjamin Chavis was back.

IN 1994, THE CONTROVERSIAL CHAVIS WAS forced to resign his position as executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, charged with secretly diverting more than a quarter of a million dollars of the organization's funds to settle a sex-discrimination claim.

Since then, he has been engaged in an agonizing process of redemption. In 1995, Chavis organized the Million Man March, the largest black protest in U.S. history. Now he is Farrakhan's point man for the Day of Absence, an ambitious plan to "shut America down" on October 16. Farrakhan is urging blacks to stay home from work and school and to avoid shopping or entertaining on that day to demonstrate black spending power.

The trip to Harlem was a triumphant homecoming for Chavis, who was recently appointed "special assistant" to Farrakhan and is struggling to transform the organization from pariah to what Chavis calls "Most Favored Nation status."

Chavis, an ordained minister for the United Church of Christ, officially converted from Christianity to Islam last February and took a new name, Benjamin F. Muhammad. But his induction into the Nation has been rocky. Chavis has sparked bitter opposition from the organization's Old Guard, who fear that he may be taking the Nation mainstream, away from the controversial race-oriented philosophies espoused by founder Elijah Muhammad.

The fallout from Chavis's appointment has even begun to affect Farrakhan himself. Though it may be startling to his mainstream critics, some Black Muslims have begun to tar the minister as a moderate. "Farrakhan's anti-white, anti-American rhetoric has all but disappeared from his public statements," claims Khallid Hadi, an influential minister in the Lost-Found Nation of Islam, a splinter group vying for control of the Black Muslim movement. "His recent writing strongly suggests that he has completely abandoned the traditional [teachings] supported by thousands of contemporary Muslims. This new face of Farrakhan seems almost unnatural, as if he is possessed by some strange, mysterious force, or manipulated by some diabolical mind."

Hard-liners believe Chavis's presence signals a weakening in the Nation's strict orthodoxy. They fear that Chavis will initiate rapprochement between blacks and Jews and sharply tone down the Nation's anti-Semitic and racist polemics. (Chavis himself is elusive on the subject of Jews. At one point he insists, "I am not an anti-Semite"; at another, he accuses Jewish leaders of engaging in "an ongoing conspiracy to undermine the black community.")

According to activist lawyer Louis Clayton Jones, Farrakhan is being closely watched by black Islamic fundamentalists. "Should he deviate decisively from his current path, he would be assassinated before sundown," asserts Jones, who accuses the minister of "accommodation with the forces of evil."

But Farrakhan has largely brushed off the criticism. At a Saviour's Day Celebration in Los Angeles, he interrupted his talk to address his son, Mustapha. "I've trained my son that if I betray our people, if I sell you out—if I deviate—that he could take my life. Is that right, son?"

"Yes, sir!" replied Mustapha, who is the Nation's assistant supreme captain and Farrakhan's devoted bodyguard.

"What would you do if I turned on our people?" he asked Mustapha.

"I would kill you!" his heir shouted resolutely, gritting his teeth to cheers and a standing ovation. "I would take your head!"

But even as he throws red meat to his right, many insiders believe that Farrakhan, hungry for legitimacy, has decided to move his cash-strapped Nation mainstream. Chavis, with his impressive contacts and fund-raising experience, may be just the man to help him do it.

Last spring, Farrakhan removed the popular Conrad Muhammad as minister of Harlem's Mosque No. 7, which Malcolm X led before he was assassinated in 1965. Conrad departed to Boston, where he is enrolled at Harvard University. According to sources inside the Nation, Chavis will soon be installed in the coveted position.

HOW DID A DISGRACED CHRISTIAN MINISTER rebound from an embarrassing sex scandal to become one of the Nation of Islam's most powerful leaders? Long distrustful of the media, Chavis repeatedly declined invitations by *New York* for an interview. On September 9, in an attempt to pro-

Photographs: previous page, Antonin Kratochvil/Saba; following page, AP/Wide World.

mote the floundering Day of Absence, he reconsidered. The rare meeting took place in a Harlem brownstone, a "safe house" owned by a Nation member. Chavis appeared punctually at 10 A.M., nattily attired in a custom-tailored double-breasted jacket that matched his beige trousers and crocodile-embossed leather shoes. He sat down at a table, mopped his moist face with a handkerchief, and suddenly went rigid in his chair.

Stretching out his hands, palms turned outward, Chavis fell into prayer, calling on Allah to help him overcome a "deceptive intelligence that rationalizes disobedience to God." A minute later, he opened his eyes and glared at his inquisitor. "It's on!" he said, with a gangsta's resolve.

BENJAMIN CHAVIS HAS BEEN INVOLVED in one rumble or another for most of his adult life. He first rose to prominence as one of the Wilmington Ten—a group of civil-rights workers who were wrongfully convicted in the firebombing of a white-owned grocery store in Wilmington, North Carolina, in 1971. He spent more than four years in prison before the conviction was overturned.

After attending divinity school, he quickly made a name for himself as an activist and coalition builder who was able to bring disparate groups of blacks together for successful "Freedom Rides" to the Alabama Black Belt and to Chicago.

In April 1993, the NAACP was nearing the end of an exhaustive eighteen-month search for a new executive director. Among the four finalists to lead the nation's oldest civil-rights organization was Benjamin Chavis. When front-runner Jesse Jackson suddenly withdrew his name two days before the election, Chavis got the job. He kept it for only sixteen months.

Chavis's tenure at the NAACP was marked by bruising battles over turf and ideology. Chavis, who lives with his wife and eight children in Baltimore, remains bitter about the ordeal. "They tried to make me lose my house," he says. "My wife was pregnant with twins—they cut off my insurance. . . . This whole thing was a setup." According to Chavis, old-line NAACP board members were gunning for him from the start.

"They wanted to know if I would continue to be a minister in the church," Chavis recalls. "There was an anti-God factor on that board. Some of the board members said, 'We don't want no preachers. We don't want no ministers up in here.' Even though they would use the black churches all over the country to raise money, some of those board members had an anti-preacher, anti-church attitude." (An NAACP spokesman declined to comment for this article.)

As the youngest leader in NAACP history, Chavis believed he had a mandate to loosen up the sclerotic organization. In his acceptance speech, he vowed "to reconnect the NAACP to the masses of our people, particularly among our youth." He called for alliances with progressive civil-rights and black-nationalist organizations: "I knew that in 1993 no one organization was gonna be able to do everything for the liberation of our people. Since the NAACP was the oldest and the largest, why shouldn't *we* take the lead in providing a forum for all of our leaders to talk to each other?"

"What would you do if I sold out our people?" Farrakhan asked his son, Mustapha, at a Los Angeles rally. "I would kill you!" his heir replied resolutely.

FAST FRIENDS: AFTER HIS FIRING IN 1994, CHAVIS JOINED FARRAKHAN AT A BALTIMORE SUMMIT.

Hours after his election, Chavis departed for gang-plagued South Central Los Angeles to await the verdict in the second Rodney King trial. Fearing a recurrence of violence if the cops were acquitted a second time, Chavis bypassed a luxury hotel and shacked up with members of the notorious Crips and Bloods street gangs in the Imperial Courts housing project.

But his gesture disturbed a faction of the board members. "They felt I was lowering the image of the NAACP. But how can you say you speak on behalf of a people you refuse to associate with?"

Their discomfort with Chavis reached its apogee at a black-leadership summit hosted by the Congressional Black Caucus. Near the end of the meeting, Chavis stunned the room by denouncing the decision to exclude Louis Farrakhan and the Nation of Islam from celebrations marking the thirtieth anniversary of the 1963 civil-rights march on Washington. "There were elements of organized labor that were also against the minister speaking; it wasn't just the Jews," recalls Chavis, who now asks bitterly, "All these groups who say they're friends of the black community—are they really?" Chavis denounced the black leaders as moral cowards for caving in to outside pressure. "How can you talk about the future of black leadership if we can't even have unity among us?" he hectored his colleagues. "I want everybody here to know that the NAACP is standing with the Nation of Islam."

Not surprisingly, Chavis's proselytizing ignited a firestorm of protest from the NAACP board and Jewish leaders, particularly Abraham Foxman, chairman of the Anti-Defamation League, which had long supported the NAACP. Chavis is especially bitter about Foxman, who he claims tried to intimidate him into repudiating Farrakhan. (A Foxman spokesman denies any intimidation, pointing out that Foxman and Chavis both signed a statement affirming that the two groups had "a common civil-rights agenda.")

Despite the pressure, Chavis held fast, even as longtime backers such as the Ford Foundation and the ADL threatened to yank their support. "In October, November, and December 1993, the love that was growing in the community for the Honorable Minister Louis Farrakhan was tremendous," Chavis says. "I fought them off."

Enter Khallid Abdul Muhammad, Farrakhan's gun-toting national spokesman.

Khallid had hooked up with Farrakhan in 1977, and the two had developed an intense, almost familial bond. "I walked with him with two pistols to protect his life," recalls Khallid, who says he hid the weapons in a hollowed-out Bible. "Sometimes when he thought I had given up one [gun], I still had the other. I got out of my car at night that way. I sat on the toilet with my gun on my lap. I went in the shower with my gun right there on the soap rack because the forces could pop up anytime from under the bed, out of the closet, from under cars, in the garage—catch you at that moment with your pants down . . ."

But over the years, as Farrakhan began to court mainstream approval, Khallid began to be an albatross. In Farrakhan's words, his angry outbursts made him like "a beautiful black stallion" that no one but God could ride.

In January 1994, the stallion was put out to pasture. That month, the ADL ran a full-page advertisement in the New York *Times* condemning a speech Khallid delivered at Kean College in New Jersey in which he called Jews "the bloodsuckers" of the black community and said Pope John Paul II was a "no-good cracker." He also urged blacks to kill all whites in South Africa, including women, children, and the disabled.

Soon after, a fed-up Farrakhan fired his longtime friend and disciple. At Chavis's behest, the NAACP issued a statement in support of Farrakhan's decision. "There was no denunciation of Khallid as a person," Chavis says. "It was a denunciation of what he said." Nevertheless, it turned Khallid into an enemy.

In an interview with *New York,* Khallid blasted Chavis for being the first black leader to join Jewish leaders in attacking him. "They should call him Uncle Ben Chavis," Khallid snaps. "The nigger's picture should be on a box of white rice." ("What brother Khallid is mad at me for is that I stood with the minister," Chavis retorts.) But his close association with Farrakhan angered others as well. Chavis says he began to receive death threats. "I had to go buy a bulletproof vest and be escorted by police all over the country."

Angered by his stubbornness over the Farrakhan issue, conservative NAACP board members began calling for his head as well. But the director refused to back down. Instead, in 1994 he called for a National African-American Leadership Summit that would include Farrakhan. The summit, he proposed, would be hosted by the NAACP at its headquarters.

In April of that year, Chavis convened a meeting of black nationalists, Pan-Africanists, socialists, and other militant figures, hosted by the Detroit branch of the NAACP. Guests included rapper Sister Souljah, controversial Afrocentrists Maulana Ron Karenga and Leonard Jeffries, Angela Davis, and Jam Muhammad, the brother of Elijah Muhammad. Board members learned about the meeting only after it was over.

It was at the NAACP annual convention in Chicago in July that rumors began to circulate that Chavis had paid hush money to a woman with whom he had had an extramarital affair. But in late July, reports surfaced that he actually had settled a sex-discrimination lawsuit by former employee Mary Stansel for $332,400 in NAACP funds without the board's knowledge. Stansel later sued Chavis and the NAACP for $250,000 she claimed was owed to her because Chavis failed to find her an $80,000-a-year job that she had been promised in the secret settlement.

"I *did* fire her," Chavis confirms. "There was an out-of-court settlement to keep her from suing the NAACP. It wasn't against me; it was against the NAACP. I was just trying to protect the organization from a frivolous, meritless suit. Little did I know that her allegation was part and parcel of a scheme to take me down." (In June 1996, a Superior Court jury in Washington, D.C., found that Chavis—and not the organization—was responsible for the settlement Chavis had reached with Stansel. She was ordered to return her award from the NAACP and collect what is owed to her from Chavis himself.)

On August 20, on the eve of the controversial black-leadership summit, the board fired Chavis. The next day he moved his long-planned conclave to the West Baltimore Bethel African Methodist Episcopal church, where he stood defiantly alongside Farrakhan.

ABANDONED BY MANY OF HIS OLD allies, Chavis looked to Farrakhan to repair his damaged career. Farrakhan anointed Chavis as organizer of the Million Man March, the most important event in the Nation's history. His success, despite considerable logistic and political obstacles, cemented Chavis's ties to the minister. By early 1997, the two men had become almost inseparable.

From the start, however, some in the Nation hierarchy grumbled about a Christian outsider achieving such high visibility within black Islam. On February 23, Chavis formally converted to Islam, taking the name Benjamin F. Muhammad, in a ceremony that took place in Chicago on Saviour's Day, the birthday of Elijah Muhammad. Chavis told his massive audience he was not backing away from his original faith. "I am not turning away from Christ," he said. "I am turning to Allah." (Nevertheless, he was suspended a month later by the United Church of Christ.)

BUT WITHIN THE NATION OF ISLAM, the convert was not uniformly welcomed. According to an insider, Farrakhan had anticipated "a level of condemnation" of his newest disciple. Converts to Islam are required to undergo considerable training and service, and many Muslims grumbled that Chavis had been spared.

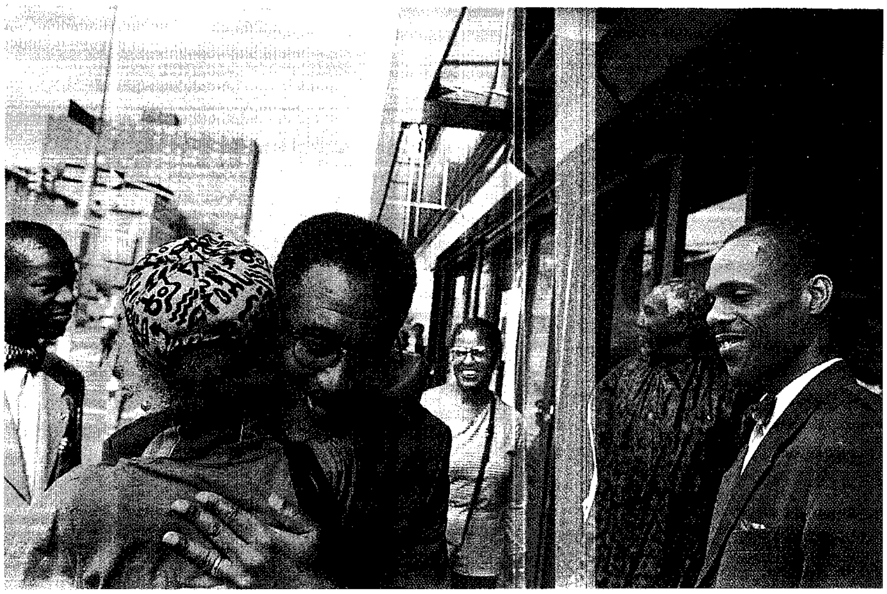
"Chavis . . . is not considered a rank-and-file believer," wrote Minister Hadi in *Muhammad Speaks,* the newspaper of the Lost-Found Nation of Islam. "[But] he has been made a Minister . . . and named as the front-runner of possible successors to Farrakhan. . . . Others, such as Conrad Muhammad, have gone through years of hard work and sacrifice to achieve these honorable titles." Hadi also addressed Chavis's pledge to become "a bridge builder between the mosque and the church," pointing out that "the views and beliefs of Christians and . . . Muslims are diametrically opposed. . . . How then can a Christian preacher who holds fast to his Christian belief represent the Muslim who holds fast to his own belief system?"

The enmity toward Chavis is especially fierce in black-nationalist circles, where he has been regarded with mockery and scorn since his inelegant ouster from the NAACP. On February 26, he came under heavy fire at the Masonic Temple, a Brooklyn auditorium where the United African Movement was holding a rally. The featured speaker was Chavis's old nemesis, Khallid Abdul Muhammad.

"Ben Chavis has never atoned for a damn thing!" Khallid thundered before an enthusiastic crowd. "If one of our points here is that stealing money from the movement is counterrevolutionary, what about the money he stole from the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People? Goddamn it, you can't sweep that under the rug! Ben Chavis is a goddamn thief and a rogue! . . . Now what is the nigger gon' do . . . ? Steal from the Nation of Islam?"

True Muslims, Khallid argued, would have sympathized with Chavis had he been busted for espousing his nationalist agenda at the NAACP. But that's not what happened. "He was busted for chasing women and buying the women, paying the women to go to bed with him," Khallid alleged. "Nigger should have been named John F. Muhammad, not Benjamin F. Muhammad. No-good bastard!" (Responds Chavis, "To call somebody a *bastard,* you're talking about *my mother!*")

Khallid offered these words of advice to Farrakhan: "I warn you, my dear spiritual father, Minister Farrakhan, not to have a nigger like that next to you. Be careful! Make sure everything is on a need-to-know basis, because that kinda nigger will sell you out if he can."



ON THE ROAD: CHAVIS IS STILL VIEWED WARMLY BY MANY WHO REMEMBER HIM FROM THE NAACP.

“Chavis was chasing women,” charges Khallid Muhammad. “Nigger should have been named *John* F. Muhammad, not Benjamin F. Muhammad.”

IN PRIVATE, FARRAKHAN DISMISSES SUCH warnings. Over the past year, Chavis has indisputably become the minister's closest adviser, and many speculate he is being groomed to take over the organization once the 64-year-old Farrakhan—who recently recovered from prostate cancer—steps down.

Last April, Chavis embarked on his first mission for the minister, a 151-city National Revival Tour that had him crisscrossing the United States for four months. His schedule was packed more tightly than that of a visiting dignitary from a foreign country.

Chavis kept a detailed diary of his journey, a State of the Nation report that he will present to Farrakhan next year. More important, he has been asked to drum up support for Farrakhan's Day of Absence, an action modeled after Douglas Turner Ward's sixties theatrical comedy *Day of Absence,* in which whites in a southern town wake one morning to find that all the blacks have disappeared. Farrakhan is hoping that on October 16, without blacks in the workplace, the nation will come to a standstill: “If on that day we can shut New York City down for a righteous reason, then government will know that there is a movement among the people that government should pay attention to,” he told a group in Harlem.

“No work, no school, no play” is the motto that has been carried to black communities across the nation. The event will be anchored in four cities: Atlanta, Chicago, Los Angeles, and New York. Farrakhan's keynote address will be transmitted via satellite across the country.

Many doubt that the minister will pull it off. But as Chavis notes, they also were skeptical about the Million Man March. Nationwide, momentum for the Day of Absence is building. In Washington, D.C., local organizers have planned a massive rap concert at RFK Stadium featuring top artists like Ice Cube, Snoop Doggy Dogg, and Afeni Shakur, the mother of slain gangsta-rapper Tupac. In Los Angeles, Stevie Wonder donated $60,000 of airtime on his radio station to promote the event. But in New York—home to more Black Muslims than any American city but Chicago—organizing has been minimal.

On September 7, Chavis took the message to Brooklyn, his 137th stop. The timing of his visit, two days before the Democratic mayoral primary, was deliberate. The city was still reeling from the plunger assault on Haitian immigrant Abner Louima by four white police officers.

On his visit to Brooklyn's Antioch Baptist Church, Chavis used the incident to stress the importance of black unity. “If we [become] one, you won't have to worry about those evil forces,” he said at a rally on the eve of the primary. “You won't have to worry about some sick, demented police officer abusing one of our brothers. . . . What happened to brother Louima is not an isolated case. This stuff is deep. Deep-rooted. Deep-seated. Deeply entrenched.”

But while his performance was intense, his reception was disappointing. Only about 120 people showed up at the church to hear Chavis speak, and his visit was all but ignored by the city's prominent black activists, including Al Sharpton and Alton H. Maddox Jr., the controversial lawyer who chairs the city's largest black ultranationalist organization, the United African Movement.

Sharpton was too busy promoting his own political goals to risk getting entangled with the Nation's. The influential Maddox, once a Chavis ally, is now a staunch nemesis. His disdain for Chavis stems from a Day of Outrage protest in 1987, when Chavis opted to plead guilty to a civil-disobedience charge rather than fight his arrest in court.

Chavis dismisses his critics: “I'm not going to make my work contingent upon approval or disapproval of the HNIC”—the Head Negroes in Charge—he says. “I will give everyone due respect, but I will not kowtow to brothers and sisters with a prima-donna attitude about life.”

IN MID SEPTEMBER, CHAVIS LEFT FOR “AN emergency meeting” in Los Angeles. But two weeks ago, Farrakhan ordered him to return to New York. His new mission: to take over the day-to-day operations of Mosque No. 7, which is rebounding slowly after a bitter power struggle and a near financial collapse. The mosque, currently led by the little-known minister Kevin Muhammad, was supposed to be the CNN of the ghetto, a center for information and agitation about the Day of Absence. But until Chavis's eleventh-hour intervention, the mosque had failed miserably in this task.

Ever tactful, Chavis took pains to avoid criticizing Minister Kevin and his staff, saying that Farrakhan directed him to return to the city not to react to “what did not happen in New York while he was there or while I was there” but “to help ensure” that the Day of Absence will be successful.

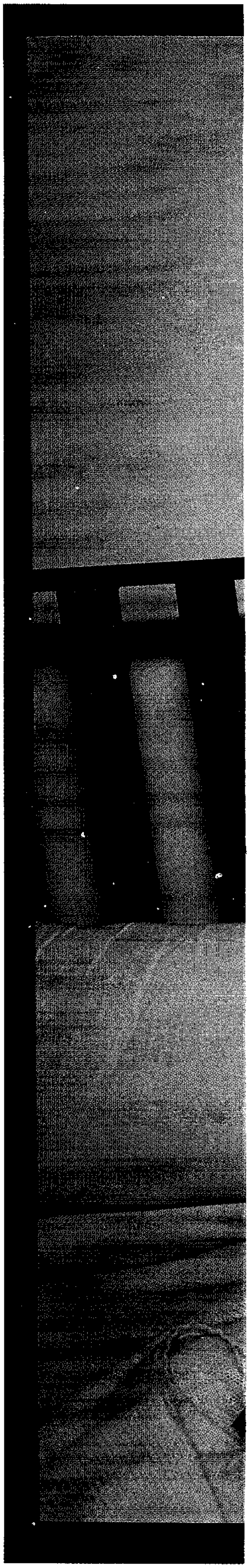
To this end, he has set out on a frantic tour of the city, conferring with business and political leaders, stumping through black and Latino neighborhoods, and appearing on radio and television. As he did in L.A., he will spend several nights in the projects, “sleeping where the brothers and sisters live.”

It's still too soon to know whether his efforts will pay off. New York continues to be the weakest link in the plans for a national Day of Absence. But Chavis has unquestionably raised expectations. If he is successful, he will have considerably bolstered his reputation and his power base in the Nation. If he fails, he will always have Mosque No. 7 to blame. ■

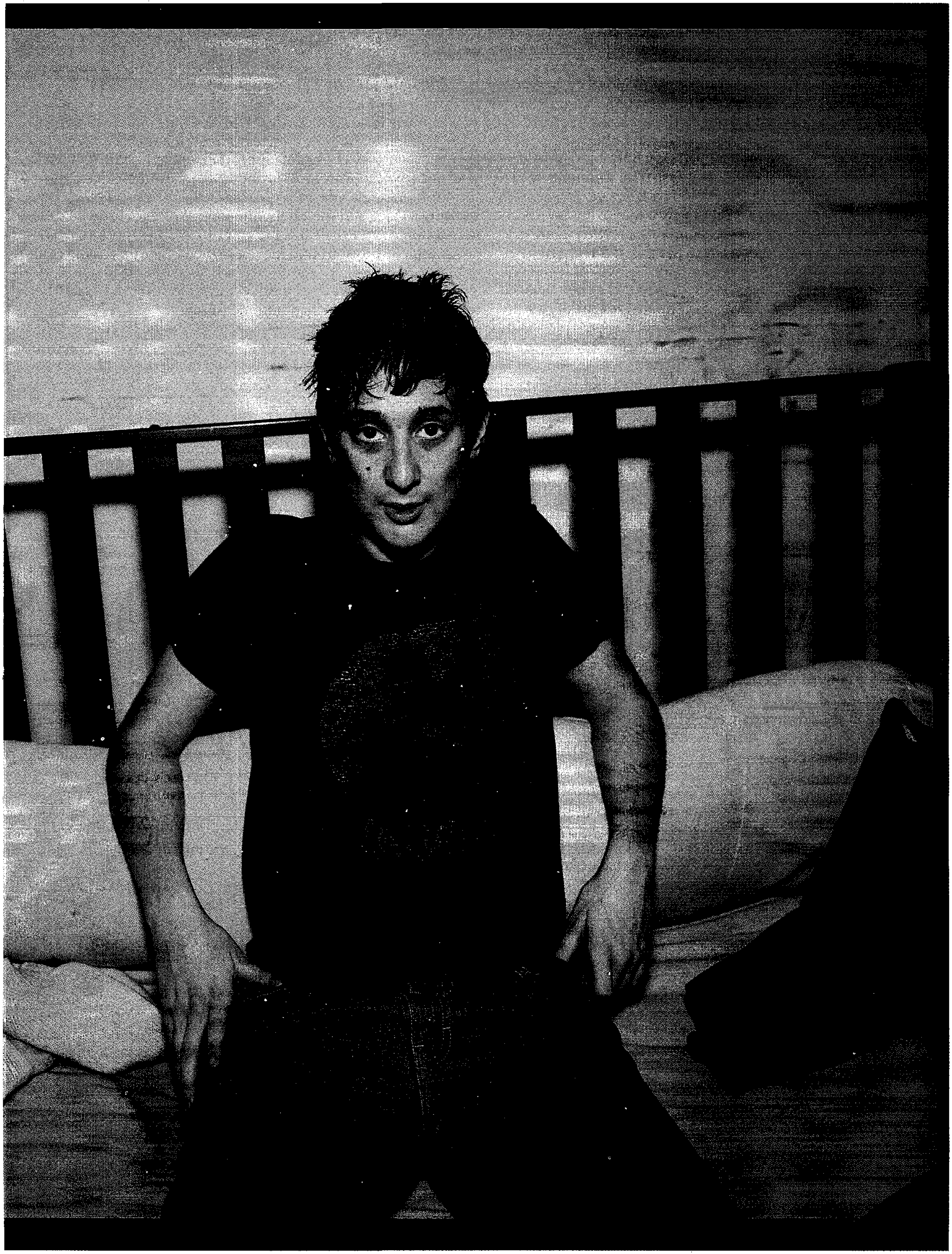
With *Kids,* writer Harmony Korine repelled parents across the country. Now, with *Gummo,* he's gunning for everyone else. This may be art, but it isn't pretty.

By Richard Regen

Photographed by Nan Goldin



THE DIMLY LIT BAR AT THE GRAMERCY PARK HOTEL IS USUALLY A PRETTY SLEEPY SCENE. *KIDS* writer Harmony Korine, 23, likes the "cocktail lounge," as it bills itself, for its clock-stopped, surreal feel—the ageless waiters, the Sterno-warmed chicken wings. But Korine hasn't been there since an encounter with a persistent fan at the bar turned ugly six months ago. Korine, drunk and fed up, tipped a table over, smashed a beer bottle on the floor, and started chasing the German tourist, waving the bottle's jagged edge in front of him. "I'm just a kid! I'm insane!" the downtown magician David Blaine, there at the time, recalls his friend shouting. Only recently has the bar reopened its doors to Korine. ■ No wonder, then, that his publicist insists on showing up in person to see the interview off here at the Gramercy. Korine may be one of her more challenging charges, the idiot savant and *enfant terrible* of American independent filmmaking at the moment. On the upside, his story is a P.R. person's dream: Larry Clark met Korine, then 17, in Washington Square Park and asked him two years later to write a screenplay that Clark (already famous for his portrayals of disturbed teenagers) would direct. Korine banged out the 1995 film *Kids,* a cinéma-vérité portrayal of a group of drug-abusing New York teens infecting one another with the AIDS virus through casual sex. ■ Even months before its release, the film was gen-



erating enough word-of-mouth hype that agents from CAA and UTA were courting Korine (one offered to represent him free of charge). Korine made the rounds in Los Angeles, strolling into power suites in baggy hip-hop jeans and oversize T-shirts, a swaggering advertisement for the film's foul-mouthed bravado. One agent told Korine he'd match any offer he'd already received. "The guy at the last agency told me I could fuck his sister," Korine famously replied. "Can you match that?"

Ultimately, Korine resisted Hollywood's advances and chose instead to write and direct his own first film, *Gummo,* which will be released October 17. *Gummo* is a haunting movie with jarring, occasionally lovely visual imagery, deploying unexpected cinematic devices like Polaroids and stop-action photography. Peers were impressed enough to hand him the international critics' prize at the recent Venice Film Festival. But the real testament to Korine's skills as a filmmaker is that he managed to get *Gummo* made at all, given its content: Dozens of cats are shot or beaten; a woman with Down's syndrome (played by someone actually afflicted) is prostituted by her brother; a comatose woman on a respirator is murdered.

The circulating script put off many members of the independent-film community; once on set, Korine, given to fits of petulance, wasn't afraid to alienate his crew. On one occasion, he forced actors who he didn't think were taking direction well to run laps, like a geeky high-schooler still recovering from the rampages of some abusive gym teacher. On another, Korine heaved a platter of crudités at *Gummo* co-producer Robin O'Hara.

So when Korine finally walks into the Gramercy in jeans, a wrinkled plaid shirt, and a straw hat with a big hole in the front, I am relieved and surprised. With the goofy getup, his adolescent build, and his pasty skin, Korine looks like he's getting ready for a taping of *Hee Haw,* not the release of his directorial debut.

Having unceremoniously removed his gangsta-rapper gold teeth and stuck them in his shirt pocket, Korine munches on a ham sandwich that he periodically dips into a large dollop of mayonnaise on the plate, unfazed as I broach the subject of the chilly response his film has already received. At a recent screening of *Gummo* for New York's independent-film community, I tell him, a half-dozen viewers walked out midway; one indie actor was heard muttering, "I feel like I need a shower."

"So killing cats is more shocking than a film like *Seven* where people are getting fucked with knives?" responds Korine. He dips, then munches. "What's more shocking, unplugging a 90-year-old catatonic woman or fucking someone to death with a knife?" Without pause, he segues a concession into a selling point: "My movie is more shocking, because I present it as real. You can't laugh *Gummo* away. It looks like it's really happening."

"WHAT'S MORE COMMERCIAL THAN KILLING CATS?" KORINE ASKED HIS PRODUCER, CARY WOODS. AND HE MEANT IT.

The documentary-style *Gummo* was shot on location near Korine's hometown of Nashville with a cast composed almost entirely of nonprofessional actors, mostly childhood friends or people who caught Korine's attention while he prowled around town with a video camera.

Gummo is a plotless portrait—"The idea of plot disgusts me," Korine proclaims—of Xenia, Ohio, a town devastated by a tornado in 1970. In one of the film's opening images, the camera pans to a shot of a dog impaled on the TV antenna on somebody's roof. Still reeling from the disaster, Xenia has become a postapocalyptic suburban wasteland, an amoral white-trash backwater where people do little more than survive and abuse one another. The film's two glue-sniffing protagonists earn their keep by killing stray cats and selling them to a local butcher. When they find out that a neighbor is also selling cats to support a catatonic grandmother, they break into his house and unplug the respirator, having already shot her in the foot with a BB gun to make sure she's really in a coma.

The movie is less a narrative than a collage of dissociated images. ("The metaphor of a tornado freed me up," says Korine.) In one scene, two skinhead brothers stand in a suburban kitchen, trying not to look at the camera. In their discomfort, the brothers start playfully poking at each other before progressing to jabs and then pounding one another with their fists, not stopping until their lips are split, their faces swollen.

"Completely unscripted, they beat each other up for the camera," recalls Korine, who clearly relished the spectacle. "It's amazing stuff. Afterwards, I asked them why they did that. They said it was 'cause they had nothing to say."

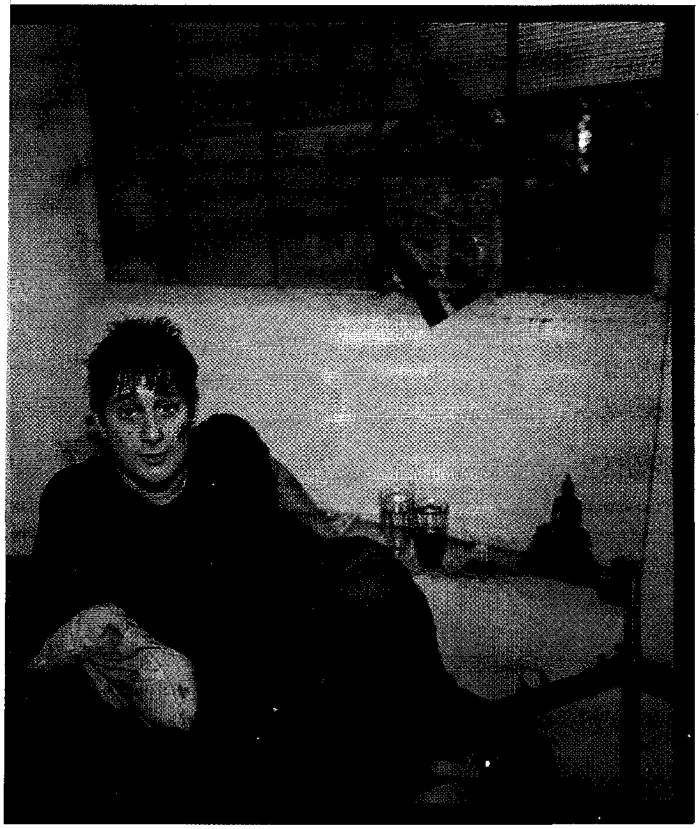
Korine defends himself on the charge that he has crossed the line between art and exploitation. "As long as no one is getting taken advantage of and no one is going to die, I would never say *cut,*" says Korine. Besides, the payoff is worth it: "When in a film have you ever seen a real fight with no edits and no sound? With real punches? Not a fake fight, but a *real* fight?"

Korine insists the scene was spontaneous, but at other times, he doubles back, acknowledging the controlling effect of the camera. "Even documentary is a form of manipulation. Any time a person is aware of a camera, they're performing for the camera. What I'm concerned with is the *presentation* of realism, making things seem as if they are happening organically without any kind of manipulation while at the same time I'm lying about everything in this film. Everything is trickery. Everything seems 100 percent real, but I'm making it up."

KORINE'S OBVIOUS FASCINATION WITH LOW-LIFE CULTURE IS SOMEwhat unexpected in someone born in Bolinas, California, to parents he describes as "hippies, basically," now former boutique owners. When he was a boy, the Korines moved to Nashville, although Harmony would often visit his grandmother in Kew Gardens, where he earned his skateboarding credentials, complete with corporate sponsorship. Although he sounded more sophisticated than other kids his age, he looked younger. "I was always thinking quicker and deeper than the adults I was around," he recalls. "Definitely more than the children around me. But physically, I was like a little boy. I didn't hit puberty till I was 16 years old." Still slight, Korine speaks in a high voice, and he often stammers mid-sentence, as if his mouth still hasn't developed enough to keep up with his mind.

Korine can sound daffily grandiose ("The artist, like the criminal, is a social explorer"), but he also knows what he's talking about. Blaine, who calls Korine "a genius," says his friend has turned him on to "seventeenth-century books about magic I didn't even know about." When Korine offers up something particularly incendiary, his eyes glint and the corners of his mouth turn up in the hint of a smirk. I suggest that *Gummo* leans heavily on its shock value. He giggles, responding, "What artist doesn't want to get a reaction? I'm trying to get a reaction, but there's a difference between that and trying to elicit shock. There has to be more than shock, because that dies after ten seconds."

Instead of living in the expected



IMPERFECT HARMONY: Korine, in a friend's loft.

downtown-hipster loft, Korine goes home to a surprisingly nondescript one-bedroom apartment, furnished with the kind of couch and coffee table a guy might get from a catalogue after cashing his first big check. Only the contemporary art on his walls hints at his visual influences: Richard Prince's prepubescent Brooke Shields from the film *Pretty Baby;* a Raymond Pettibon triptych; a montage by Clark. He tells me to take a seat and presses the PLAY button on his answering machine. A woman's rich voice fills the room. *Harmony, it's Helena. When are we going to see each other again? I have to see you soon. You're such a genius. Call me soon.* I ask Korine who the fan is. From the bedroom, he calls out, "Helena Christensen." I betray my surprise. "Yeah," he says, "I met her at a party and she keeps calling me. I guess I should call her back."

EVEN KORINE'S PRODUCER, CARY WOODS—who's worked on relatively edgy films like *Kids, Scream,* and *Citizen Ruth*—urged him to choose another script for his first directorial effort. "I said, 'Harmony, this movie is really inaccessible; it's pretty uncommercial. Is there anything else you want to do as a first film, and then we'll do *Gummo*?' And he said to me, 'What's more commercial than kids killing cats?' "

Miramax, which produced *Kids* and had a production deal with Woods, might have been the obvious home for *Gummo,* but company honcho Harvey Weinstein read the script and passed. "I think Harmony is going to have a great career, but it is not something I wanted to do," he says before adding a nostrum about the Miramax dance card's being full at the time. Says Korine, "Harvey Weinstein wouldn't finance my movie because he couldn't figure it out."

Woods theorizes that Miramax is growing "more political in terms of how ambitious they've become in trying to move up the Disney food chain. Their ambition is to make the most money they can, and I think they're probably following the right strategy in avoiding films like this."

"This company isn't backing off anything," counters Weinstein. "Miramax is the first place people take difficult films because of our track record. I think Cary feels if we pass, it's personal. It's not." Still, he can't resist a parting shot: "But I think the onus is on Cary to make *Gummo* as big as *Kids.*"

The onus is also on Fine Line president Ruth Vitale. Under her leadership, Fine Line's slate has been lackluster, with *Shine* considered the company's biggest success. Rumors have been circulating that Vitale's job is in jeopardy. ("We have no comment," says a Fine Line spokesperson.)

With *Gummo,* several film-industry analysts theorize, Fine Line is intentionally flirting with controversy in order to give the company street credibility in the creative community. The company's image was damaged by owner Ted Turner's criticism of David Cronenberg's *Crash,* a Fine Line production whose characters had in common a sexual obsession with car wrecks.

And what will Ted Turner think of *Gummo,* a first feature that makes *Crash* look like *Breakfast at Tiffany's*? Vitale, calling from Odessa, where she was on location, says she's not worried, because "Ted is never going to see *Gummo.*" Turner's office said he hadn't seen the film yet and was "unavailable for comment."

Vitale reports to parent company New Line Cinema's chairman, Bob Shaye, who, asked whether he likes *Gummo,* hedges: "It's not a question of like or not like. I found it . . . interesting."

Denizens of the independent-film world haven't been so much scandalized as bored by the film, reports James Schamus, who wrote and produced *The Ice Storm* and runs the independent production company Good Machine: "I've not seen some sense of moral outrage. What's more interesting is that people respond by being blasé."

In one of the most aggressively disturbing scenes in the movie, a mentally disabled young woman who is not a professional actor stands in front of a bathroom mirror and shaves off her eyebrows. Korine argues that the strength of this scene lies in its refusal to sentimentalize. "I hated *Shine.* It was fucking awful," says Korine. "The only thing I hated more than *Shine* was *Sling Blade.* With my film, people will walk out and say that I'm disgusting because I show a person with a real handicap. But when you show Tom Hanks pretending, playing the cute retarded guy, that guy wins an Academy Award."

Perhaps to shield himself from the charge of exploitation—or maybe just because he thought it was funny—Korine makes himself one of the attractions in his own sideshow. In the scene, Korine appears sitting on a sofa with a dwarf, another of his childhood friends from Nashville. Practically incoherent, Korine makes a clumsy homosexual pass at his friend (who looks achingly uncomfortable), then spills beer over his own head. Crew members say that what you see in those few minutes is a talented young director addled by drugs. "I might have been a little drunk, but that's all," responds Korine.

It's easy to see Korine as a talented film student who's suddenly been handed more power and funding than he knows what to do with. At the same time, he's not just a perversely clever club kid; at his best, he's an accidental Leni Riefenstahl for the MTV generation, someone so skilled at manipulating images that he can render the abhorrent visually compelling.

"It would bother me if everyone hated my work," says Korine. "I'm making films for a specific audience. I don't know who that audience is, but I know they're out there. At the same time, I'm not fooling myself and saying this is a movie for everyone." And to those who find his film repugnant, Korine offers no justifications. "What am I supposed to say?" he asks. " 'I'm sorry'?" ▬

HOW DO YOU GET TO SOMEPLACE SMALLER, DARKER AND SMOKIER THAN CARNEGIE HALL? *PRACTICE.* AND, MAYBE, GO TO CAMP. CABARET CAMP. THE PROS THERE WILL TELL YOU WHETHER YOU'VE GOT REAL TALENT OR...

nothing more than FEELINGS

BY JENNIFER SENIOR

JODY EBLING'S VOICE, AT ITS BEST, SOUNDS A LOT LIKE KAREN Carpenter's. She's lovely to look at (sunshiny smile, large-caliber eyes, obedient hair), comfortable moving on a stage, practiced with a mike. But these strengths, clearly, are also her weaknesses, as her rendition of David Friedman's "Help Is on the Way" so jarringly demonstrates; rather than singing the song slowly, or thoughtfully, she belts it out with bushy-tailed self-importance. *Don't give up the ship! Even though you feel it sinking! . . . Help is on the way!*

The song was written to give hope to people with AIDS.

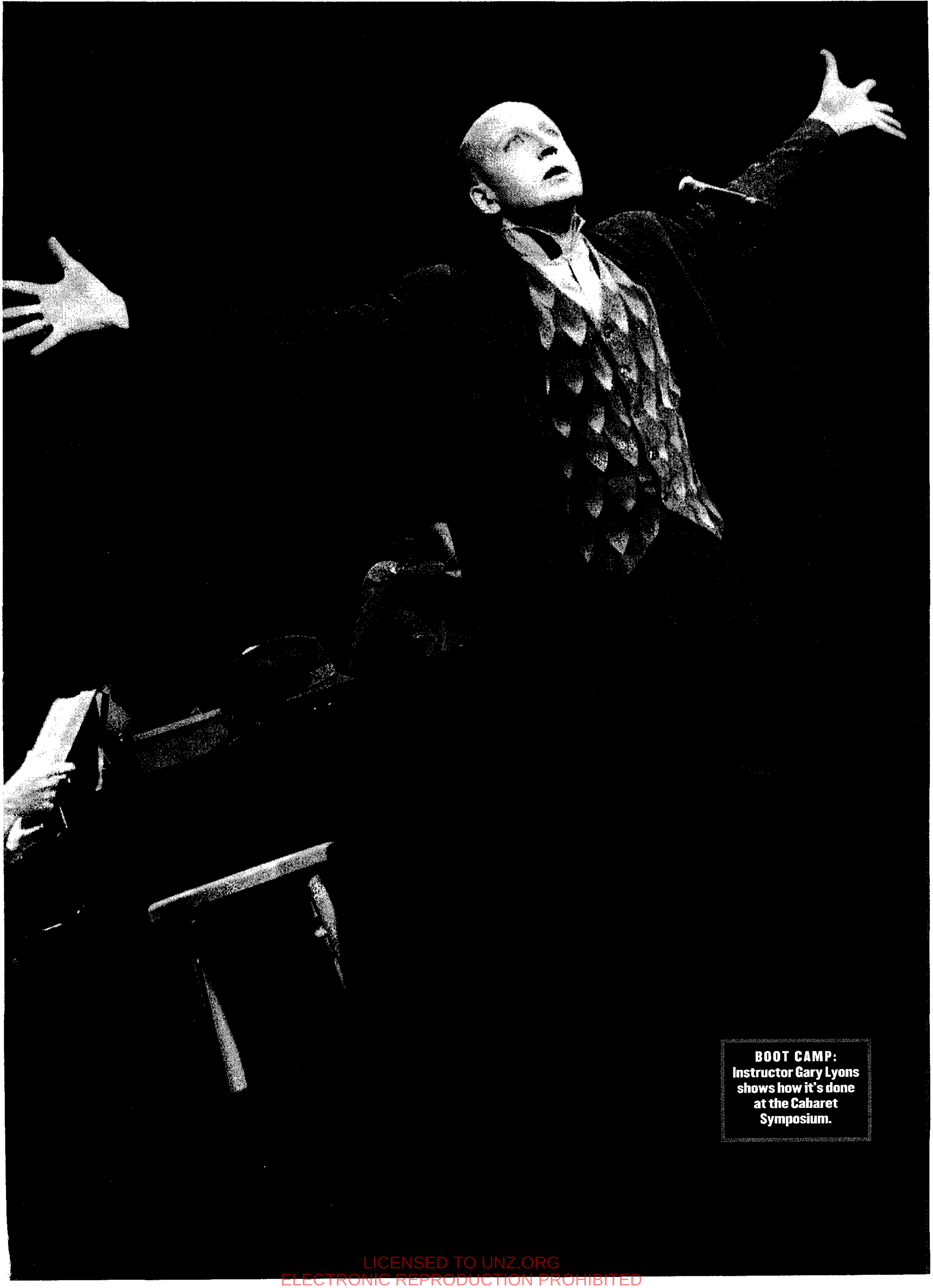
Ellie Ellsworth, an organizer of the Eugene O'Neill Cabaret Symposium, will not brook such an obvious interpretative gaffe. She leaps to her feet. "I'm not saying this to be rude to you," she says, "but *that* is the *perfect* definition of *lounge singing.*"

The room falls silent.

The truth is, Ebling has probably seen her fair share of lounges. She sings with big bands up in Boston for a living. But here, at cabaret camp, one can only be from the lounge, not *of* the lounge. That would be the cardinal, even original, sin.

Considering that she has just, in effect, been run over by a lorry, Ebling handles herself well. She listens attentively as Ellsworth and several other instructors, who sit in the dusty, wood-paneled Rufus and Margo Rose Theater Barn, weigh in with suggestions: Sing the song directly to someone. Sing it as if that someone were about to slit an artery with a razor blade. Above all, pay attention to the lyrics. *Don't give up the ship, even though you feel it sinking. . . . Help is on the way.* Ebling

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARC ASNIN / SABA



BOOT CAMP: Instructor Gary Lyons shows how it's done at the Cabaret Symposium.

tries again, cutting the tempo and curbing the pep-squad zeal. By the third take, it's a lot better. The song, while obviously conceived with the noblest intentions, is still the musical equivalent of lime Jell-O. But at least it makes sense. And Ebling sounds great.

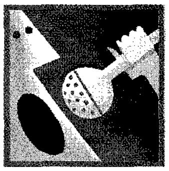
For the past nine summers, the Eugene O'Neill Theater Center—a sprawling seaside campus of bungalows and more stately mansions in Waterford, Connecticut—has been holding cabaret symposia, drawing aspiring chanteurs and chanteuses, solemnly referred to as "fellows," from all over the country. For many in the New York cabaret community—New York being cabaret capital of the universe—this program is a glorious rite of passage. "A lot of people here have gone through it," says Donald Smith, the executive director of the Mabel Mercer Foundation and onetime instructor at the symposium. "The whole process is superb."

"MY HUSBAND TOLD ME NOT TO SAY IT'S A *CABARE*

NO TIME FOR TETHERBALL: Mindy Miller rehearses while Jody Ebling meditates; Ron Cohn coaches Eric Comstock alfresco.

This year, the program accepted just 35 out of some 200 applicants, most of whom had auditioned live, in either New York or California, for the privilege of attending the nine-day August event. A disproportionate number (sixteen) came from New York City, though one especially able interpreter of Noël Coward flew in from London for the occasion, as did a saucy opera singer from Glasgow.

It's a long way to fly for Bacharach and Beer Nuts. Even stranger, perhaps, is that their ultimate destination was miles from midtown. "A cabaret camp? A *camp*?" asks John Rockwell, the director of the Lincoln Center Festival and a former music critic for the New York *Times*. "Camps are supposed to be escapes from urban decadence. Cabaret is all *about* urban decadence. It's like going to Heaven to learn how to stick people with pitchforks."



WHY ANYONE WOULD want to spend $1,600 to attend this un-camp is also a mystery, considering that among non-devotees, cabaret today is either a marginal or a gleefully maligned art form, most commonly associated with cruise ships or Weimar hedonism. "My husband told me not to say I was going to a *cabaret* symposium," says Ebling. "He said it'll sound like I'm learning how to strip."

The economics of the lounge is also discouraging. Gone are the days of big bands and supper clubs; today's cabaret is tucked away in tiny, velvet-upholstered warrens—Eighty-Eight's, the Duplex, Danny's Skylight Room, Don't Tell Mama—where performers are generally forced to produce their own acts and seldom turn profits on them. A few larger, posher venues still exist—the Algonquin's Oak Room, Cafe Carlyle, and Rainbow & Stars—but rumors rage that the first and the last won't be showcasing cabaret for much longer. In any case, gigs in these rooms are tough to land and even tougher to keep. "Nowadays, you can't expect to make money in cabaret," says Margaret Whiting, one of the symposium's "master teachers" and a recent refugee from Broadway's short-lived *Dream*. "Unless you hit the three big rooms. Even then, it's difficult."

There is, of course, a strong case to be made for keeping this art form alive and aglow: When done well, cabaret can be immensely involving, because its performers talk and sing directly to their audiences, not to some obscure point above the footlights. Unfortunately, what that means is that cabaret attracts people with a pathological need to share. And what *that* means is that many cabaret acts come across like musical versions of *Oprah* or, worse, unmusical versions of *Oprah*. "The cabaret world is a cavalcade of fake tragedians," sniffs Jonathan Schwartz, the WQEW radio personality, novelist, and sometime performer. "Too much of it is about self-pity or grandiosity. Or both."

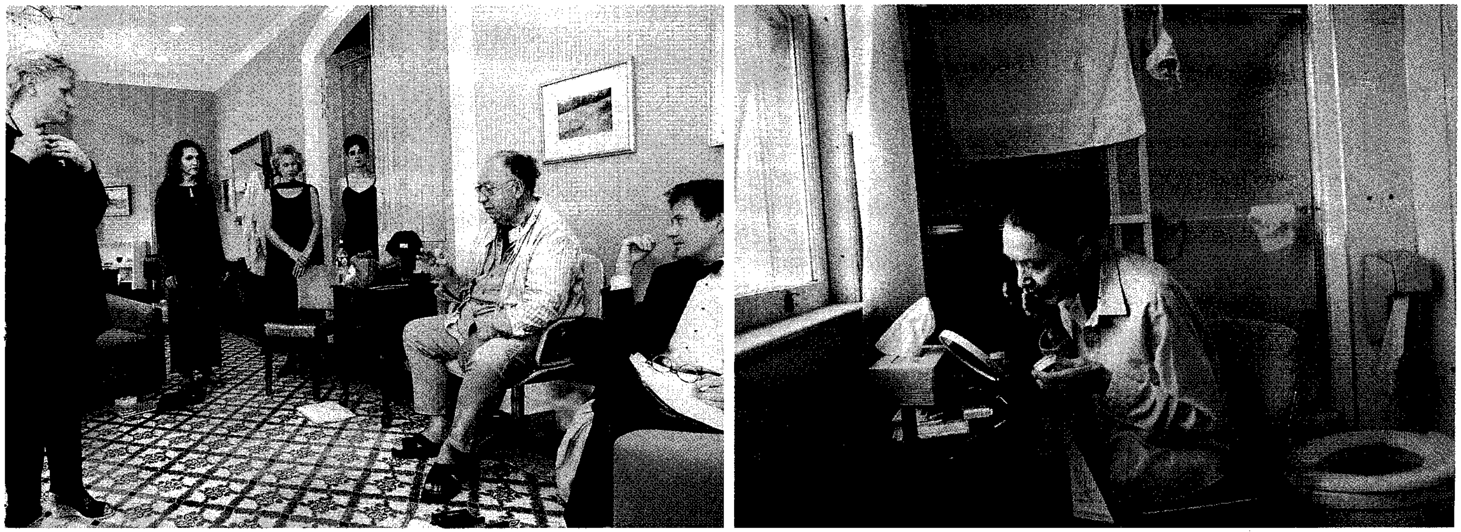
Erv Raible, a co-owner of Eighty-Eight's and an associate producer of the O'Neill symposium, still believes that the charms of cabaret will prevail. Maybe he's right; Manhattan's eighth annual Cabaret Convention, a vaudeville-style marathon taking place all this week at Town Hall, has already sold close to 10,000 tickets. Roughly 100 performers from 25 states are expected, including Whiting, Andrea Marcovicci, Billy Stritch, Amanda McBroom, Phillip Officer, and Julie Wilson.

At any rate, Raible is willing to bank on the ultimate salability of cabaret. During the next six months, he and his business partners will attempt to put together an arpeggio of Eighty-Eight's, starting with Boston and Chicago. Most of the fellows at the O'Neill symposium know that. They'll be watching him very closely over the next few days. And he, them.

A BLONDE WOMAN, 35 OR SO, TAKES A SEAT on the stage of the Theater Barn. There's a mike in front of her. She bats it aside as

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT deMICHIELL

YMPOSIUM; IT SOUNDS LIKE I'M LEARNING TO STRIP.”



PREP SCHOOL: Fred Voelpel (seated, not in tux) advises Barbara Anderson on “self-presentation”; Julie Wilson, before her performance.

if it were a live cable. “I don't have mike technique,” she explains.

It's the first night of cabaret camp, and the fellows are taking turns performing songs for the group to critique. Their talent varies widely; some are terrific, and others, one suspects, would terrify the patrons of a karaoke bar. The master teachers lurch between constructive and ruthless, depending on the hour.

Right now, it's late. The teachers explain that the microphone is her *friend.* She tries using it, reluctantly. Jack Wrangler—ex–dinner-theater director, ex–porn star, Whiting's husband, and savvy cabaret instructor—raises his hand when she's done. “There was almost hysteria in that presentation,” he says. Carol Hall, a southern-fried brunette who wrote the music and lyrics for *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas,* doesn't recognize the last line and inquires whether the woman made it up. The woman confesses. Hall, ordinarily a playful wag and a gentle teacher, gives her a look that would blacken silver. “You thought. To add. A line?” she asks. “I don't think so. No one says, ‘To be, or not to be. I've been thinking about this, and I've decided that that's the question.’ ”

The sad thing is, this woman has a lovely voice. But that doesn't cut it—not here, and not in the rest of the cabaret world, because too many people can capably carry a tune. Instead, the master teachers are pushing for intelligent readings of cabaret songs. (Which is fine, in the case of Cole Porter or Stephen Sondheim, but there are times when cabaret songs aren't especially intelligent. *Don't give up the ship, even though you feel it sinking. . . . Help is on the way.*) A woman who first sings “I Can Dream, Can't I” with a smile glued to her face is unanimously censured for her giddiness; for her second run-through, she cries instead. Mark Thomson, the Glasgow laddie, sings a version of “I Cover the Waterfront” so pure it could make angels faint, but the teachers don't care: You're crooning, two say. You're not moving enough, say two more. Gary Lyons, a cabaret performer who recently moved from London to New York, tells him to do more with it; this is a song about a man looking for his girl, and for Thomson, that's a credible claim. “You're attractive,” says Lyons. “You're heterosexual.” Thomson grins. “No, really,” insists Lyons. “So many men sing these romantic songs, and you *know* they're gay.” Murmurs all around. (Later, Lyons, who is gay himself, will stand up and make a public apology for this comment.)

The immersion session is an engaging spectacle, and the teachers, clearly, are smart, spirited, and—most important—helpful to their students. But there's still something not quite right about the process. Some women break down and cry over their microphones, sharing stories about dreams gone astray and husbands who nearly walked out on them. Their song selections frequently careen toward the maudlin. It's strange for an art form that, at least in the Liza Minnelli film, was associated with wicked, freewheeling artifice. One wonders: Maybe it's not camp that these performers need so much as *camp.* “It's so American,” says Lyons, later on. “Everybody all busting up into tears. For that, you don't need cabaret. You need therapy.”

FOR BETTER OR WORSE, dilettantes and out-of-work actors are dangerously attracted to cabaret, probably because the cost of producing an act is low. To its credit, the O'Neill program has managed to maintain fairly high standards—perhaps because Whiting and Wilson are among its master teachers—drawing, over the years, such gifted New York singers as Natalie Gamsu, Paula West, Tovah Feldshuh, and Steven Lutvak. (Especially Steven Lutvak. Eight record labels are clamoring for the rights to his original songs and gorgeous voice. Or so says his publicist.)

This year's symposium crowd is evenly split between civilians and professional entertainers. None of them seems to harbor any illusions about future cabaret prospects; what they say instead is that they're happy to be in an environment that, for one blissful week, nurtures them.

Take, for example, the irresistibly named Rex Nockengust. Rex is an earnest, likable 32-year-old performer who has decided he's going to earn his living by singing, not waiting tables. Unfortunately, this resolution sometimes means singing while *other* people in the room are waiting tables; he just completed something called *Fantasy Spectacular* at Carousel's Jupiter Dinner Theatre in Jupiter, Florida. He's worked in New York, too, once for an entire year as the male lead in *The Fantasticks*. "I would love to have a cabaret act one day," he says, "but I came here, basically, to get back some of the passion for what I do."

Or consider Faye Lane, a 30-year-old, Dallas-born platinum-blonde cutie. By day, Faye works at Lord & Taylor as a flirt-'n'-squirt, menacing passersby with giant bottles of perfume. "It's great practice," she says, "because rejection is part of the job." This past summer, Faye performed her act—it's great—at Eighty-Eight's, but she barely broke even. "I'm here to figure out what's next," she says.

"OF ALL THE MEDIA I'VE WORKED IN, CABARET IS THE MOST SATISFYING."

STANDARDS-BEARERS: **Margaret Whiting (left) and Julie Wilson, babes in arms from a more cabaret-friendly era.**

The immersion session is over, the bar stools are safely tucked away, and the fellows are heading into meetings, both group and individual, for more intimate coaching sessions. Rex is up first. He's starting this particular morning with Julie Halston, a wicked and thoroughly delightful New York comedian. Rex believes he has a humor problem.

Halston gets right down to brass tacks. "Your name is Rex," she tells him. "You *had* to be gay. Say that. Write that down." Rex obeys. It's not a bad tack, brass or otherwise: Dressed in a red flannel shirt and blue overalls, Rex looks, if this is at all possible, as though he had fallen off the Iowa float of a gay-pride parade. He starts to sing a loopy little number about being in love with another man's wife. His voice is rich, grand. She interrupts.

"I think this song is about shopping."

"Hmm?"

"You're adorable, the song's adorable. But we're not going to buy this. Let us realize it's a joke. Emphasize the shopping."

Rex ponders. "You think?"

She nods her head. "Absolutely. This may be a song about romance, but darling, *you* want to be at Bergdorf's."

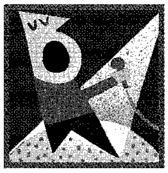
Later that morning, Faye sits down with Gary Lyons. "What is the real color of your hair?" he demands.

"Ash brown," she responds.

"You think I don't notice that?" She says nothing. "Your hair is a lie," he continues. "It's a *white* lie." She still says nothing. "It's insincere."

In the distance, a redhead is belting out the lyrics to "Tomorrow."

That afternoon, both Faye and Rex join their larger group for a class in the art of self-presentation. The instructor is Fred Voelpel, a retired Broadway designer, whose costume credits, it says in the program, include *Oh! Calcutta!* Fred looks like a Macy's-parade balloon—all jowls, bell-shaped—and the fellows, at first, can't figure out what lunar conspiracy could possibly have made him fashion arbiter for the day. It's clear soon enough—he's got a very good eye and an excellent imagination. The problem is, he's merciless. To a short, well-endowed woman in green sequins, he says: "You know, intrinsically, what I mean when I say 'figure problem,' don't you?" And to a taller lady who comes out in a spangled, epauletted carapace of silver: "You look like you're about to be shot out of a cannon." (All right, she did. But still.)



EVERY EVENING, THE fellows, the teachers, or some combination thereof give a performance for the other campers and the surrounding community. On one of the last, Steven Lutvak is performing for the crowd. I have been looking forward to it: Lutvak, who has so many record companies vying for his attention; Lutvak, who is one of the most successful graduates of the O'Neill program; Lutvak, who gives future cabaret artists hope. *Lutvak.*

It's not that he has a bad voice. Indeed, he has a beautiful voice—rippling, clear, light. The problem is who he is between numbers—precious, self-important, overreliant on his eyebrows. When he tells a story about trying out a new song on an unusually cultured and supportive homeless man, I have one instinct: to push him off his piano bench and *run.*

The rest of the crowd is collapsing in pleasure. Lyons asks me later how I enjoyed the performance, which he thought was "brilliant." I tell him, guiltily, that I did not. He tells me, well, that's okay. Because those are my *feelings*.

The cabaret body snatchers, I think, *have finally got him.*

My faith is restored, though, in the second half of the evening, because Julie Wilson takes the stage. At 73, she's still blazing with enough vitality to light up a small city, and dexterous enough to sober a drunk, amuse a stoic, turn men to clay, and break your heart. When she performs, a whole era comes roaring back. She tells stories about her showgirl days, when gangsters bought her drinks and called her their dame. She still swaddles herself in hot-pink feather boas. On her, American standards make sense, because she grew up hearing and singing them. "Of all the media I've ever worked in," she says the next day, "and I've done them all—Broadway, film, the West End—cabaret is by far the most satisfying."

That same day, Faye Lane is gushing about Wilson's performance. She is also wondering, aloud, what she's going to do once she gets back to New York. It's sad, because on the night she performed for the crowd, Lane also had people gobbling from the palm of her hand. They were howling, crying—falling in love with her, in short. She sighs. "I feel," she says, "like I was born at the wrong time." ■

NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S Sixth Annual

Holiday Entertaining Fair

You're Invited to Toast the Holidays with NEW YORK®

- Sample holiday foods and spirits
- Preview the season's hot new products
- Discover the latest in holiday entertaining

Admission is $35 in advance and $45 at the door

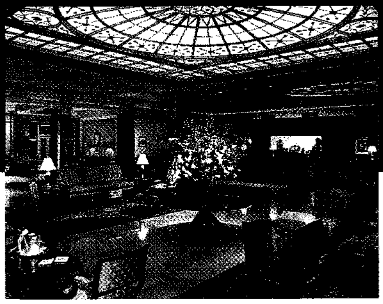
To register, send your check payable to NEW YORK MAGAZINE:

NEW YORK MAGAZINE
Holiday Entertaining Fair
c/o The Creative Services Department
444 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Checks received after October 17 will be held at the door.

Hotel Inter-Continental New York
111 E. 48th Street (between Park & Lexington avenues)
Wednesday, October 22
6-8 p.m.
Space is limited, so register early!

A special panel of entertaining experts includes: Denise Spatafora of Calabria Floral and Event Design; Charles Suisman, co-author of *New York's 50 Best: Wonderful Things to Do at the Holidays;* Francois Payard of Payard Patisserie & Bistro; Charles van Over, author of *The Best Bread Ever;* and moderator, Gillian Duffy, NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S culinary editor.

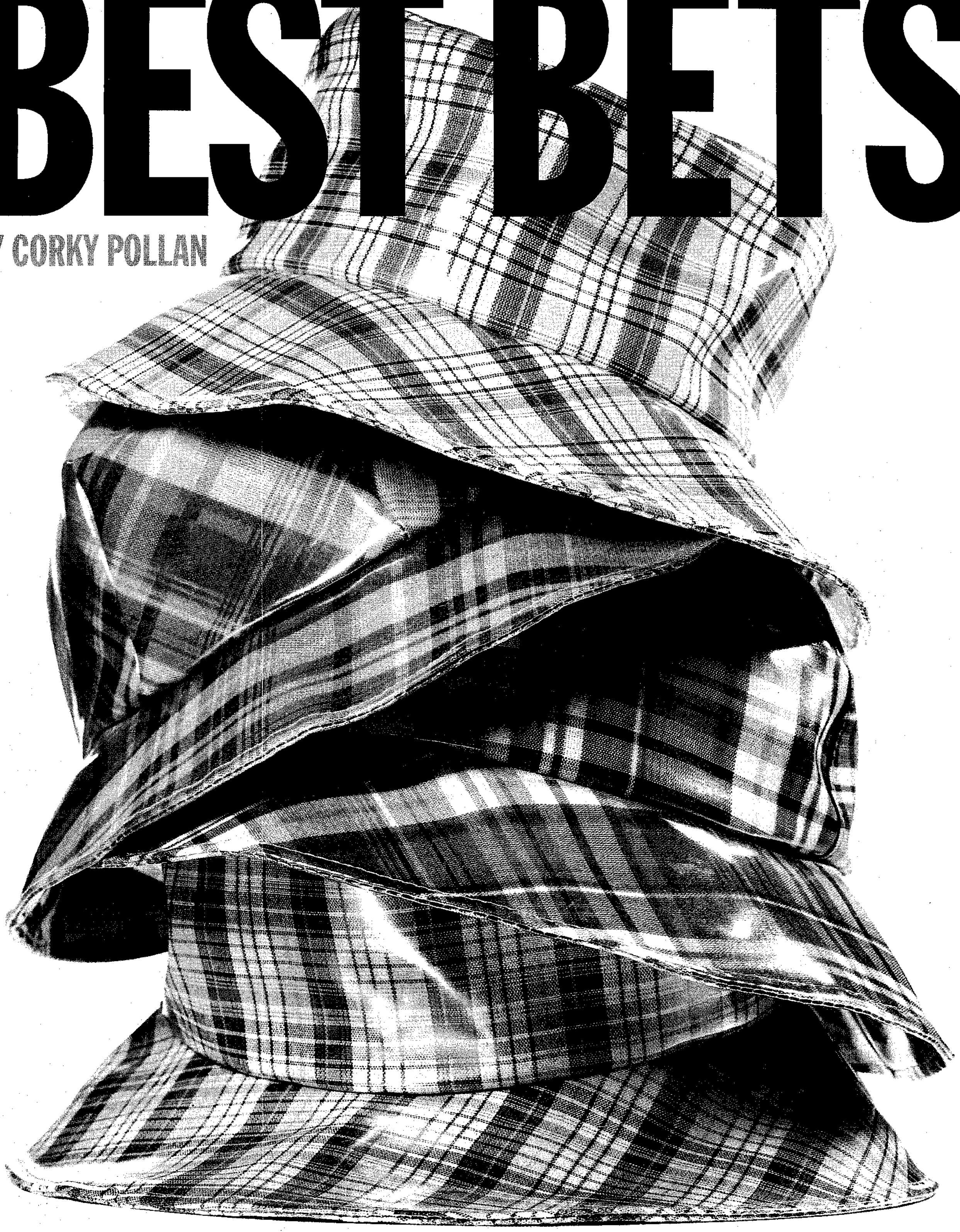


HOTEL
INTER·CONTINENTAL
NEW YORK

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BEST BETS

BY CORKY POLLAN



Plaid About You

Tracey Schuster, owner and designer of Princess Foufou millinery, has turned plaid—the classic pattern of fall—into hats designed to ward off the season's classic weather. Her rain chapeaux are laminated, and their pork-pie-ish shape, once labeled nerdy, is newly hip ($70).

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE/*Main floor*

Photographs: clockwise from left, Steve Wisbauer; Kenneth Chen; Steve Wisbauer(2).

Love Letters

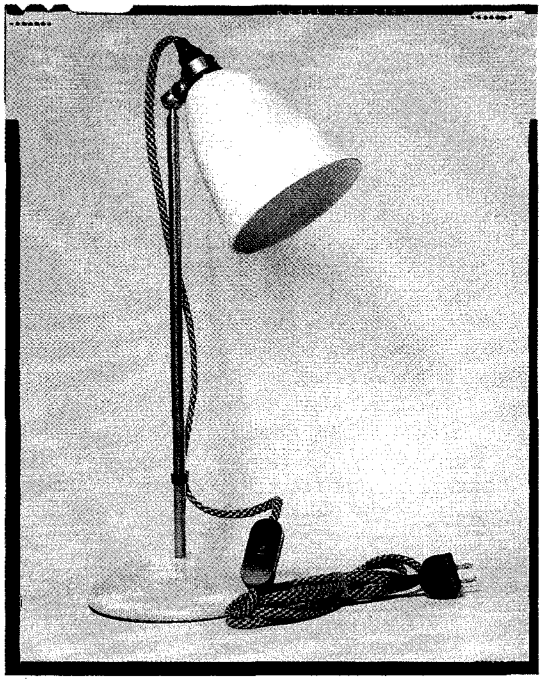
Laurie McLendon, a former fashion publicist and present owner of Shì (the Zen-like Elizabeth Street housewares store), began her infatuation with Marie Papier papers on twice-yearly trips to Paris to view the fashion collections. The stationery was created by Marie-Paule Orluc and, though dernier cri in Europe, was little known—and unavailable—here. To correct this oversight, McLendon recently opened a West Village shop and filled it with Orluc's wonderfully textured and boldly colored stuff: stationery, note pads, photo albums, journals, and portfolios. She's named her new enterprise Papivore (French for "paper-lover"), an apt epithet for the owner and one that will soon apply to anyone who visits the store (from $1.75 for a colored pencil to $20 for a small archival box to $45 for a photo album to $200 for an artist's portfolio).

PAPIVORE/MARIE PAPIER/*117 Perry Street/627-6055*

Just Desserts

Once, such nursery foods as creamy custards and yummy puddings had their very own, special little serving bowls. Enamored of that nicety, Steve Lohr and Marcelo Soriano of the Lively Set have searched about and put together a sweet collection of vintage custard cups ($20).

THE LIVELY SET/*33 Bedford Street/807-8417*



Brit Lit

Its porcelain shade and base piqued our interest, but it was the old-fashioned woven-cotton cord that got us hooked. This natty desk lamp—known as the Hector—is made in England by Global Lighting ($165).

APARTMENT 48/*48 West 17th Street/807-1391*

SVOBODA
a new, daring BAR and RESTAURANT in the east village
248 EAST 5th ST., NYC
RESERVATIONS • 212.387.0707
drink me • eat me • smoke me

PLACE
Washington
75 WASHINGTON PLACE NYC JEFFERSON 9-1776

ici
RESTAURANT
Lunch • Dinner
12-11:30pm daily
Sunday Brunch
19 E 69th St.
(Park & Madison)
794-6419

Orienta
205 EAST 75 STREET NY, NY 10021
(212) 517-7509

Welcome to
La Vela
ITALIAN RESTAURANT
Enjoy the hospitality and the food
373 Amsterdam Ave (77/78) • 877-7818
Lunch • Dinner • Free Delivery

The Town Crier
An American Bar & Restaurant
The Town Crier
303-05 E 53rd St.
(right off Second Ave)
212.223.3157

TAPIKA
950 EIGHTH AVE AT 56 NYC 212-397-3737 TAPIKA@AOL.COM

POP TO PAGLIACCI
Asti
HOME OF THE SINGING WAITERS AND OPERA SINGERS
NORTHERN ITALIAN CUISINE
13 E. 12th St. (5th & University)
TEL. 741-9105
CREDIT CARDS
Since 1925 in Greenwich Village

SALES & BARGAINS **ONDINE COHANE**

The Big Day

For those **special events***: Wedding rings for your walk down the aisle and bargain reservations for* **vacation time.**

FIVE YEARS AGO, INTERIOR designer Martha Bedford capitalized on her talent for finding great home furnishings by opening a store. To celebrate her anniversary, Bedford is putting merchandise over $50—including mirrors, tables, candlesticks, pillows, and framed pictures—on sale. Mahogany Regency-style table, was $1,450, now $1,160; hand-painted Chinese porcelain lamp, was $225, now $180; gold-leaf mirror, was $885, now $708. *Bedford & Company, 995 Lexington Ave., near 72nd St. (772-7000); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 10:30–6, Sat. 11–5; 10/15–11/15.*

KODAK EPP 6005
48

Amazing discoveries: Martha Bedford handpicks signature furnishings and tiny accessories—and, this week, marks it all down.

Witch Hunt

HALLOWEEN SEEMS TO DIVIDE THIS CITY'S citizens into two camps—those who go the full nine yards to get their costumes just right, and those who are almost religious in their refusal to don even a mask. For the former, Allan Uniform rents top-of-the-line costumes, so you can be elaborate in your disguise without actually shelling out the money to own it (which also takes care of the storage problem). Arabian Prince, was $85, now $68; Cleopatra, was $95, now $76; Batman, was $125, now $100; children's costumes on sale at 10 percent off. Rentals may be taken for the whole weekend. *Allan Uniform Rental Service, 121 E. 24th St., seventh floor (529-4655); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–6:30, Sat. 10–5; prices apply to orders placed 10/13–10/18.*

Read 'Em and Reap

HUDSON GUILD'S ANNUAL SALE HAS 50,000 new and used hardcover and paperback books up for grabs, including collector's editions and current best-sellers. All sale proceeds go to the not-for-profit organization, which provides social and educational programs to Chelsea residents. Most hardcovers are $3–$6; paperbacks are as low as 50 cents. Admission free, except on Thursday, when it's $7. *Hudson Guild Gymnasium, 441 W. 26th St. (760-9812); checks accepted; Thurs. 4–8, Fri. 1–8, Sat.–Sun. 11–5; 10/16–10/19.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Ondine Cohane, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Mask Master

MUD MASK, A FLEDGLING SALON IN THE Flatiron district, has the stamp of approval from the likes of Amber, Uma, et al. With its owner's ability to give some of the best facials and pedicures in town (she used to work at Bliss) at reasonable prices, it's no wonder; manicure, $10; pedicure, $20; facial, $50–$100; full-leg-and-bikini waxing, $29. *Mud Mask, 149 Fifth Ave., at 21st St., suite 1205 (979-6685); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 10–8.*

Rock-Bottom, High-Fashion

DKNY, CALVIN KLEIN, DOLCE & GABBANA, Dana Buchman, and Isaac Mizrahi are

Photograph by Robert Wright.

among the chic designers being served up at 70 percent off original retail prices at this blowout sale. Discount Designer Outlet has 20,000 units of fall merchandise for the ladies. Don't miss this one. *Discount Designer Outlet, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St., second floor; A.E., M.C., V.; Mon. 10–7, Tues.–Wed. 8–7, Thurs. till 8, Fri. till 6, Sat. 10–4; 10/13–10/18.*

Cozying Up

WE AREN'T SUGGESTING THAT A TOWEL warmer is a life necessity—but it's awfully nice in the depths of winter when you step out of the bath or shower. And it's just right to give as a gift to someone who likes to be pampered; was $139, now $89, plus $15 for shipping. *Britannia of New York, 800-222-2306; while supplies last.*

In Bed With a Bargain

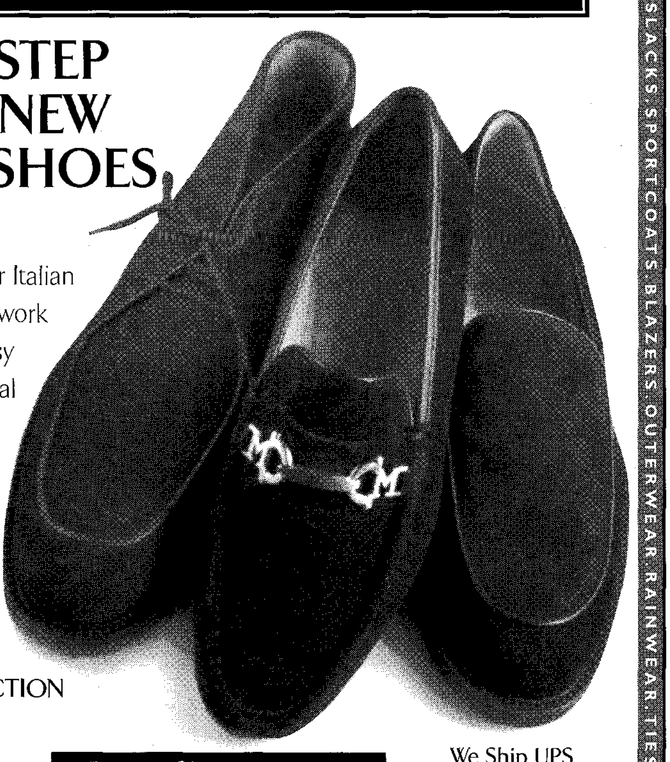
HOTEL RESERVATIONS NETWORK, A FREE discount-booking service, provides rooms at a large number of hotels for up to 65 percent off the regular rate and 40 percent off the corporate one. For example, a room at the Warwick Hotel in New York, regular rate $260, HRN's $179; the Shelborne in Miami Beach, regular rate $195, HRN's $99; Bel Air Hotel in Paris, regular rate $195, HRN's $84. *Hotel Reservations Network (800-96-HOTEL).*

For Richer or for Poorer

GETTING A BARGAIN ON YOUR WEDDING ring may not be the most romantic notion, but no one needs to be the wiser. Aaron Faber Gallery has about 100 rings to choose from, including: eighteen-karat-gold double band by Whitney Boin, was $985, now $492.50; Christian Bauer eighteen-karat-gold comfort-fit band, was $550, now $275; Diamond eternity band, was $1,150, now $575. *Aaron Faber Gallery, 666 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. (586-8411); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Mon.–Fri. 10–6, Thurs. till 7, Sat. 11–6; 10/13–10/25.*

Ricco Suave

A GREAT PLACE TO PICK UP A HOLIDAY dress or a stylish knit, Donna Ricco has sample and stock prices well below wholesale. Long velvet evening dress, was $250, now $125; wool skirt and cardigan with beading, was $288, here $120. *Donna Ricco, 253 W. 35th St., seventh floor (279-5970); A.E., M.C., V.; Wed. 10–5, Thurs. till 7, Fri. 9–5; 10/15–10/17.* ■



SUEDE COLLECTION

DON'T STEP ON MY NEW SUEDE SHOES

These Designer Italian Suede Shoes work as well with Dressy Clothing as Casual Outfits. And we have all sizes to 12EEE. But please, don't ask for blue ones. Nobody can fill his shoes.

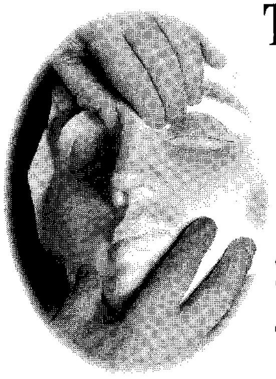
SHOE COLLECTION
4th Floor

We Ship UPS

SPORTSWEAR · DRESS & CASUAL SHOES · JEANS · BIG & TALL · SLACKS · SPORTCOATS · BLAZERS · OUTERWEAR · RAINWEAR · TIES · FORMALWEAR · ACCESSORIES ·

MOE GINSBURG
MEN'S BETTER CLOTHING

162 FIFTH AVE. AT 21ST ST., NYC. (212) 242-3482. M-F 9:30 AM-7 PM, THURS. UNTIL 8 PM.
SAT. & SUN. 9:30 AM-6 PM. WE WELCOME MOE GINSBURG CHARGE, AMEX, MC, VISA, AND DISCOVER.



The Talents of a Sculptor and The Skills of a Surgeon

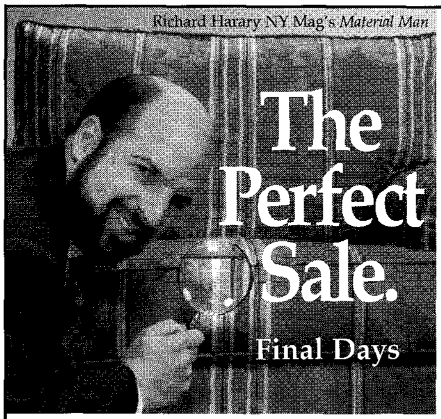
For 30 years, Board Certified Plastic Surgeon and award-winning sculptor Stanley Taub, M.D. has offered the finest in

Cosmetic Surgery

- Face, Neck and Eyelid Surgery
- Breast Enlargement and Reduction
- Male Breast Reduction
- Liposuction/Body Contour
- Rhinoplasty & Secondary Nasal Repair
- COSMETIC LASER SURGERY removes wrinkles, scarring, pigmentation, & tatoos

Call for a Free Consultation

(212) 628-8585
737 Park Ave., NYC. Outpatient Surgical Facility


Richard Harary NY Mag's Material Man
The Perfect Sale.
Final Days

Sale prices on new orders only. Sale ends 10/15/97

Not only are our decorator fabrics perfectly beautiful, our workmanship is guaranteed to be perfect. Because nothing escapes Richard's watchful eye. After all, we've been serving New York's Upper East Side for 17 years. This is a perfect time to visit our showroom.

In-stock fabrics 40% Off

Reupholstery, Slipcovers, Window Treatments 25% Off labor
with purchase of fabrics

Richard's
INTERIOR DESIGN

1390 Lexington Ave. (92nd St.) (212) 831-9000

DAVID DENBY

Rude Mechanicals

In the sweetly funny 'Boogie Nights,' a mirthless troupe of porno players dreams of stardom while toiling away just beyond the Hollywood hills.

A kiss before parting: Julianne Moore and Mark Wahlberg are X-rated stars in *Boogie Nights.*

Photograph by G. Lefkowitz/ New Line Cinema.

Boogie Nights, AN AMERICAN INDEPENDENT FILM that some critics are treating as a classic, ends with a shot of Mark Wahlberg lowering his pants and revealing what Mel Brooks would call an enormous *swanstücker*—partly a fake, as it turns out, since Wahlberg (the former model and rap singer who was known as Marky Mark) has been fitted with a prosthetic device. Still, fake or not, the prodigious prong is startling, and we realize that it's meant to sum up the movie and this boy's existence: The possession of that tool transforms a 17-year-old uneducated dropout, Eddie Adams, into the famous porn star Dirk Diggler. It's his distinguishing characteristic but also his limitation—all he is, and all he ever will be. *Boogie Nights,* the second feature made by the 26-year-old writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson (*Hard Eight* arrived earlier this year), is a kind of ragamuffin epic about the San Fernando Valley porn industry. The movie stretches from 1977 to 1984—the disco-and-cocaine period of bell-bottom L.A.—and covers the varying fortunes of a small group of porn actors, filmmakers, and hangers-on gathered under the wing of Jack Horner (Burt Reynolds), an avuncular producer who likes to have people hang out at his house. Much of *Boogie Nights* is funny and touching, and even rather sweet. It's a good but not great movie—a movie conceived realistically, without falsifying glamour, but without great insight or excitement either. Anderson has a rather simple idea about these people. They are all screwed up in some way—unloved or brainless or addicted, with an endless capacity for sex but little capacity for life. Orphans in the storm, they gather together in a kind of strange new family with Horner as protector. *Boogie Nights* doesn't inflate its minor subject, but it's not as sharp as it should be, and despite all the sex it never really gets into eroticism as a subject at all.

Jack Horner, a very shrewd fellow, takes one look at Eddie Adams, a busboy in a Valley club, and decides (somehow) that Eddie has got the stuff. He picks up Eddie by using one of his minor actresses, Rollergirl (Heather Graham)—a waitress who never removes her skates in life or on film—as a lure. A strapping blonde, Rollergirl strips down to her skates and jumps on Eddie at Horner's house, while Jack, appraising, watches the show. These goings-on, and all the other sexual events, are treated in a completely matter-of-fact way. The sex just happens. There's no anticipation, no mystery, no violation, no passion, no guilt, no sin, no aftereffects or longing. It's all in fun.

The trouble with all-in-fun, however, is that it's a pornographic, rather than a dramatic, strategy. Anderson hasn't done what he might have, which is to make a movie about the power of eroticism as obsession. After all, this is supposed to be the "real" story of the porn world, not a variation on what the public saw at a triple-X theater. In *Boogie Nights,* the sex genuinely lacks meaning. These performers aren't even self-conscious enough (as Warhol's "superstars" were) to have any attitude about doing something dirty. Sex is simply what they do, and that's all there is to it. End of discussion.

Mark Wahlberg may have something in his pants, but there's no gleam in his eye. Short, pale, with a blank face, he's an inexpressive actor, and he uses his body inexpressively, too. What Wahlberg does best is convey Eddie's desperation. The pain and pleading in his voice when his mother calls him stupid is his sole truly naked moment. His Eddie is just an unassuming kid who longs for acceptance. He wants success and money, but he doesn't desire anyone; he wants other people to desire *him*. Perhaps that's enough of an idea for an interesting portrait, but narcissism has to be acted, like any other character trait, and Wahlberg doesn't glow like Richard Gere. Since sexuality is the principal dimension to his personality, his blankness leaves very little for us to stay interested in.

In Wahlberg's scenes with Julianne Moore—who plays Amber Waves, a female porn star—Moore does most of the work. Moore, a

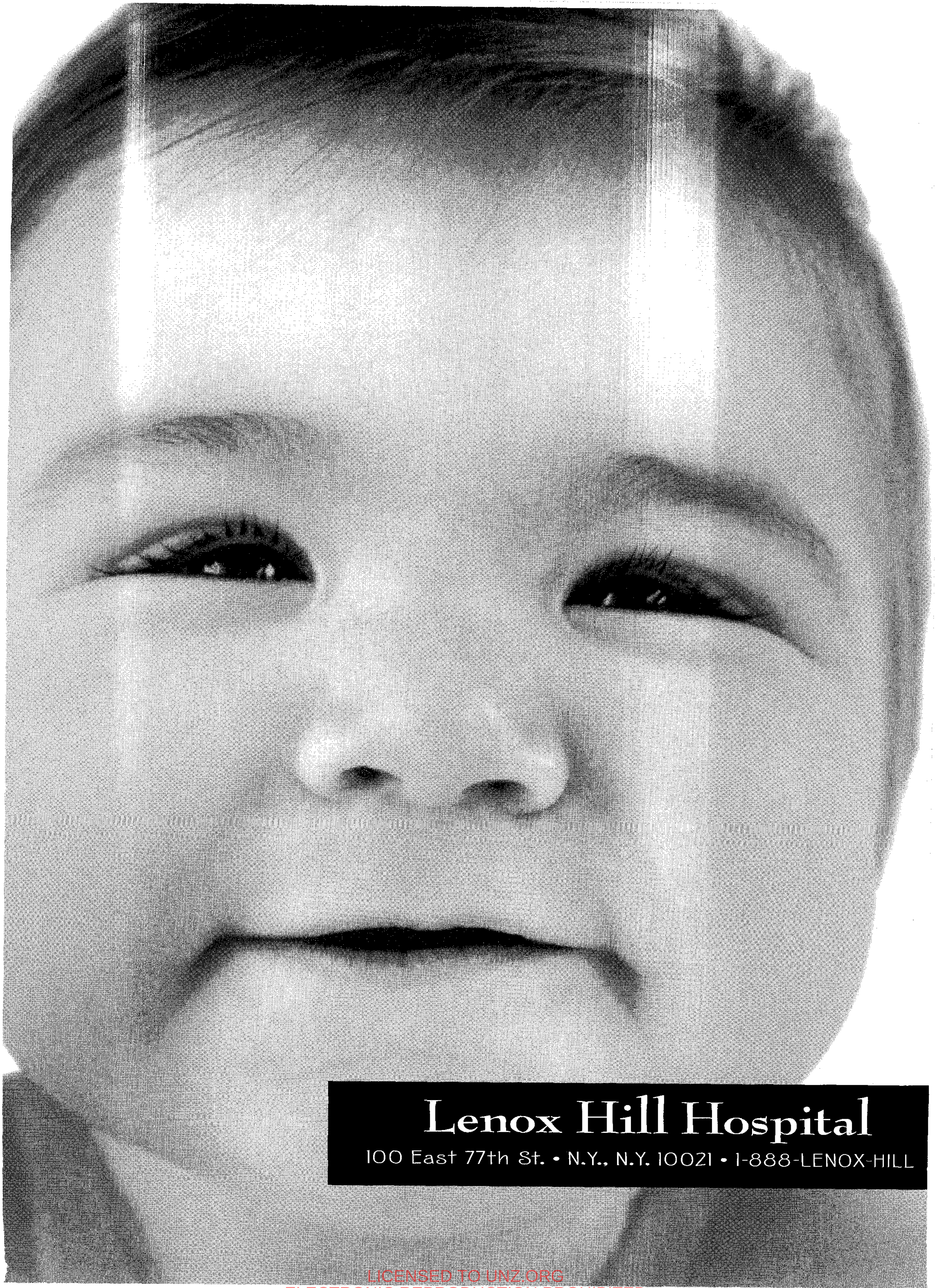
(continued on page 71)

CHASE
PRESENTS
BIG APPLE CIRCUS
20
YEARS

With all due respect to our accountants, we still measure success in pounds & ounces.

Maybe that's why mommies and daddies from all over the metropolitan area trusted the doctors and nurses of Lenox Hill Hospital to deliver over 3,800 babies last year. Or maybe it's because we're renowned for our exceptional maternal and child care. Our Prenatal Testing Center and Neonatal Critical Care Unit are among the best in the city. So you can rest assured you are in the best hands from the moment you begin planning a family until long after your baby is born.

Of course, when you have a sick child, the only thing that matters is getting the best care possible. Lenox Hill Hospital specializes in outstanding pediatric services. Our Edward A. Davies, M.D. Special Care Unit provides round-the-clock intensive care for children with serious and potentially life-threatening illnesses. Lenox Hill Hospital isn't New York's biggest hospital, but if there's one thing we've learned in 140 years, it's not always the big things that make a hospital better. Sometimes it's the little ones. **For more information, call 1-888-LENOX-HILL.**



Lenox Hill Hospital

100 East 77th St. • N.Y., N.Y. 10021 • 1-888-LENOX-HILL

CHASE

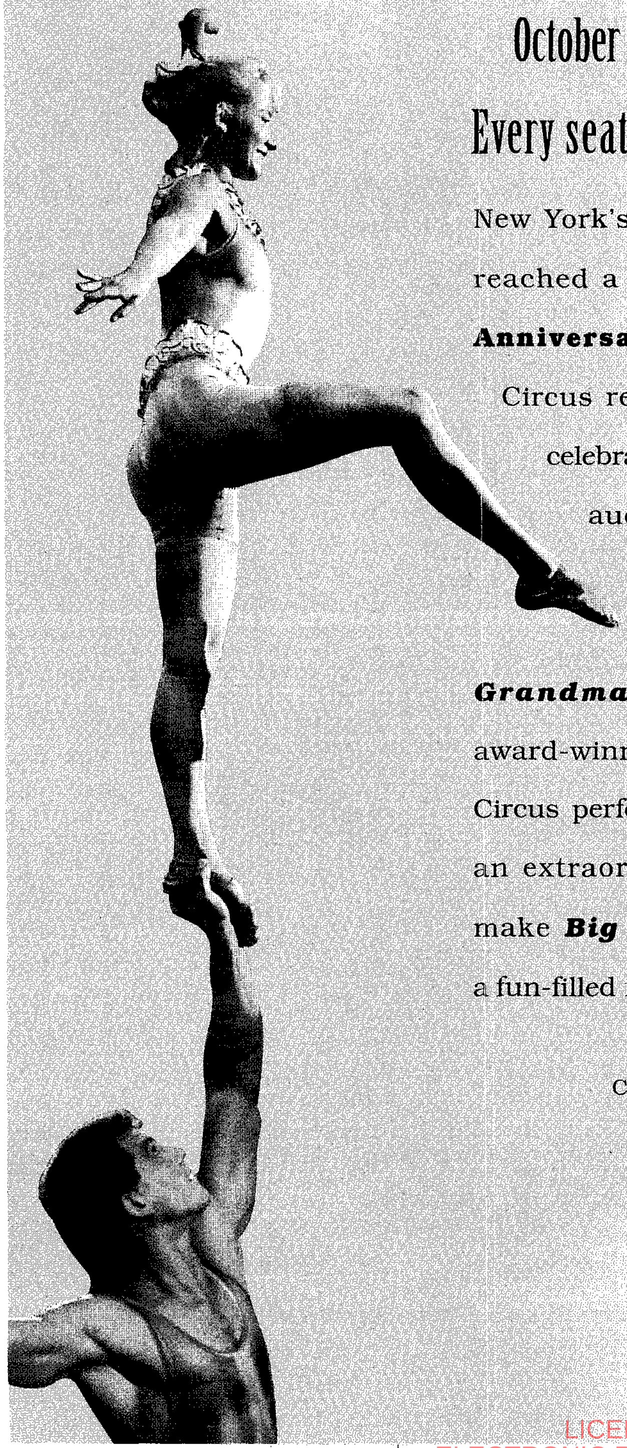
PRESENTS

BIG APPLE CIRCUS

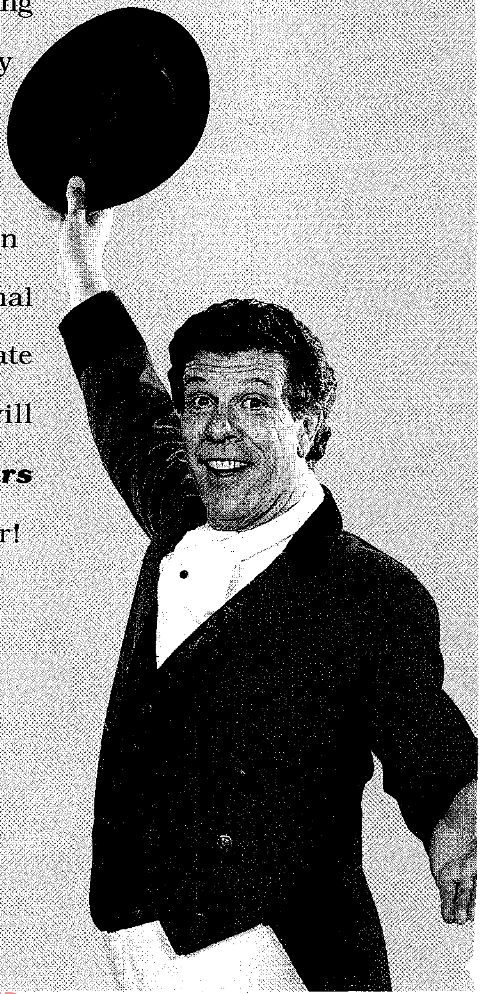
20 YEARS

Lincoln Center
October 23, 1997 - January 11, 1998

Every seat is less than 50 feet away!



New York's own one-ring wonder has reached a great milestone: its **20th Anniversary** season! The Big Apple Circus returns to Lincoln Center to celebrate two decades of delighting audiences with laughter, joy and wonder. New York's favorite senior citizen, ***Grandma*** (Barry Lubin), joins an award-winning lineup of international Circus performers who, together, create an extraordinary ensemble that will make ***Big Apple Circus 20 Years*** a fun-filled family outing to remember!



Beverly Hood Allen
Creative Services Director

Christy Casamassima
Editor

Richard Mantel
Design Director

Scott Hunt
InkWell, Inc.
Design Production

Lory Conklin
Research

FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT THE WAY IT WAS MEANT TO BE!

CHASE

PRESENTS

BIG APPLE CIRCUS

20 YEARS

TICKETS ON SALE NOW!

OCT 23-JAN 11 • LINCOLN CENTER

SPECIAL PRICES AVAILABLE THRU NOVEMBER 14

MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
—— Sold out			**OCT 23** 6:30pm	**OCT 24** ~~6:00pm~~	**OCT 25** ~~12:00pm~~ ~~4:30pm~~	**OCT 26** ~~12:30pm~~ 4:30pm	**OCT 27** NO SHOWS	**OCT 28** ~~6:30pm~~	**OCT 29** 6:30pm	**OCT 30** 6:30pm	**OCT 31** NO SHOWS	**NOV 1** 12:30pm ~~4:30pm~~	**NOV 2** 12:30pm 4:30pm
NOV 3 NO SHOWS	**NOV 4** NO SHOWS	**NOV 5** 6:30pm	**NOV 6** ~~11:00am~~ ~~6:30pm~~	**NOV 7** 5:30pm **BAC GALA**	**NOV 8** 12:30pm 4:30pm	**NOV 9** ~~11:30pm~~ ~~4:30pm~~	**NOV 10** NO SHOWS	**NOV 11** 2:00pm	**NOV 12** 11:00am 6:30pm	**NOV 13** 2:00pm ~~6:30pm~~	**NOV 14** ~~7:00pm~~	**NOV 15** 12:30pm 4:30pm	**NOV 16** 12:30pm 4:30pm
NOV 17 NO SHOWS	**NOV 18** NO SHOWS	**NOV 19** 6:30pm	**NOV 20** 11:00am 6:30pm	**NOV 21** 11:00am 6:30pm	**NOV 22** 12:00pm 4&8pm	**NOV 23** 12:30pm 4:30pm	**NOV 24** NO SHOWS	**NOV 25** NO SHOWS	**NOV 26** 2:00pm 6:30pm	**NOV 27** 2:00pm **Thanksgiving**	**NOV 28** 12:30pm 4:30pm	**NOV 29** 12:00pm 4&8pm	**NOV 30** 12:30pm 4:30pm

TICKETS FROM $10–$55

Bristol-Myers Squibb
Consumer Companies

Newsweek

NORTHWEST AIRLINES

TOYOTA

Visit T.J. Maxx for details
on how to save on tickets.
T.J.maxx

CENTERCHARGE 212-721-6500

TICKETMASTER 212-307-4100

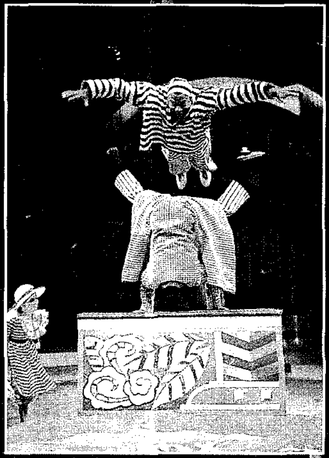
& ALL TICKETMASTER OUTLETS INCLUDING SELECT RITE AID STORES
http://www.ticketmaster.com

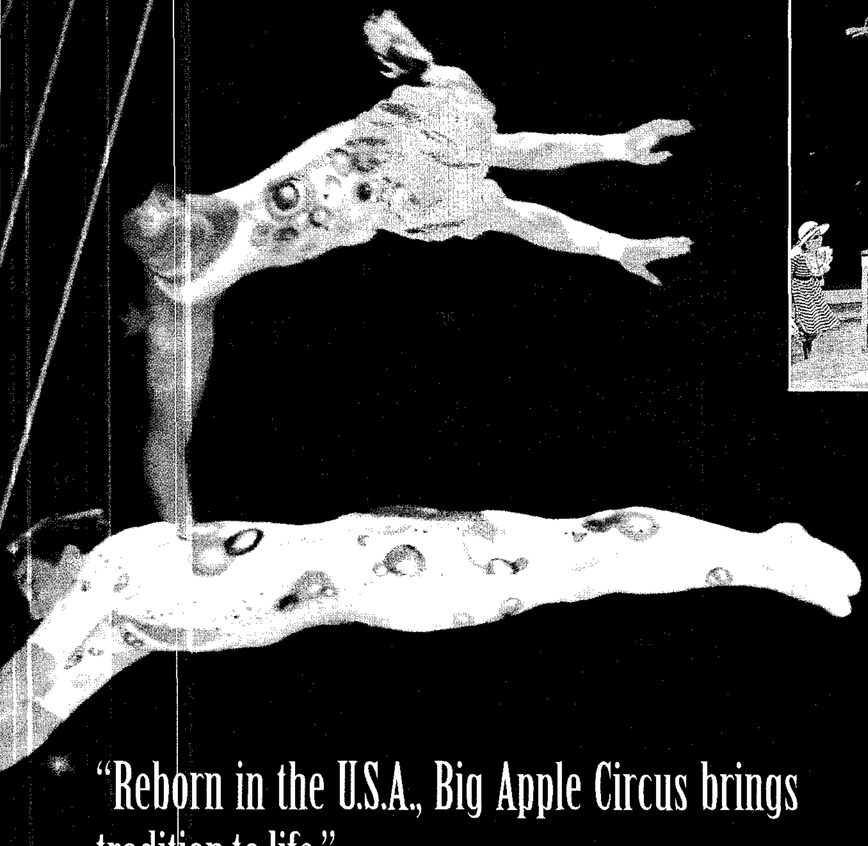
GROUPS: 212-268-3232 • INFO: 212-268-2500

CIRCUS BOX OFFICE AT LINCOLN CENTER OPENS OCT 16!

Community Box Office: FAO Schwarz, 767 Fifth Avenue, thru Oct 31 only
(Cash only, no service charge) Hours: Mon - Sat 10am-5pm; Sun 11am-5pm.

BIG APPLE CIRCUS IS ACCESSIBLE TO PEOPLE WITH DISABILITIES. BIG APPLE CIRCUS IS A NOT-FOR-PROFIT PERFORMING ARTS ORGANIZATION.

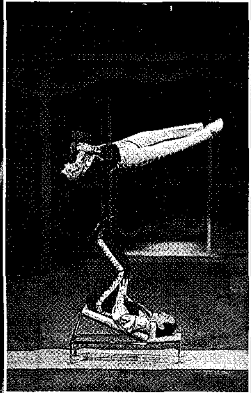




"Reborn in the U.S.A., Big Apple Circus brings tradition to life." ***Chicago Tribune***

"Among the pleasures of autumn in New York are the intimate joys and welcome wows to be found under the big blue-yellow-and-red tent."

The New York Times



"This is a rosy, nostalgic creation. . .this is the Circus we wanted to run away to." ***Newsday***

"Do you know a good

AIDS Specialist,
Allergist,
Anesthesiologist,
Burn Specialist,
Cardiac Rehabilitation Specialist,
Cardiologist,
Cardiothoracic Surgeon,
Clinical Pharmacologist,
Dentist,
Dermatologist,
Emergency Medicine Physician,
Endocrinologist,
Gastroenterologist,
General Surgeon,
Geneticist,
Gerontologist,
Gynecologist,
Hematologist,
Hypertension Specialist,
Infertility Specialist,
Internist,
Invasive Cardiologist,
In Vitro Fertilization Specialist,
Neonatologist,
Nephrologist,
Neurologist,
Neurosurgeon,
Nutritionist,
Obstetrician,
Oncologist,
Ophthalmologist,
Oral Surgeon,
Otolaryngologist,
Pathologist,
Pediatrician,
Pediatric Surgeon,
Physiatrist,
Plastic Surgeon,
Podiatric Surgeon,
Primary Care Physician,
Psychiatrist,
Psychologist,
Pulmonologist,
Radiation Oncologist,
Radiologist,
Rheumatologist,
Transplant Surgeon,
Trauma Surgeon,
Urologist,
Vascular Surgeon?"

"Yes."

1-888-NY-CORNELL
1500 of the world's best qualified doctors are on the professional staff of The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. Call for immediate referrals.

BRILLIANT CARE℠

NEW YORK CORNELL

Clown Care Unit® Doctors of Delight Spread Joy, Magic, and Laughter

Imagine a hospitalized child's anxiety—placed in unfamiliar surroundings, undergoing medical procedures he or she cannot comprehend, and being completely without control over his or her environment.

Enter the Big Apple Circus Clown Care Unit®! Imagine that same child's curiosity, wonder, and merriment as a different kind of doctor comes to visit—a Doctor of Delight, a clown doctor! Using juggling, mime, music, and magic, more than 50 clown doctors help to reduce the fear and sadness children feel when they have no say about their medical treatment or physical surroundings.

Established in 1986, CCU professional performers bring the joy and magic of classical circus clowning to young patients, their parents, and hospital staff year-round with more than 130,000 annual visits.

CCU clown doctors, "practitioners of parody," "artists of anarchy" help to demystify complicated medical procedures by performing their own "highly technical" clown medicine, including red-nose transplants, kitty "cat" scans, chocolate milk transfusions, and plate-spinning platelet tests.

The Big Apple Circus Clown Care Unit® is the leader and innovator in the field:

•CCU clown doctors make one-on-one bedside visits with children in inpatient wards, outpatient clinics, emergency rooms, physical therapy, and intensive care, as well as highly specialized wards such as those for bone marrow transplants, burn care, and pediatric AIDS.

•CCU clown doctors are frequently asked to assist medical staff by providing an alternative point of focus during painful or tedious procedures. They also serve as a source of motivation in physical therapy sessions.

•Because each program is three to five days a week, 50 weeks per year, clown doctors often develop close relationships with long-term patients and their families.

•CCU clown doctors are talented, professional performers, who are auditioned and specially selected for their skills, maturity, and sensitivity and who undergo specialized training for their work in the hospitals.

•CCU clown doctors work in partnership with medical and administrative staff and are an integral part of the hospital team.

CCU on the Move Coast to Coast

The Big Apple Circus Clown Care Unit® currently operates year round in seven New York City hospitals and leading pediatric centers in Boston, MA; New Haven, CT; and Washington, DC.

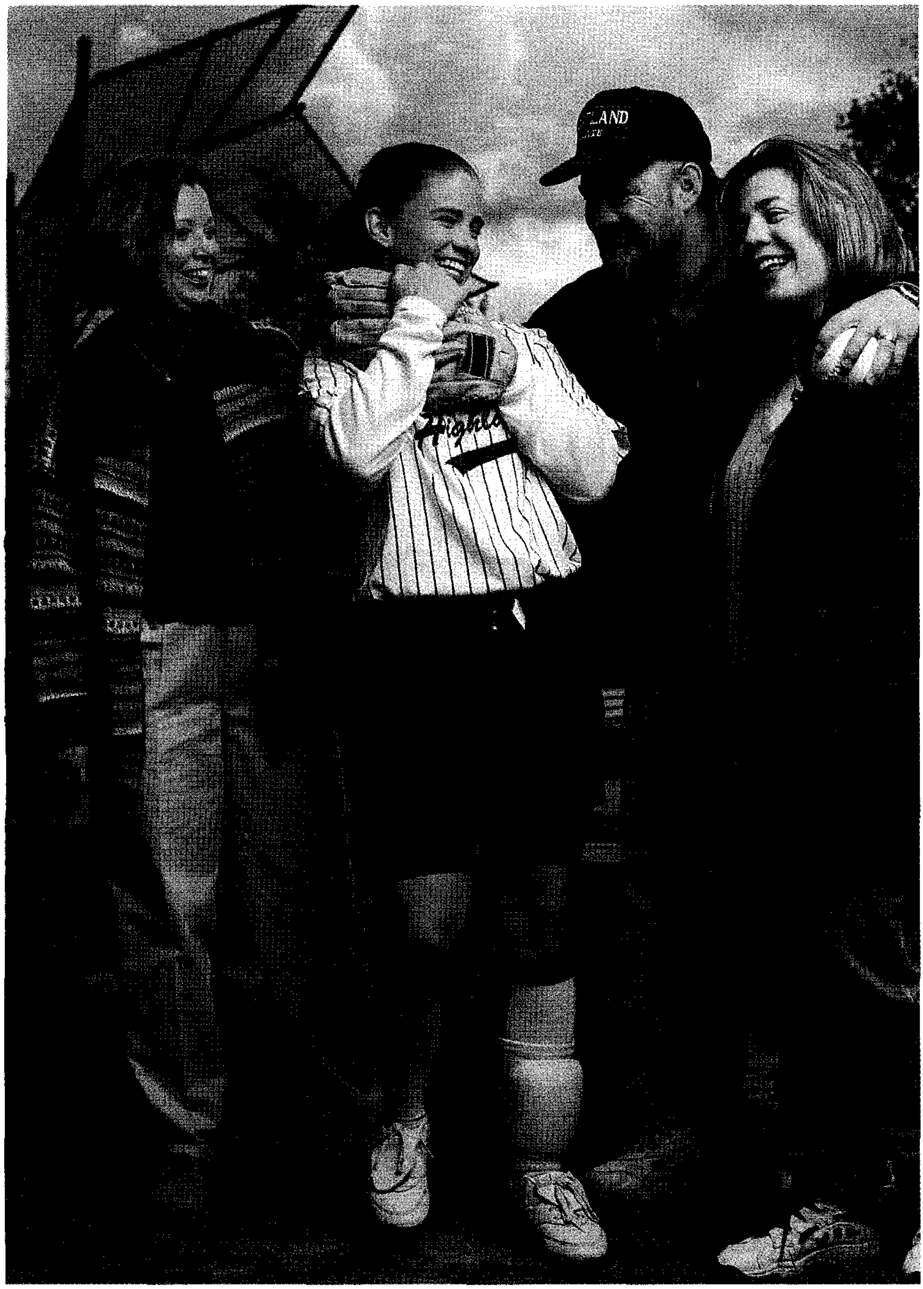
We're loading up the clown-mobile and heading to the leading pediatric facilities across the country

The Clown Care Unit® is recognized nationally and internationally for its professional excellence, specialized training, and gifted performers. The CCU has responded to a growing demand for its programs by launching a multi-year national expansion program into 10 new cities nationwide. By partnering with our country's preeminent pediatric facilities, the Clown Care Unit® will reach a large and diverse population of seriously ill or injured children. Below is a list of current Clown Care Unit® host hospitals around the country.

Current Big Apple Circus Clown Care Unit® Host Hospitals:

- **Babies & Children's Hospital of New York at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center**
- **Children's Hospital, Boston**
- **Children's National Medical Center, Washington, DC**
- **Harlem Hospital Center**
- **Memorial Sloan Kettering Cancer Center**
- **Mount Sinai Medical Center**
- **New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center**
- **New York University Medical Center**
- **Schneider Children's Hospital of Long Island Jewish Medical Center**
- **Yale New Haven Children's Hospital**

Because our cancer specialists made the right diagnosis, this husband and father is still in the picture.



The brain tumor diagnosis that Keith Monahan's local doctors made led them to a "wait and see" approach. An approach which could have ended up being as dangerous as the cancer itself. Fortunately, he got another opinion from the experts at Memorial Sloan-Kettering.

The 20 brain tumor specialists on our review board work together to develop a treatment plan in cases like Keith's. And each one of those specialists sees more cancer cases in a year than most doctors see in a lifetime.

That experience really paid off for Keith. Because our brain tumor team quickly determined that Keith's survival depended on starting radiation and chemotherapy immediately. We also used an innovative treatment to bolster his immune system, so that Keith could tolerate full doses of chemotherapy with minimal side effects.

That was back in 1990. Today, Keith is healthy, working and enjoying family life more than ever. Living proof that Memorial Sloan-Kettering is the first—and only—hospital to come to if you have cancer.

If you would like to see one of our cancer specialists, just call **1-800-525-2225.**

Keith's doctors used a protein (GCSF) which the scientists at Memorial Sloan-Kettering discovered and helped develop for patient use. It enables patients to maintain healthy white blood counts to sustain the immune system during chemotherapy.

Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center
The Best Cancer Care. Anywhere.
1275 York Avenue • New York, NY 10021 • http://www.mskcc.org

Circus For All!

"Our multi-handicapp deaf children had a ma velous experience at th Big Apple Circus."

Clown Care Unit®

"Your efforts to bring happiness to these children has touched me deeply. I hope your work continues for as long as there are children around in this world. God bless you for all you work."

"If I had my way, I'd send the Clown Care Unit® all over."

"You really make a difference every day you spend time with these kids."

"You're very special people and as much as the kids love you so do the parents. Thanks for all the smiles."

"My son is deaf and when he saw the clown use sign language he was so happy. I can't tell you how important these clowns are to the children and the parents."

Circus Arts in Education

"Thank you for showing me how to work as a team. When we finished the show my parents were proud of me. Thank you also for believing in us."

"Now I feel like I can do anything. I feel better about myself. You make me feel like I can do anything. Every day I practice."

"I cherish the juggling balls. I had the best experience. I learned that you don't give up on anything. You have to keep trying."

CIRCUS FOR ALL!

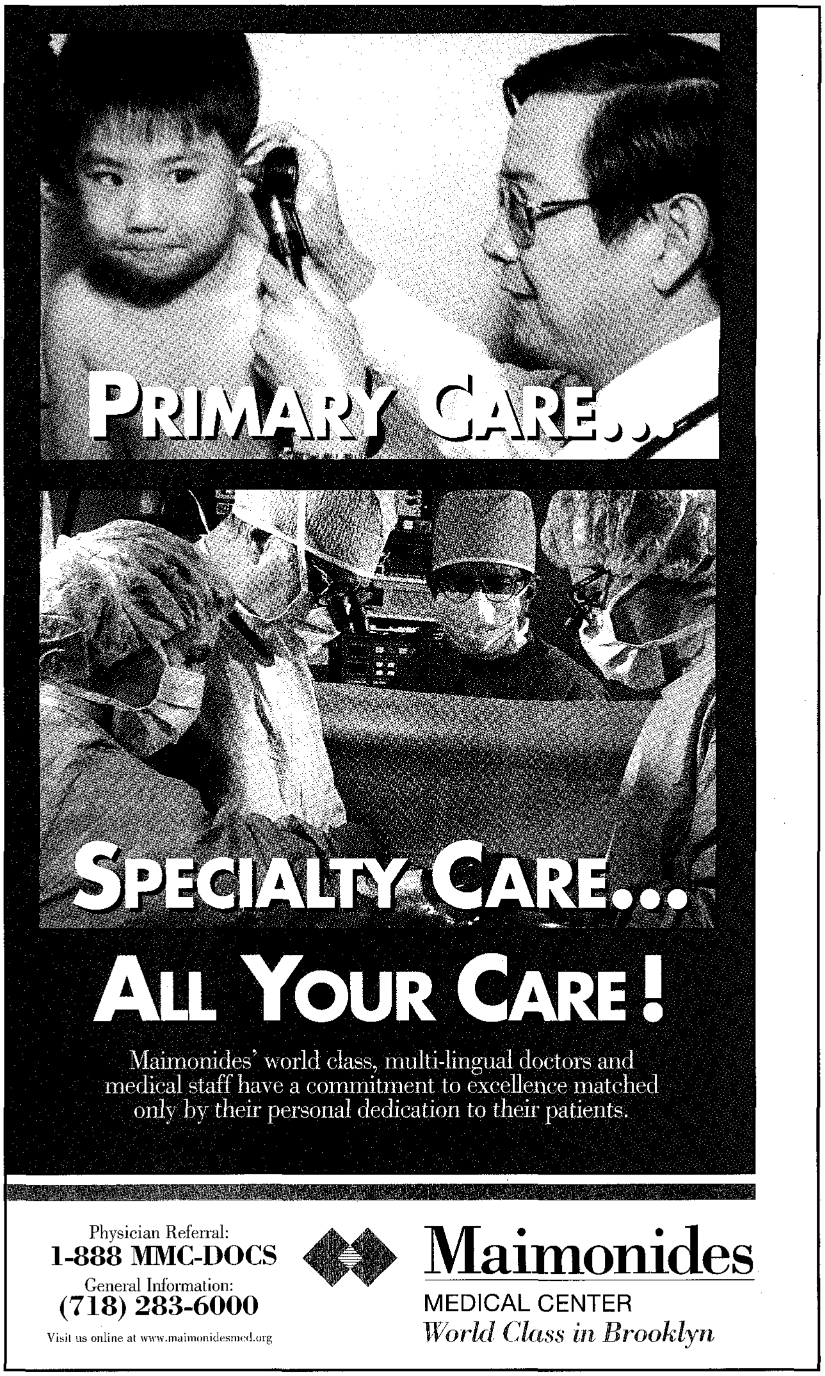
We make it possible for disadvantaged children to experience circus under the Big Top.

Circus For All! provides free and discounted tickets to economically disadvantaged people, and physically challenged children and their families. During the 1996-97 season alone, nearly 10,000 tickets were distributed free to needy groups throughout The New York Metropolitan area. Circus For The Senses, is a special annual performance of the circus for children who are hearing and/or sight impaired. Braille and large-type programs are provided and American Sign Language interpreters offer simultaneous translation. With the help of professional "describers" and infrared headsets, children can experience the joy and magic of the circus.

CIRCUS ARTS IN EDUCATION

In this school program, clowning in class is appropriate—and so are juggling and tumbling!

The Circus Arts In Education program provides an educational and cultural resource for schoolchildren and their families in East Harlem. Students receive professional training in classical circus arts such as juggling, tumbling, and clowning; education on circus as a performing art; and production techniques such as set design, marketing, and ticket sales. This program gives students a greater appreciation of classical circus and all of the performing arts. Throughout the program, the children learn to work as a team. One of the greatest results is a sense of pride and achievement.



PRIMARY CARE...
SPECIALTY CARE...
ALL YOUR CARE!

Maimonides' world class, multi-lingual doctors and medical staff have a commitment to excellence matched only by their personal dedication to their patients.

Physician Referral:
1-888 MMC-DOCS
General Information:
(718) 283-6000
Visit us online at www.maimonidesmed.org

Maimonides
MEDICAL CENTER
World Class in Brooklyn

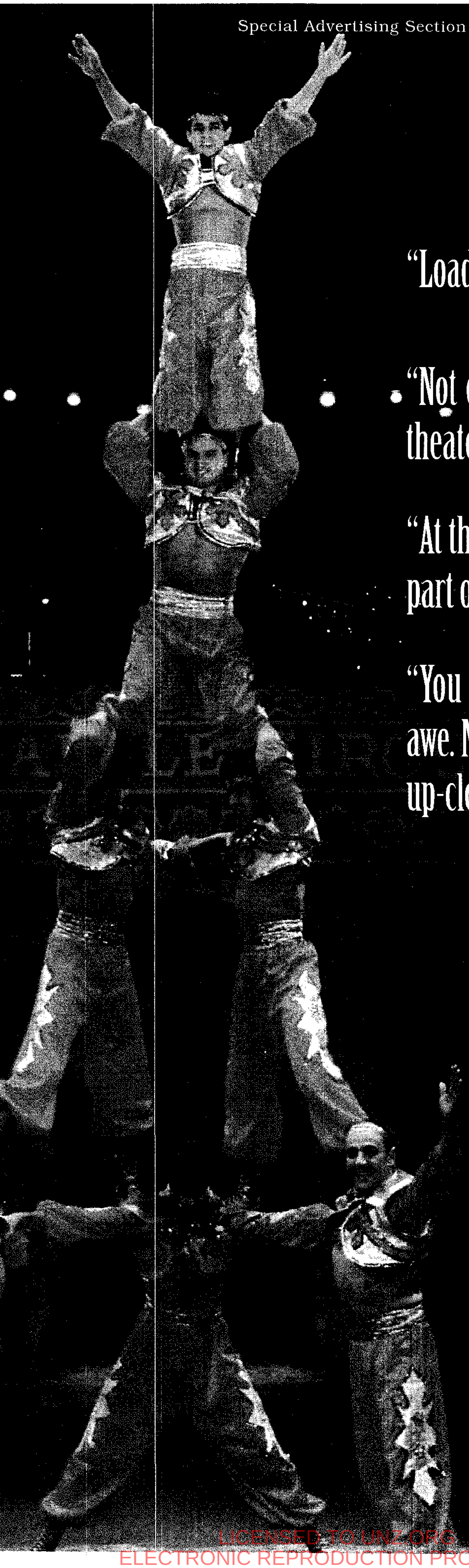
CAVIAR BOUTIQUE • RESTAURANT • BAR

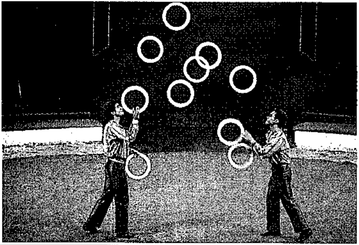
EXPERIENCE A NEW LEVEL OF INDULGENCE

THE WORLD'S FINEST CAVIAR

1(800)NY-CAVIAR
538 Madison at 54th
NYC 10022 • (212) 980-5908

CAVIAR RUSSE





"Loads of amusement and amazement!"
New York Post

"Not only great fun, it's a great piece of theater!" **The Washington Post**

"At the Big Apple, the audience is almost part of the show!" **The Record**

"You laugh, scream, gasp, and stare in awe. No three-ring outfit can match it for up-close intensity!" **The Daily News**

Big Apple Circus

Damrosch Park at Lincoln Center
October 23 – January 11
TICKETS ON SALE NOW!

Call **Centercharge** at 212-721-6500 or **Ticketmaster** at 212-397-4100 Tickets also available at all **Ticketmaster** outlets including select Rite Aid Stores and http://www.ticketmaster.com **FAO Schwarz** in Manhattan through October 31 (cash only no service charge) and the **Circus Box Office** (beginning October 16) For more information on groups of 15 or more or on membership call 212-268-2500

1997-1998 Tour Schedule

September 25-October 13
Reston, VA

October 23 - January 11
New York City, NY

March 13 - March 24
Atlanta, GA

March 27 - May 3
Boston, MA

May 7 - May 12
Branchburg, NJ

May 27 - May 31
Brookville, NY

June 5 - June 14
Chicago, IL

June 18 - June 24
Cleveland, OH

June 30 - July 5
Great Barrington, MA

July 8 - July 12
Charlestown, RI

July 15 - July 19
Hanover, NH

July 21 - July 26
Shelburne, VT

Schedule Subject To Change

New York's Cultural Community Joins Our 20th Birthday Celebration

In the grand tradition of circus extravaganzas, we're not just planning our own spectacular birthday parties, we're also teaming up with a diverse group of New York City's finest cultural organizations . . . and everyone's invited to the party!

Planned festivities around the city include circus-themed museum exhibitions, film series, concerts, family workshop and performances, and special members-only events presented in partnership with these preeminent organizations.

- The Film Society of Lincoln Center
- Museum of the City of New York
- Queens Symphony Orchestra
- South Street Seaport Museum
- Whitney Museum of American Art

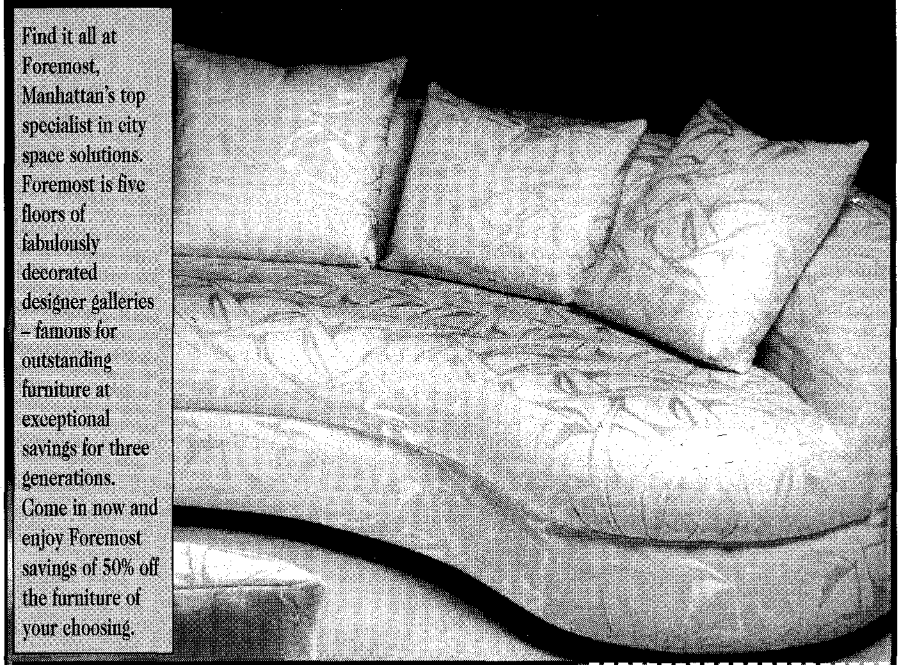
BIG APPLE CIRCUS BY BOAT!

The very best way to go to the Big Apple Circus is with a NY Waterway Ferry package. You get center mezzanine seats at the Circus, a fabulous dinner at waterside Spirito Grill, a sensationally beautiful 5-minute ferry ride across the Hudson, private bus to and from Lincoln Center, free parking, with prices as low as $69 for the whole shebang including tax and tips! And, best of all, one call takes care of it all —no juggling schedules, no acrobatics. It's just what a circus experience should be—pure pleasure.

For information/reservations, call **1-800-53-FERRY** and ask for "Ring Master."

(This is just one of the fabulous show packages offered by NY Waterway's Broadway Bound. Ask us about the others too!)

NY WATERWAY
Whataway to Get There!



FOREMOST City Living

Find it all at Foremost, Manhattan's top specialist in city space solutions. Foremost is five floors of fabulously decorated designer galleries – famous for outstanding furniture at exceptional savings for three generations. Come in now and enjoy Foremost savings of 50% off the furniture of your choosing.

FOREMOST FURNITURE
CELEBRATING OUR 32ND YEAR

8 West 30 St. Between 5th Ave & Bdwy. 5th Fl. Reception
(212) 889-6347
Http//www.foremostfurniture.com
Open Daily 10AM-6PM. Thurs. till 7PM. Sat. 10AM.-5PM. Sun. 11AM.-5PM.

50% OFF ON THE ITEM OF YOUR CHOICE
**Savings from manufacturer's suggested retail.*
Not to be combined with any other offer.
Not valid for prior purchases. EXPIRES 10/27/97.

When you become a member of the Big Apple Circus, you:

Bring over 130,000 smiles to the faces of those tended to by the "Doctors of Delight" from the ***Big Apple Circus Clown Care Unit®***.

Support ***Circus For All!*** which enables 50,000 underprivileged children and adults to receive free and discounted tickets.

Make it possible for over 1,500 sight and hearing impaired children to enjoy the magic of the Circus at the annual ***Circus of the Senses***.

Help give city school children an arts education through the ***Circus Arts in Education*** program.

As a member, you can also:

- Buy tickets before they go on sale to the public!
- Sit in the best ringside and box seats!
- Enjoy discounts on Center Mezzanine and Grandstand seats, Circus novelty items and at the Lincoln Center locations of Barnes & Noble bookstore and Joey's Paesano restaurant!
- Receive invitations to members-only parties before and after the show!

To become a member:

1. Very Important: Put on an bright red clown nose, a colorful bow tie or your favorite pair of big, floppy shoes.
2. Complete the membership form below.
3. Mail your form to:
   Membership Department
   Big Apple Circus
   35 West 35th Street
   New York, NY 10001
4. Get ready to have fun!

BIG APPLE CIRCUS

There is a child in each of us who wants to run away and join the Circus… now you can!!!

Yes, I want to become a member the Big Apple Circus with a gift of: (circle one)

$50	$100	$250	$500	$1,000	$2,500	Other ______
Red Star	Blue Star	Bronze Star	Silver Star	Gold Star	Ringmaster's Circle	

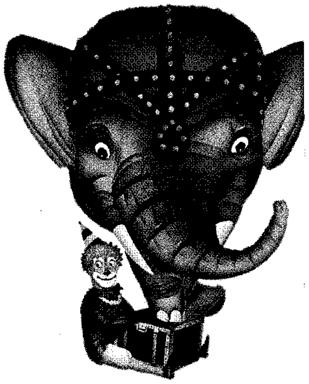
Membership Benefits vary by level. Call for details.

Name: ______________________________

Address: ______________________________

City: ____________ State: ____________ Zip: ________

Daytime Phone: ______________________________



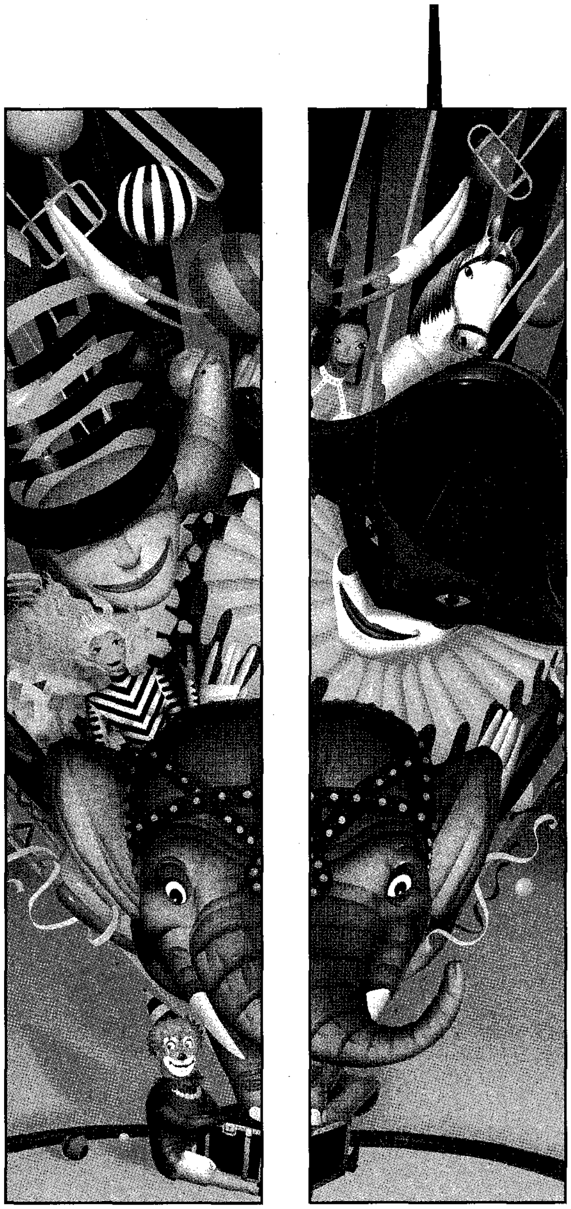
☐ Enclosed is a check for $ ________ (make check payable to "Big Apple Circu

☐ Please charge $ ________ to my Visa, MC, or American Express card.

Card number: ____________________ Exp. Date: ________

Name on card: ____________ Signature: ____________

For information about membership benefits or to charge your membership by phone and order your member tickets, please call Julie Schwartz, Membership Program Associate, at 212-268-2500, Ext. 159.



Look up. Then, look around!

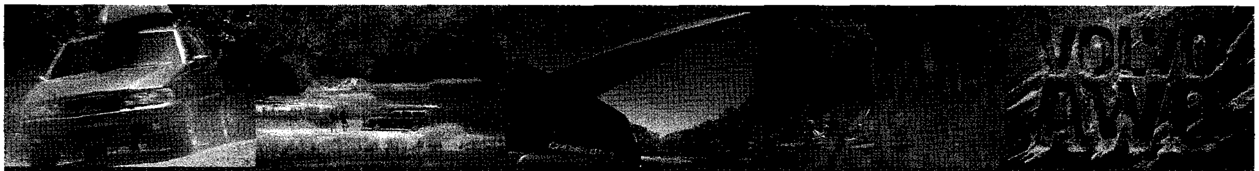
The World Trade Center, New York Magazine and
Big Apple Circus present Circus To Go!™ at The World Trade Center!

Monday, October 13, 12pm – 2pm **Austin J. Tobin Plaza** **Rain Date: Saturday, October 18**

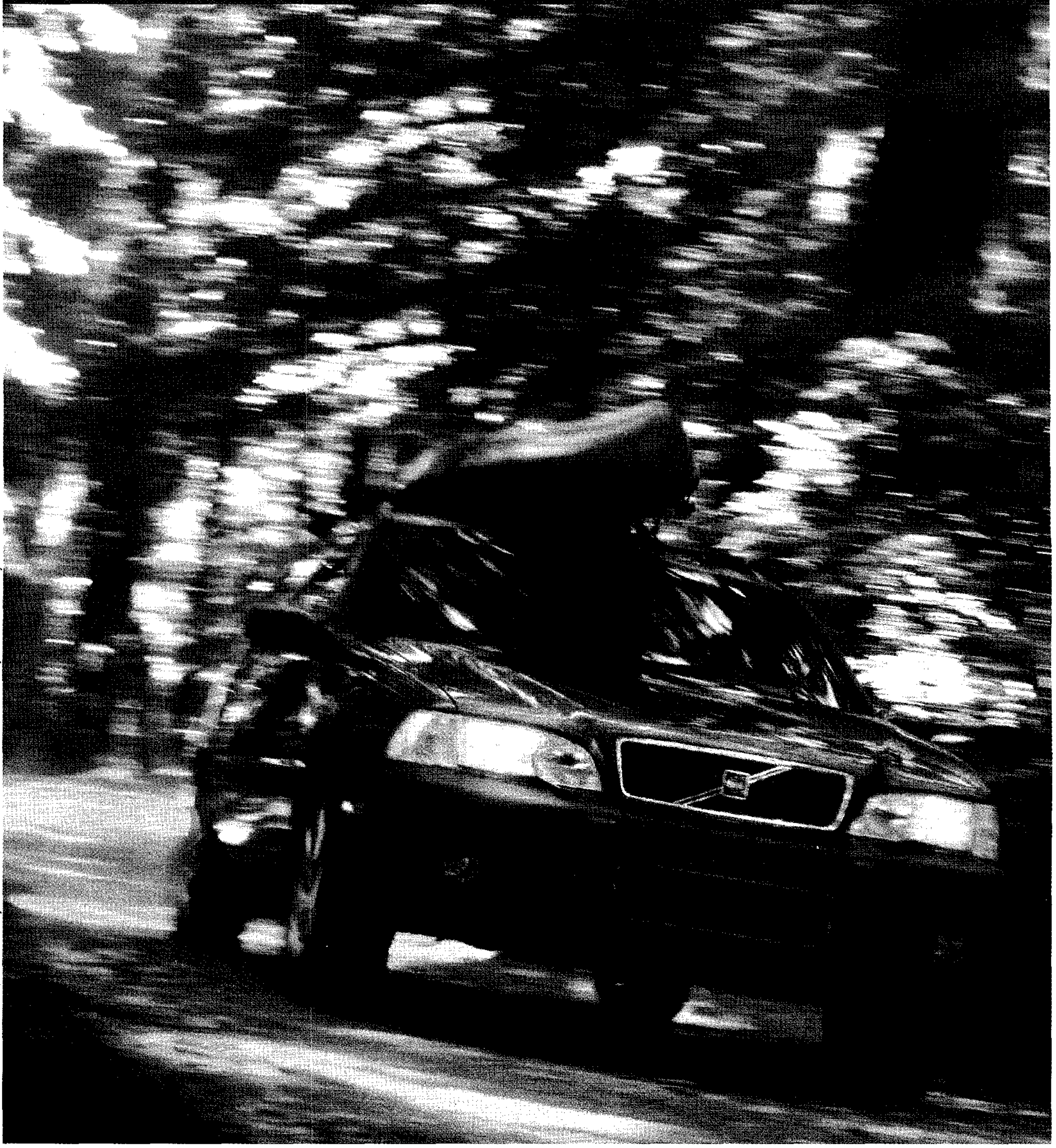
New York's own resident circus kicks off their Lincoln Center season with members of Circus To Go!™ presenting a fun-filled 2-hour event – acrobats, jugglers, hula-hoops and more! Discount coupons for the Big Apple Circus performances at Lincoln Center will also be available while they last. And while you're here, enjoy our eateries, stores and sights, too. More reasons to visit the World Trade Center – New York's most *highly* entertaining attraction! For more information about World Trade Center events, call 212/435-4170.

(Subject to change without notice.)

WORLD TRADE CENTER
THE PORT AUTHORITY OF NY & NJ



THE NEW VOLVO V70 AWD CROSS COUNTRY. LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF JUST ABOUT ANYTHING YOU PLEASE. It is the last thing you would've expected from Volvo - a car that can not only help save your life, but help save your soul. But with its rugged leather and canvas-like interior, 67 cubic feet of cargo space (with rear seat down), and remarkable all-wheel-drive traction, the Volvo V70 AWD Cross Country can see you through just about any adventure life, or your soul, may have in store. www.volvocars.com. Drive Safely.



©1997 Volvo Cars of North America, Inc. Drive Safely is a trademark of Volvo Cars of North America, Inc. Always remember to wear your seat belt.

VOLVO

Denby *continued from page 54*

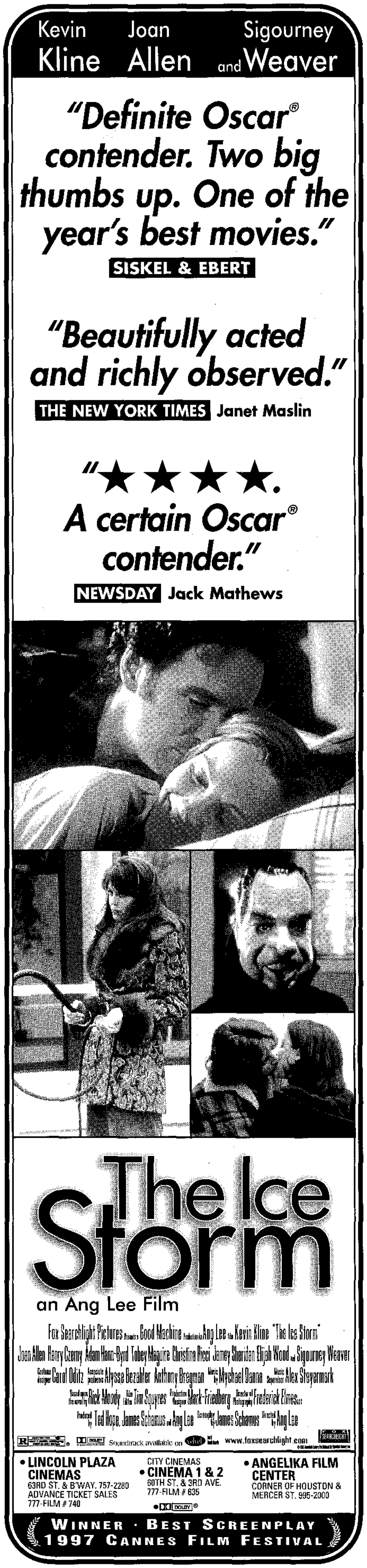
great actress, has red, red lips and lambent flesh, yet her eyes are anxious; she's a kind of neurotic siren, lewd and always available but frantically unhappy, an erotic icon out of an expressionist painting (touch her, and you *will* be lost forever). Amber, a druggie, has been separated by a divorce court from her little boy, and she's guilty over it. The way Julianne Moore plays the character, Amber's sadness and vulnerability make her even more desirable. But Dirk doesn't seem to want her, and she needs him more as a kid brother or even as a son than as a lover or co-star. They work together on-camera, but then nothing happens when the camera shuts off. The big scene we are waiting for never arrives. Amazingly, Anderson never plays with the juiciest and funniest possibilities of his subject—the relationship between sex when the camera is rolling and sex when it isn't.

Boogie Nights is made up of many vignettes—parties, drugs and more drugs, teenage girls overdosing, sex as work, work as sex. Anderson is a good observer, with a light, easy touch, and the sun-drenched, fleshy squalor of the scene is often funny. But he hasn't really shaped the screenplay. The vignettes don't comment on one another, as they do in a good Robert Altman movie. One thing happens and then another, over a period of seven years, and the characters stay pretty much the same. As long as they hang out at Horner's house and keep working in his films, they are fine; as soon as they rebel and leave his outfit, going off on their own, they get in trouble. They can't handle the regular world of banks and courts; they can't pull off a robbery without disaster. The sex-and-drugs regimen wears them down; they get diminished. But the forlorn realism of this group portrait isn't enough for us.

Who, for instance, is Jack Horner? In 1977, Jack thinks that "adult" films could become an art form. He has dreams of respectability, and when the moneymen tell him (a few years later) that it's time to switch to videotape, he's outraged: Tape means that pornography will turn into fodder (he's right). Yet earlier in the movie, before the transition to tape, we have *seen* what Jack can do when he has the freedom to invent. He pairs up Dirk Diggler and another performer, Reed Rothchild (John C. Reilly), in a series of James Bond–style action movies, with explicit sex added. Anderson shows us some of these films, and they are made to look pathetic and amateurish. So what do Jack's dreams mean? If he's just fooling himself about "art," then the only thing lost in the switchover to video is the porn workers' illusion that they are part of the film world. There they are, lolling at Jack's swimming pool, boasting like crazy, acting out an unwitting parody of the deluxe movie-star life. But Paul Thomas Anderson doesn't need to "expose" illusions that none of us took seriously in the first place.

Anderson comes close to satire at times, but he wants to be kind to these people, whom he portrays as harmless, even innocent. Drugged-out young girls may die at these poolside parties, but no one means any harm. They all get hurt because they are weak. The movie has its giddy moments (the porn milieu might be an exaggeration of the sexual freedom the rest of the country enjoyed twenty years ago), but in the end *Boogie Nights* is peculiarly depressing. Everyone in it—even the stars, even the kindly Jack Horner—seems like a hanger-on. *Boogie Nights* is gentle, and that's a surprise. But the movie is being overpraised, perhaps because people are astounded that the porn world can be used as a subject at all. Unfortunately, it hasn't been used as a *dramatic* subject. Anderson reports on the industry, perhaps accurately, but he doesn't really satisfy our curiosity about this pleasure-driven but pleasureless, fascinating but wan way of life.

In brief: Underground, EMIR KUSTURICA'S astonishing, exhausting epic—a demi-masterpiece, a monstrosity, a conundrum—is finally opening in New York for a regular theatrical run (at Lincoln Plaza Cinemas). This quasi-allegorical treatment of recent Balkan history has been brought off in a style of obsessive, riotous burlesque. Two extraordinary scoundrels, Marko (Miki Manojlovic) and his friend Blacky (Lazar Ristovski)—raffishly handsome men, with thick, dark hair and dark eyes gleaming with malice—storm their way through history in a movie that combines a deep love of fraudulence with an equally deep love of theatricalism in all its low-farce varieties. You may not understand all of *Underground,* but you won't be bored. . . . Oliver Stone is just horsing around in **U-Turn.** Sean Penn, a small-time bagman, gets stuck in an unspeakable Arizona desert town, where he falls into a preposterous labyrinth of deceit and betrayal. Stone's usual cinematographer, Robert Richardson, has shot the movie with a wonderful feeling for the harshness of southwestern light and color—a reddish glow that almost hurts the eyes to look at. Jennifer Lopez shows up as a femme fatale, and Nick Nolte, reprising John Huston's rasping grandee-rapist bit from *Chinatown,* is her double-crossing husband. Sean Penn, who usually freaks other people out, gets freaked out in this movie again and again. It's about time. *U-Turn* goes on too long, but in its malignant way (imagine a barrelful of scorpions in *their* boogie nights), it's often rather funny. ▬



Kevin Kline Joan Allen and Sigourney Weaver

"Definite Oscar® contender. Two big thumbs up. One of the year's best movies."
SISKEL & EBERT

"Beautifully acted and richly observed."
THE NEW YORK TIMES Janet Maslin

"★★★★. A certain Oscar® contender."
NEWSDAY Jack Mathews

The Ice Storm
an Ang Lee Film

Fox Searchlight Pictures presents a Good Machine Production An Ang Lee film Kevin Kline "The Ice Storm"
Joan Allen Henry Czerny Adam Hann-Byrd Tobey Maguire Christina Ricci Jamey Sheridan Elijah Wood and Sigourney Weaver
Costume designer Carol Oditz Associate producers Alysse Bezahler Anthony Bregman Music by Mychael Danna Music Supervisor Alex Steyermark
Based upon the novel by Rick Moody Film Editor Tim Squyres Production Designer Mark Friedberg Director of Photography Frederick Elmes
Produced by Ted Hope, James Schamus and Ang Lee Screenplay by James Schamus Directed by Ang Lee
R Soundtrack available on Velvel www.foxsearchlight.com FOX SEARCHLIGHT

- LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS
63RD ST. & B'WAY. 757-2280
ADVANCE TICKET SALES
777-FILM # 740

CITY CINEMAS
- CINEMA 1 & 2
60TH ST. & 3RD AVE.
777-FILM # 635

- ANGELIKA FILM CENTER
CORNER OF HOUSTON & MERCER ST. 995-2000

WINNER · BEST SCREENPLAY
1997 CANNES FILM FESTIVAL

JOHN SIMON

Unmansionable

From the New York Theatre Workshop, a ghastly revival of Eugene O'Neill's 'More Stately Mansions' that must have the master spinning in his grave.

EUGENE O'NEILL WANTED THE HUGE, UNFINISHED manuscript of **More Stately Mansions** destroyed in case of his death. Instead, his widow gave it to the Swedish theater director and O'Neill expert Karl Ragnar Gierow to adapt. In 1967, a Broadway version partly based on this, with a superior cast headed by Ingrid Bergman, proved a superior sort of mess. Now the New York Theatre Workshop, with the help of a Flemish director, Ivo van Hove, and his designer, Jan Versweyveld, has done what O'Neill wished, though not quite in the way he intended. With a ludicrous production, they have reduced *Mansions* to rubble.

The Flemish version underlying this production was, apparently, a hit throughout Holland, but what do those folks know about late O'Neill, and how awed are they by Van Hove, a bogus magus in the Peter Sellars mold, but without even the latter's pinchbeck panache? *More Stately Mansions* was, like the finished *A Touch of the Poet,* part of a projected eleven-play family chronicle tracing the disintegration, as O'Neill saw it, of moral values in America during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. These plays were to be realistic in style, like the great completed final masterpieces for which the playwright set aside the cycle, and on which his fame largely rests.

***More Stately Mansions:* A crumbling mess.**

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Without any warrant, Van Hove has turned *Mansions* into a piece of expressionism, such as O'Neill briefly experimented with in a much earlier phase—and a piece of senseless, vapid pseudo-expressionism at that, such as not even the immature O'Neill would have perpetrated. The story of an industrial family between 1832 and 1840, during which time a son is torn between his possessive, fantastical mother and his grasping upstart wife, between being a writer and a greedy capitalist, has been trivialized into an olla podrida of cheap theatrics.

Thus the mother opens with a soliloquy rattled off at tongue-twister speed, reducing it to near gibberish. Pretty soon we have people getting down on all fours, pulling at each other's mouths or nipples, and talking in a kind of falsetto baby-talk. One character wears period costume, while the others sport more or less outlandish contemporary garb, on a bare set lined with an assortment of irrelevant modern chairs. The backdrop features first an abstraction vaguely reminiscent of a map of Australia, and then is replaced by what looks like a UPS parcel with a painted red window, and a red door glued to it.

The actors' delivery shuttles between very loud and nearly inaudible; the acting styles range from quasi-naturalistic to clumsily stylized. Besides being misdirected, the actors lack all grace and charm. Performers run around gratuitously barefoot. All this I gleaned from the first, 75-minute act. Alas, I denied myself two others roughly as long, featuring unused pianos, vintage sewing machines, and nude wallowings.

In a program note, the director remarks that there is no "singular way" of staging O'Neill's plays. Of course, he means *single,* not singular, but he speaks truer than he knows. What he has contrived is not just singular, it's downright queer. But to the bored, the ignorant, the disaffected, bizarreness is its own best justification. Indeed, only the bizarre passes for genuine art, even if at the expense of a dead master, unable to defend himself against total misrepresentation.

There exists today a hapless coalition of reviewers and audiences grooving on this sort of balderdash, out of a mixture of jadedness, illiteracy, mindlessness, and hatred of finer things beyond its reach. I urge true lovers of theater to stand up and be counted against such pernicious nonsense. They will have to buck the tide of vociferous phonies reviling them as retrograde fuddy-duddies—a small price indeed for the kingdom of Heaven. ■

ART **MARK STEVENS**

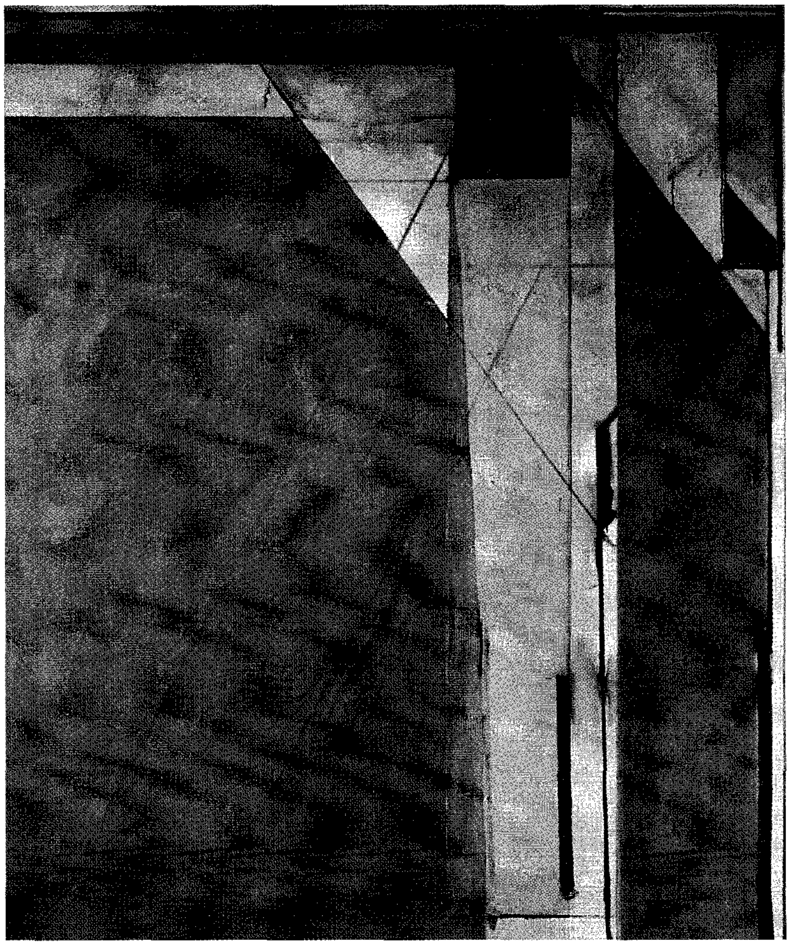
Tangled Up in Blue

Painterly values, respect for tradition, and a signature melancholy suffuse the work of Richard Diebenkorn, who gets a revelatory retrospective at the Whitney.

RICHARD DIEBENKORN (1922-1993) FITS FEW OF the stereotypes associated with an important modern artist. He is not a radical who challenged the generation that preceded his own. He does not put painting "in question," attack the values of his society, create a new language of form, significantly influence later art, or celebrate the life of the Parisian garret or the New York loft. He does not make work obviously tormented in spirit: Wealthy collectors know that his pictures will suit any room and draw admiring comments from their friends. For these reasons, Diebenkorn is regarded by many in the art world as worthy but rather dull, a tasty provincial painter without the powerful cultural thrust of a major artist.

They are wrong. Diebenkorn is an essential figure in postwar American culture, not for what he changed but for what he helped preserve. Painters of this kind may lack the dramatic impact of more radical artists, but they are the backbone of any serious imaginative tradition in art, consolidating, rethinking, transmitting, and keeping fresh important values in their culture. To an art world now enthralled by Marcel Duchamp, who disdained most painting as "merely" visual, **The Art of Richard Diebenkorn,** at the Whitney Museum of American Art, provides a strong defense of the possibilities of the brush. To a society that often trivializes the metaphysical grandeur of the West, his "Ocean Park" series evokes a great and open-ended spaciousness, an American landscape at once sensual and unabashed, austere and unsentimental. And to a culture besotted by ostentatious displays of feeling, he offers instead the thoughtful, the self-critical, and the melancholy. Diebenkorn blue is not simply a color.

Organized by Jane Livingston, who also edited a catalog that contains essays by Livingston, John Elderfield, and Ruth E. Fine, the retrospective includes more than 150 paintings and works on paper and other materials. Each period in the artist's work is well-represented: the early abstract pictures from the late forties and the fifties; the figurative works from 1955 to 1967; and the celebrated "Ocean Park" cycle of monumental abstractions that began in 1967. She is also exhibiting little-known pictures from the family's collection and emphasizing some less familiar aspects of Diebenkorn's art, in particular works with the heraldic "clubs and spades" imagery that entered his drawing and painting in the eighties. Although paintings in general never look very comfortable at the Whitney—they were not intended to be seen in a stone fortress—Livingston has given as much space and light as possible to this quintessentially Californian art.



Diebenkorn's *Ocean Park No. 70* (1974): At once taut and relaxed.

Diebenkorn grew up in San Francisco and spent most of his life in California. As a young artist, he developed a fascinating relationship to both the dominant New York school of his day—the Abstract Expressionism of Rothko, de Kooning, and Pollock—and to French painting. He did not self-consciously try to resist or reject "influence," as many in his generation did; nor did he throw himself into the New York scene and become a copycat. Instead, he steeped himself in what he loved, while somehow remaining himself. At times, Matisse overwhelms his work, and he becomes the prisoner of a greater artist. More often, Diebenkorn turns other artists into a kind of visual chorus, one that enhances his own painting. In his work, there is never an ironic or pointed allusion to earlier art in the manner of postmodernism: He wants to join, not comment upon, the masters of the past.

He could sustain this generous relationship to other art because he always seemed to know who he was, possessing from the beginning an utterly distinctive touch and sense of scale. In the Albuquerque paintings from the early fifties, the result of two years studying in the South-

Photograph courtesy of Des Moines Art Center.

AFTER 62 YEARS,
THE OLD HOOF AND PAW
IS DANCING
TO A NEW RHYTHM.

INTRODUCING
THE STEAKHOUSE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.
BRAND NEW AND AGED TO PERFECTION

BULL AND BEAR
STEAKS • CHOPS • SEAFOOD
Lexington Avenue at 49th Street New York
212-872-4900

Solutions to last week's puzzles

O		E		C		E		G		A		S		G
N	O	S	T	A	L	G	I	A		S	C	O	U	R
T		P		S		G		M		A		M		E
H	O	O	F	E	R	S		B	U	R	S	A	R	Y
E		U		S		P		I		E		L		H
B	E	S	T		F	O	R	T	I	S	S	I	M	O
R		E		C		O				U				U
I	N	D	R	A	W	N		W	A	L	L	O	O	N
G				N				R		T		U		D
H	A	R	B	O	U	R	B	A	R		S	T	A	R
T		E		E		A		N		I		S		A
S	E	C	T	I	O	N		G	E	N	E	T	I	C
I		I		S		D		L		L		R		I
D	E	P	O	T		O	P	E	R	A	T	I	O	N
E		E		S		M		R		Y		P		G

B	O	S	C		A	C	M	E	S			R	O	K		C	R	A	S	S
E	R	M	A		T	H	A	T	A		S	O	L	E		H	A	B	I	T
L	E	O	N		M	A	Y	O	R	D	A	L	E	Y		A	H	O	M	E
T	O	T	E	M		T	A	N	G	E	L	O		S	A	M		R	B	I
S	S	H		O	P	T	S			M	U	D		T	I	B	E	T	A	N
		E	N	R	O	E		A	P	O	K	E		O	M	E	N			
	P	R	E	S	I	D	E	N	T	N	I	X	O	N		R	E	L	E	T
B	U	S	T	E	R		R	Y	A				D	E	A	L		U	S	E
O	R	B		L	O	L	A		S	C	A	R	E		N	A	G	G	E	D
Z	E	R	O		T	A	T	S		L	I	E		A	N	I	M	A	L	S
		O	N	A		M	O	N	T	A	L	B	A	N		N	A	R		
A	C	T	E	D	U	P		O	R	R		A	B	E	L		N	O	R	A
B	A	H	A	M	A		A	W	A	K	E		A	W	E	D		R	E	D
A	R	E		I	R	A	S				G	A	S		G	O	U	G	E	D
B	A	R	E	R		T	H	E	L	I	O	N	H	E	A	R	T	E	D	
			R	A	P	T		M	I	S	S	A		S	T	E	E	P		
S	A	R	A	L	E	E		I	T	A			S	T	E	M		H	O	W
A	T	E		B	A	N		T	R	A	I	N	E	E		I	T	A	L	Y
T	R	A	C	Y		D	E	T	E	C	T	I	V	E	S		E	R	D	A
O	I	L	E	R		T	R	E	S		C	R	E	M	E		A	D	I	T
N	A	M	E	D		O	R	D			H	O	R	S	E		S	T	E	T

west, he already displays the moody play of brushstroke and the rigorous, formal organization of space seen years later in the "Ocean Park" series. Although the Albuquerque pictures were good Abstract Expressionist paintings, they also had something few abstract paintings of that time had—the literal sensation of a particular landscape. Diebenkorn later said he was worried about moving to Albuquerque, fearing he would miss the ocean; but the spaces of the Southwest provided him with a similar boundlessness. In any case, the paintings are so physically evocative of New Mexico, so obviously the result of looking around him, that it is no surprise in retrospect that Diebenkorn temporarily abandoned abstraction in the mid-fifties.

At the time, however, this "return to realism"—I wonder how many articles in the last 50 years have heralded a return to realism?—was regarded by many in the art world as a form of apostasy or an acknowledgment that Diebenkorn was, at best, an essentially minor painter. Although he painted some marvelous landscapes, emphasizing the roller-coaster spaces of Berkeley, his most memorable representational work was a series of paintings and drawings of a female figure lost in thought, reading, or staring into a landscape. A classical theme. Many of the women are turned half-away from the viewer. Their faces are partly concealed or only loosely sketched in, as if the artist, through intense looking and deep meditation on the motif, could eventually make a good painting—yet not finally fix a character.

Conservative? What I find extraordinary in such paintings—it amounts to a radical act of sensibility—is the way Diebenkorn can bring together the spirits of Matisse and Edward Hopper. There could hardly be two more different inspirations. Though both Matisse and Hopper loved painting solitary women, one represents the fluency of a great European tradition, the other a rough-hewn, inchoate American truth. In the figurative paintings of Diebenkorn, the spaces seem as silent as those found in Hopper. The raking diagonals and desolate contrasts of light and shade reflect the earlier American, as does the insistence upon a rigorous structuring of space around the figure: This is the architecture of solitude. The deft working of the brush only accents the intractable isolation of the figure, yet sensual pleasure can also be found here, particularly in the lush harmonies of color: Diebenkorn was surely one of those who finds in melancholy reflection the music of the soul.

In a good Diebenkorn painting, much is not said. In the late fifties and early sixties, for example, he made some still lifes that are small miracles of implication. A knife slicing open a tomato. An open pair of scissors. Although painted as tastily as a Manet still life, they are not the work of an aesthete, for they seem mysteriously rooted in actual experience. Scissors, after all, have an almost human shape, and can wound. Diebenkorn's abstract pictures are no less suggestive. When he wearied of figurative art in the late sixties and turned once more to abstraction, moving from Northern California to Santa Monica, the new "Ocean Park"s could almost have been literal landscapes, so redolent were they of the sun-soaked atmosphere of the seacoast. But there remained something figurative in even these pictures. A long diagonal line extends across an open space like an arm across the expanse of chest. The complex and boxy spaces near the top of many "Ocean Park"s suggest a kind of head or town, the great spaces below a field or body.

Like the figurative paintings, the "Ocean Park"s bring together radically different sensations. Their very name, borrowed from the neighborhood in Venice where Diebenkorn maintained a studio, is an oxymoron. On the one hand, they celebrate the endless oceanic spaces of nature; on the other, they are as constructed, as *built,* as a park. They are at once taut and relaxed, impulsive and studied, visionary and practical. Because Diebenkorn distrusted the surface gesture or moment of quick brilliance—as an American of another age might distrust a European dandy—he invariably retained the marks of doubt and struggle, letting his work fill with erasures and momentary fragment. As a result, the pictures convey a feeling of time spent; they unfold slowly, edging ever deeper toward what's authentic. This marks another important contrast with postmodernism, which celebrates the brilliant simulation and the clever intellectual surface.

During Diebenkorn's life, much was made of his switch back and forth between abstract and representational art. In this retrospective, such changes seem natural rather than abrupt—and a matter, finally, of no significant cultural interest. Diebenkorn, perhaps more than any other artist, made the old arguments between "abstract" and "realistic" appear as irrelevant as an ancient religious controversy. He simply did what he felt was personally necessary at the time. Today, the important distinction is between artists who are *painters,* whether abstract or realistic, and artists who believe that the visual values of painting can no longer sustain the character and meanings of contemporary existence. Diebenkorn stands apart from many of the fashions in art over the last 50 years, but his example should encourage those who still wish to be painters. He added something. A certain blue, for example. A blue never quite seen before. A blue as distinctive as a poet's voice. ▬

DANCE TOBI TOBIAS

Twyla of the Gods

With Tharp!, Twyla Tharp has come home again, returning to her eclectic, embraceable images; the Stars of the Kirov Ballet do history proud.

After extended national and international touring, Twyla Tharp's new company, the wonderful if overpunctuated **Tharp!,** made its local debut at the City Center. Tharp, clearly a star (and refreshingly maverick) choreographer from her beginnings in the mid-sixties, had been functioning since 1988 as an itinerant master. The present group, young and feisty, reflects her need to operate within a family once again.

By opening the engagement with the world premiere of *Roy's Joys,* Tharp announces a return to her most personal choreographic mode. Based on her own eclectic training, it combines vernacular dance with everything else in sight, achieving miracles of structure and rhythm, managing to be simultaneously seductive and brainy. Set to mid-century recordings, both instrumental and vocal, by the jazz trumpeter Roy Eldridge, *Roy's Joys* is an abstract group work. It is very, very easy to take. Silky, sultry jazz movement predominates; the rigorous architecture of classical ballet steps gives the material both backbone and athletic excitement. Shards of gesture from everyday life and more exotic physical endeavors—circus acrobatics, for example—add color. As is her wont, Tharp cannily pits a couple against a small cluster, plays with doubled images of a duet or quartet, switches for a blink-and-you-miss-it moment to unison, and keeps the whole affair shifting as it travels across one's field of vision. (The comings and goings are extremely sly and inventive, a Tharp trademark since day one.) The bravura action mounts in intensity, only the dancers' crackerjack timing preventing head-on collisions, until the stage seems about to ignite, at which point Tharp segues to a tender adagio duet. Throughout, a nostalgic sense of romance combines seamlessly with rueful, gritty realism; it's the temper of the nineties.

Heroes, 66, and *Sweet Fields,* the other dances created for the new ensemble (reviewed in this column November 18, 1996), also blend Tharp's signature mix of genres with her uncanny structural acumen. *66* still exercises its affable charm, and the inscrutable *Heroes,* somewhat revised, offers clearer viewing if not clearer meaning. The best realized of these pieces is *Sweet Fields,* set to nineteenth-century hymns in the Shaker vein and designed to be loved. It celebrates the "gift to be simple" as it's exercised within a tightly knit community of souls. Any choreographer, even one of Tharp's remarkable talent and craft, might rank this dance, with its limpid message and construction, high among his achievements. If it doesn't reach the level of the most sublime American dances about spiritual fervor, Doris Humphrey's *Shakers* and Martha Graham's *Primitive Mysteries,* the shortcoming is hardly likely to mar the casual viewer's delight in the ecstatic mood and piercing images of the piece. Still, the seasoned viewer will sense the unrealized possibility. Instead of being ruled ruthlessly by a vision of religious ardor, *Sweet Fields* succumbs to the lures of physical lusciousness and virtuosity. The costumes alone give this away; the dancers are dressed in floating, white midriff-baring (fab abs!) glad rags by Norma Kamali.

Of the five dances in the young company's repertory, only one was not created for the current enterprise—*The Fugue,* made back in 1970. A defiant, rhythmically dazzling trio, it's danced on a stripped-down stage with no sound accompaniment but the striking of the performers' feet on the miked floor and the slap of hand on thigh that sets the pace for several of its twenty brief sections. By ferociously eliminating many of the elements that make dance accessible and alluring, Tharp proved with *The Fugue* that the art's essentials—rhythm, visual pattern, a telling and selective

Abstracted: Tharp!'s *Roy's Joys.*

Photograph by Beatriz Schiller.

Phillips
INTERNATIONAL AUCTIONEERS & VALUERS
DCA# 826267

New York's best kept secret for buying jewelry.

JEWELRY & DIAMOND AUCTION

Including liquidation of diamond inventory from the Estate of Sidney Landau, a wholesale diamond dealer

SUN., OCT. 26TH AT 12 NOON

Also featuring a fine selection of colored stone, diamond, period, contemporary and signed jewelry.

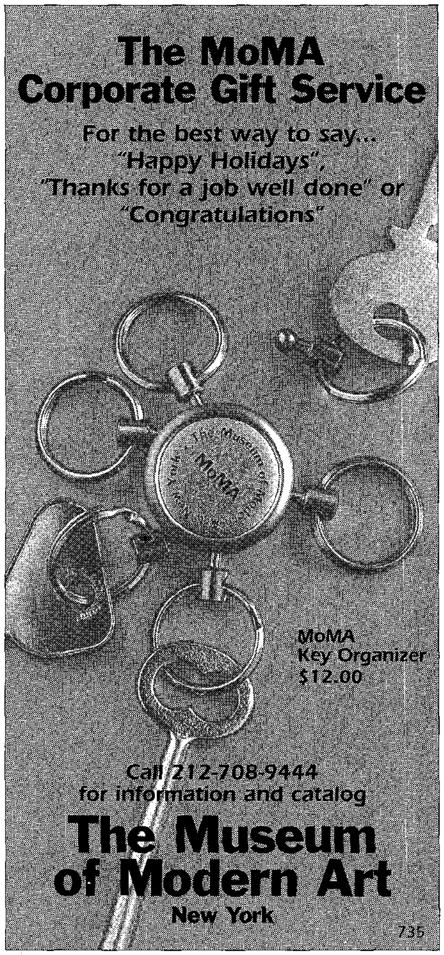
PUBLIC EXHIBITION: 3 DAYS PRIOR

Also on view: Highlights from our Geneva Important Jewels Auction

To receive a $10 discount off our regular catalogue price, please mention this ad or bring it into our galleries.

For further information, or to order a catalogue, ($25), please call 1-800-825-2781

406 E. 79th St., New York, NY 10021
Tel: (212) 570-4830 Fax: (212) 570-2207



The MoMA Corporate Gift Service

For the best way to say... "Happy Holidays", "Thanks for a job well done" or "Congratulations"

MoMA Key Organizer $12.00

Call 212-708-9444 for information and catalog

The Museum of Modern Art
New York

735

movement vocabulary—more than sufficed. Today, the revelatory nature of the piece is undermined only—and inevitably, as with any choreography that survives the era of its creation—by the absence of the original cast, three extraordinary women of whom Tharp herself was one. In later revivals, *The Fugue* has most often been danced by men, as it is now. Andrew Robinson, Jay Franke, and especially Matt Rivera do good work; they need only to seize the piece and make it their own so that it looks less like a landmark work of art, devotedly reproduced, and more like an event that simply happens and radically changes your perception and understanding of a world you thought you knew.

I CAUGHT **Stars of the Kirov Ballet,** AN AD HOC touring group of ranking dancers from the venerable St. Petersburg company, at the Lehman Center for the Performing Arts in the Bronx. The circumstances were typical of such ventures: high-school-auditorium-style stage; all-purpose backdrop that refused to do the stagehands' bidding; haphazard lighting; tacky, glitter-strewn costumes like party dresses sold on 14th Street. The program, also typical, consisted of the usual "numbers": snippets, tactlessly ripped from their context, of the great nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century classics; duets from the same time frame frankly designed to serve as crowd-pleasers; and a couple of dismaying ventures into modernism.

Not three minutes into this less-than-encouraging set-up, the dancers carried the day, demonstrating a majestic style America discarded under the forward-looking tutelage of George Balanchine (himself, ironically, a Kirov alum). There were the men with their huge, floating leaps and their kamikaze turns and jumps, the women with their 3-D lusciousness (no paper dolls here!) and ability to assume the harmonious poses of classical sculpture at the slightest invitation. Of course, not all the performers were top-notch, but as a group they displayed a schooling that, for all its retrograde nature, is still stirring and instructive for the American dance fan to behold.

The most poetic dancing came from Zhanna Ayupova, in the second act pas de deux from *Giselle.* Delicate, grave, suffused with dulcet melancholy, she made you believe in the ghostly heroine who has not yet cut her ties to earthly life and love. Immaculate technique was subordinated to subtle but potent expression, and—as is rare with the Russians—musicality lent the interpretation consistent support. How I wish Ayupova lived here! We have few dancers as sensitive, serious, and intelligent as she. ■

FALL FLIGHTS OF FANCY

Prix Fixe 3-Course Luncheon
Available Monday-Friday
Noon-4:00pm
October 1 through 31

72nd Street and Park Drive North in Central Park. For Information & Reservations Call 212-517-2233

THE BOATHOUSE
in Central Park

PIG 'N' WHISTLE
IRISH PUB

Renowned for fresh salmon with horse radish crust, steaks, pasta and daily fresh seafood.

CASUAL DINING • LUNCH • DINNER
SNACKS • COCTAILS
OPEN 11:30am - 4:00am

PIG 'N' WHISTLE • ORIGINALITY AT ITS VERY BEST!
165 W 47th St. (6th & 7th Aves.) • NY 10036 • (212) 302-0112

Lundy Bros.
RESTAURANT
SUNDAY BRUNCH BUFFET
11:00 AM - 2:00 PM
1901 Emmons Avenue, Brooklyn 718-743-0022

Simply PASTA
A Nice Place to Mangia
120 W 41st Street
212 391 0805

ESG
Empire Szechuan Gourmet
EXOTIC ASIAN CUISINE
SZECHUAN / HUNAN / THAI / TAIWANESE
JAPANESE / SUSHI BAR
PARTY SPACE & CATERING AVAILABLE / CORPORATE ACCOUNTS WELCOME
TEL: 663-6004 / 5 / 6 2574 BROADWAY at 97th ST.
Fast Free Delivery / Open From 10:30 AM - 2:00 AM.

DaRosina
Ristorante Italiano
Homemade Pasta Our Specialty
Prix Fixe Dinner $19.96
342 W.46th St.(Bet 8th-9th Ave)•(212) 977-7373

Dish of Salt
Classic Cantonese cuisine
133 West 47th Street New York City
Reservations: 921-4242

TELEVISION JOHN LEONARD

TV Is Murder

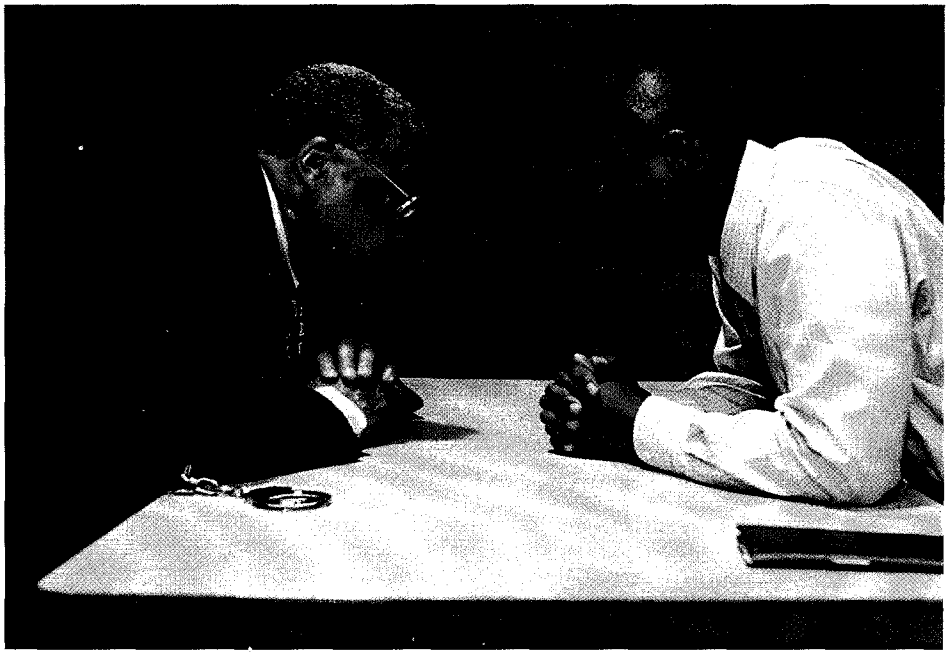
The racially riven America on view each week in 'Homicide: Life on the Street' is one reason why this is the best drama on network TV. But is anyone watching?

SOMEONE ON A MOTORCYCLE IS shooting at the cops of Baltimore. What's more, this someone seems to specialize in plainclothes detectives in unmarked cars, as if uniforms on foot were such easy targets as to be unsporting. And what's worse, the detectives dodging bullets were all in on last year's wasting of Prince of Darkness drug lord Luther Mahoney, although these detectives are teamed with new partners in the usual cast-member shuffle at the start of another season of **Homicide: Life on the Street** (Friday, October 17; 10 to 11 P.M.; NBC). Melissa Leo's gone; they must not have liked her hair. So is Max Perlich and his minicam, to Hollywood to win an Emmy, which Emmy is the occasion of a wisecrack—a bitter inside joke, since *Homicide,* the best dramatic series on network television, wasn't even nominated for an Emmy in 1997.

But the murder squad has other crabs to cake in a three-part opening "arc" called "Blood Ties." Those regulars returning to redball duty, after a three-month rotation in robbery, vice, and fugitive, find warm new bodies in their personal space—like Callie Thorne as Laura Ballard, Peter Gerety as Stuart Gharty, and Jon Seda as Paul Falsone. Whether or not Luther had a sister and nephew determined now to punish Kellerman (Reed Diamond), Lewis (Clark Johnson), and Stivers (Toni Lewis), somebody else is sitting at Pembleton's desk, and she should've known that Andre Braugher is as territorial about bureau drawers as he is about God. Meanwhile, between innings at an Orioles game in Camden Yards, a body's discovered beaten to death, raising the usual questions about the thuggish behavior of Yankee fans. And what if James Earl Jones, guest-starring as a millionaire philanthropist who made a fortune in junk food and is giving it back to black Baltimore in the form of museums, parks, drug clinics, and basketball courts, actually had something to do with the strangling of a young Haitian domestic in the men's room of the Belvedere Hotel during a black-tie dinner of lofty rhetoric and smoked salmon?

Pembleton doesn't want to believe it. Neither does Giardello (Yaphet Kotto). And neither would Lewis if they asked him. I toss in Lewis, who no longer wants to partner with Kellerman because he feels guilty about the Mahoney assassination, just to remind you of the amazing fact that *Homicide* has three complicated black men in continuing roles, each blowing a different riff in the series' jazz ensemble. Of course, this is mostly black Baltimore, which is why newcomer Ballard is suspicious and newcomer Gharty cynical about Pembleton's coddling of a black aristocrat and role model like James Earl. Never mind that when the Irish and Italians ran the police department, they, too, had high-profile sacred cows in every political beef. Pembleton is behaving unprofessionally, and it will cost him at the end of the second hour of "Blood Ties." While I haven't seen the third hour, I'd keep my eye on James Earl's remarkable wife, Lynne Thigpen.

Even so, it's as if NBC had decided to make up on Fridays for black invisibility during its all-white Thursday-night ratings-grabber comedy bloc. And Braugher, Kotto, and Johnson have been with *Homicide* from its troubled beginning, when the show was jerked around so much, and so often preempted, that it seemed the network was as jumpy as the handheld cameras and Baltimore itself a sort of Hill Street Brigadoon. And from that beginning, race and class were on its percussive agenda. You may remember Moses Gunn, refusing to confess to the disemboweling of 11-year-old Adena. And Robin Williams, playing a tourist who lost his wife to a mugging, receiving a note from the black teenager behind bars for the crime: "I had the power, but I forgot who I was." But so fast-forward is this series, so full of spiders and amphetamines in its endless cups of coffee, in its several claustrophobic cells, with the cops hunkered down in their bunker as if inside some fundamentalist freakview, like a Trotskyite or Hezbollah sect, that we tend to fuzz out on its inner-city urgencies. We are worried, instead, about *(continued on page 80)*



Baltimore sons: James Earl Jones and Andre Braugher *kick off the new season of Homicide: Life on the Street.*

Photograph by Michael Ginsburg/NBC.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Club Medici

Pino Luongo's nostalgia for home inspires an upscale Planet Tuscany selling scented inks and rustic pastas instead of T-shirts in Rockefeller Center.

NO ONE EXPECTS PIANISSIMO FROM PINO LUONGO. No one would dare hope for subtlety. "I want to be the Madonna of the food world," the unbridled restaurateur once confided to his partner at Il Cantinori. True to his muse, he has invented himself as our town's ultimate Tuscan. And his $4.5 million **Tuscan Square** is a 12,000-square-foot duplex sweep of fantasy in Rockefeller Center with a tall freeze-dried cypress tree on the landing. Is it "like stepping into the center of a Sienese hill town on market day," as the brochure enthuses? No, it's cheekier and more dangerous. I can't recall a single Tuscan market selling scented ink, fuzzy Casentino wool greatcoats, and $215 chef's jackets in Chianti-red velvet with $90 floppy pajama pants. Who are these dedicated shoppers? They are snapping up $88 dinner plates and $185 pewter place settings. My Park Avenue pal arrives early to scout. Reluctantly, he sits for dinner, popping up to show us the bisque baking dish he's buying and the resin platter with sheaves of wheat embedded inside. A friend from Aspen has already signed the chit for a $525 hunting jacket, and we've not even ordered yet.

I'm tickled by the idea of inviting Faith Willinger—cookbook writer, 24-year resident of Florence, and a fierce champion of regional Italian *cucina*—to join us at dinner. Pino may think I'm nursing a grudge. True, he has been rude. He keeps his temper on a short leash (Florentine-tooled leather, of course). But I never dreamed Faith Willinger would be so tough. "How can I eat when I'm smelling soap and potpourri?" she cries. "What is this, Shaker Village?" She dips a finger into the olive oil. "Disgusting. My son would call this *olio de lume*—lamp oil." She bids the waiter to fetch "some of that olive oil you're selling downstairs and what you're calling Tuscan bread." Our waiter removes the chewy baguette everyone but Faith has been devouring and replaces it with a bread from the bakery below. "Yecch!" It is quickly dismissed as too soft, with traces of salt. "Awful. Why call it Tuscan?" As for the faintly greener oil poured from the $9.95 half-liter bottle: "Ah, the high-octane stuff. That's what you should be serving." She approves the cacciucco. "The fish is authentically overcooked." She refuses to taste the Tuscan fried chicken. "It looks like Chicken McNuggets, and anyway, I don't eat chicken without skin on a Jewish holiday."

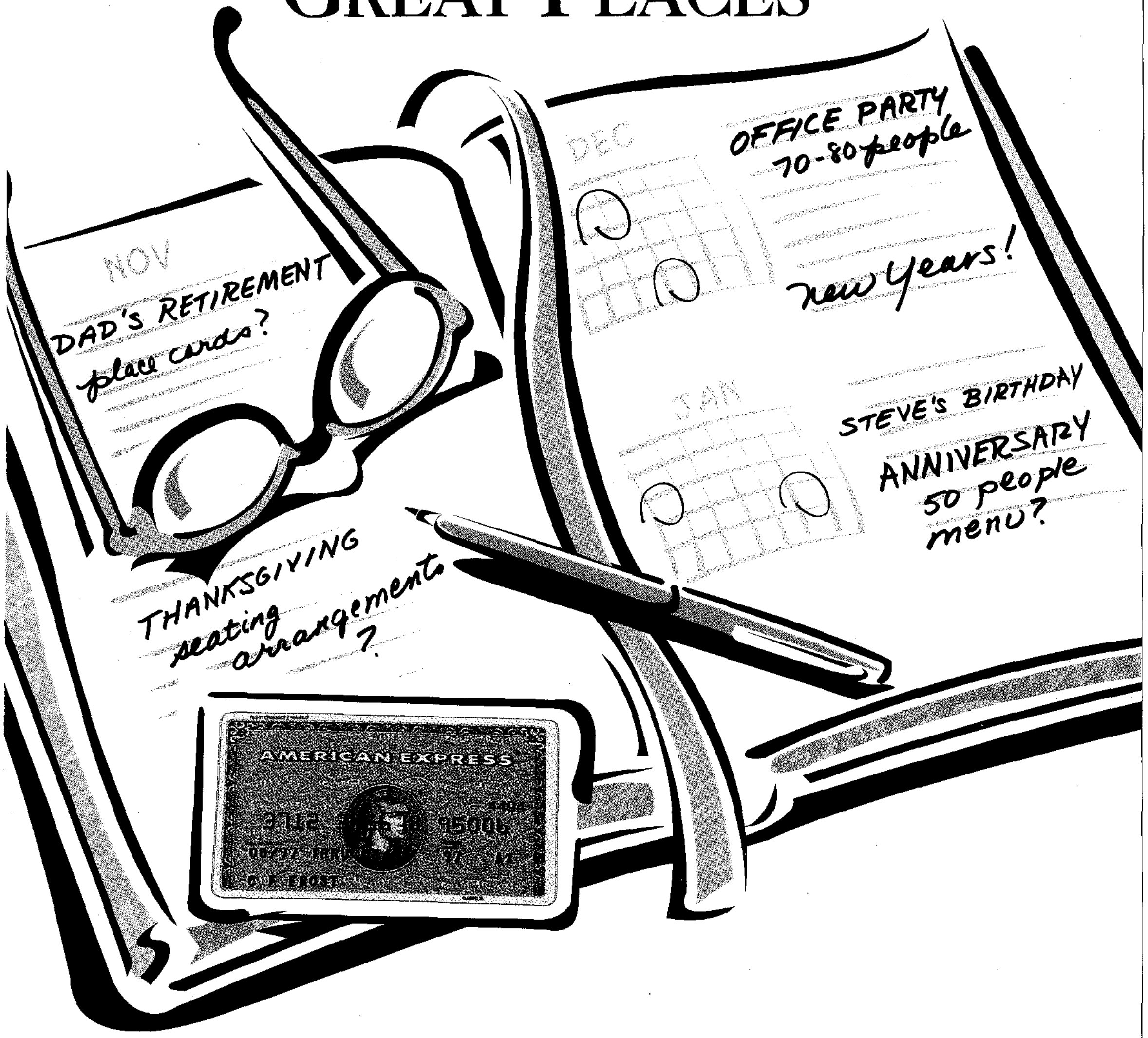
I'm faintly annoyed myself, being forced by the position of my chair to gaze boutiqueward at the big-screen multimedia ode to Tuscany that is supposed to contribute to the beauty of the marketplace "without holding it captive" (or so promises the press kit). But even on this first early evening, with its tentative service, I'm thrilled to be eating hearty peasant food after too many nights of fussy fusion. I love the thick Tuscan soups spooned from a pottery crock into my bowl—black-eyed peas, Swiss chard, and ham one night; lentils, potato, and fennel the next. There's a daily farrotto, the risottolike glorification of "a grain that's somewhere between barley and rice," according to the waiter. Tonight's lush porridge is flecked with wild mushrooms and butternut squash. Then, what a discovery: gramigna, pasta with a perm, in a lively chickpea-studded spinach-pancetta sauce. And if my friends would only stop monopolizing the peposo, a juicy Tuscan beef stew thickened with butternut squash, I'd polish it off.

For a purist, the tweaked Tuscan fare can't possibly live up to the poetry of the menu, larded with Tuscan lingo: arista di maiale, strozzapreti, pappardelle al pepolino. By the time Luongo has edited for the American taste, and his top corporate chef Marta Pulini has added a drop of this or that from her Modena childhood, it's no surprise that the stinco di vitello is served on the bone with fettucine. Or that the "Tuscan salad," unlike any Tuscan salad, may have walnuts, grapes, green-apple slices,

Piazza delivery: At Pino Luongo's new restaurant, Tuscan Square.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

GREAT PARTIES CALL FOR GREAT PLACES


NOV
DAD'S RETIREMENT
place cards?
THANKSGIVING
seating
arrangements
?
DEC
OFFICE PARTY
70-80 people
new years!
JAN
STEVE'S BIRTHDAY
ANNIVERSARY
50 people
menu?
AMERICAN EXPRESS

So, host your party at one of New York City's great restaurants where you can leave the details behind and, for once, you'll get to enjoy your own party. Pay with your American Express® Card and get the convenience and flexibility you deserve. Plus, if you're enrolled in ***Membership Rewards***,℠ you'll earn a point for every dollar you charge.* It's just one more way the American Express Card helps you ***do more***!

A RESTAURANT IS A GREAT PLACE TO CELEBRATE

CINQVANTA
50 East 50th Street
212-759-5050

TAPIKA
950 Eigth Avenue at 56th
212-397-3737

CanCun
937 8th Avenue
212-307-7307

BREWS
156 East 34th Street
212-889-3369

South Shore Country Club
200 Huguenot Avenue
Staten Island
718-356-7017

ZARELA CATERING
953 2nd Avenue
212-644-6740

Caffe Grazie
26 East 84th Street
212-717-4407

The OAKS
49 Grove Street
212-675-2168

MIMI'S
984 Second Avenue
212-688-4692

CAROLINES IS COMEDY
1626 Broadway
212-956-0101

MARIBEL'S
170 Mercer Street 3W
212-431-3387

S.O.B.'s
200 Varick Street
212-243-4940

American Express®
MEMBERSHIP REWARDS
-800-AXP-EARN (297-3276)

* Some Corporate Cards and some Optima® Cards and are not eligible for enrollment and will not qualify for *Membership Rewards*℠ points. © 1997 American Express Travel Related Services Company, Inc.

do more AMERICAN EXPRESS® **Cards**

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and Pecorino bits tossed in leaves of young spinach and frisée. Factor in the sensibilities of executive chef Maurizio Marfoglia (from Milano) and boss baker Carolina Perego (from Saronno). Can that explain why the tuna-sandwich-to-go tastes just like my Detroit mom's? For spare-rib lovers who teethed on Sylvia's peppery pork and Virgil's wet-rubbed Memphis beauties, no tough and gnarled rostinciana will ever satisfy. But the Tuscan ribs are gentrified and juicy here, better by far than the bland milk-braised pork or the dry chicken stew with artichokes. I'm assuming the oversalting that forced us to send the ribs back at lunch is just the shock of the new in the kitchen.

Pino-watchers, admirers and backbiters alike, aren't likely to wait for this complex Passion play to jell. The crew, the few survivors of Luongo's odyssey with whom he is still speaking, can't quite believe the place is actually open. "A miracle," Pulini calls it. "There was no time even to train the staff." That's why everyone's entrées cool as your waiter struggles gamely but clumsily to dish out your pasta with two spoons in one hand. Did he dress the salad? Maybe not. Did he grab the oil that so offended my visitor from Florence from the wrong tin? Marta Pulini would like to think he did.

"New York used to have five boroughs," Luongo exalts. "Now we have five boroughs and a region." If that means leather totes, toothbrushes, sealing wax, wine by the glass, and a $22.50 lunch or a $38.50 dinner upstairs, it also means breakfast, carryout, rustic tableware, cooking classes, and a $16.50 lunch or an $18.50 dinner at the Chef's Table, a counter that looks into the kitchen downstairs. One late afternoon in the concourse Marketplace, the mozzarella-maker stood idle and morose, waiting for the crowds that would sweep up his stock of gummy little balls. At the busier focaccia station, a South American who has "always worked with the Italians for years" offered to warm up my savory Tuscan tart—chicken and spinach that day—and spooned up my choices at the antipasti bar. And one of the original mothers from Le Madri sprinkled a few drops of balsamic vinegar on top. I grabbed the triumphant tuna sandwich (leaking into its securely taped wrapper) and fried calamari with peppery mayonnaise in semolina bread, weird and delicious. "So strange an idea," Pulini agrees, but it's really selling. Two little baglets of cookies-to-go, butternut rounds and rugelach look-alikes, at $4.25 per quarter pound, and homey apple cake ($1.75 the slice) show the bakery at its best. Either one would have made a better dessert upstairs than the menu's chocolate "salami," the dreary chestnut parfait, or an uninspired puff pastry "chest" filled with fruit and yogurt cream. And a soapy-sweet white-chocolate tartufo is no stand-in for the mythic bitter-chocolate tartufo of Piazza Navona in Rome.

It's not easy being strictly Tuscan. Bar Pitti in the Village can do it because it's small and cheap and caters to homesick Italians and folks with a craving for tripe. Il Cantinori, where Luongo once persuaded an adventurous clientele to treasure white beans and fresh sardines, can count on selling innards during the week, but never on summer weekends, when out-of-towners take over the place. Pulini talks about doing Florentine tripe salad. "I'll put it on the antipasto table where no one will know what it is. If they put it in their mouths, they may like it." Americans love the Olive Garden. That doesn't mean it's Tuscan.

Marta Pulini has survived life with Pino Luongo longer than most. How does she do it? She admires his passion. "He is exciting, always full of ideas, and very gentleman to me." But a handful of those who nurse bruises from broken partnerships along the way remember the actor who didn't make it in Rome and began as a busboy at Da Silvano. They wonder aloud how he became so Tuscan. Indeed, as he played his Tuscan theme out at Il Cantinori, Coco Pazzo, and Il Toscanaccio, Italian customers would sometimes tease him: "Why do you call yourself Tuscan when Luongo is a Neapolitan name?" In Italy, where you're born can be a major issue, especially in Tuscany. To a Florentine, everything south is redneck country. You can stir up endless debate over whether you are Florentine if you've only been there two generations. "He can't be Tuscan," one Tuscan chef insists. "He's too smart. He must be Neapolitan." Luongo is not amused. His Neapolitan father was stationed at an Army base near Florence when he met Luongo's Tuscan mother. Papa was away on a bicycle race in Pisa when baby Pino was born 27 di Aprile at home in Florence. He will fax his birth certificate, if you wish.

But isn't Tuscan Square as good as any birth certificate? Even if you were never to find a tuna sandwich in Tuscany as evocative as Pino's, he's surely proven his birthright.

Tuscan Square, 16 West 51st Street, (977-7777). Lunch, 11:30 A.M.–4 P.M.; dinner, 5 P.M.–11 P.M. daily. Shop, 10 A.M.–11 P.M. daily. The Marketplace: breakfast, Monday through Friday, 7 A.M.–11 A.M.; Saturday and Sunday, 10 A.M.–2 P.M.; carryout, Monday through Friday, 7 A.M.–8 P.M.; Saturday and Sunday, 10 A.M.–8 P.M. Chef's Table: lunch, 11 A.M.–4 P.M. daily. Dinner, 5 P.M.–11 P.M. daily. A.E., M.C., V. ■

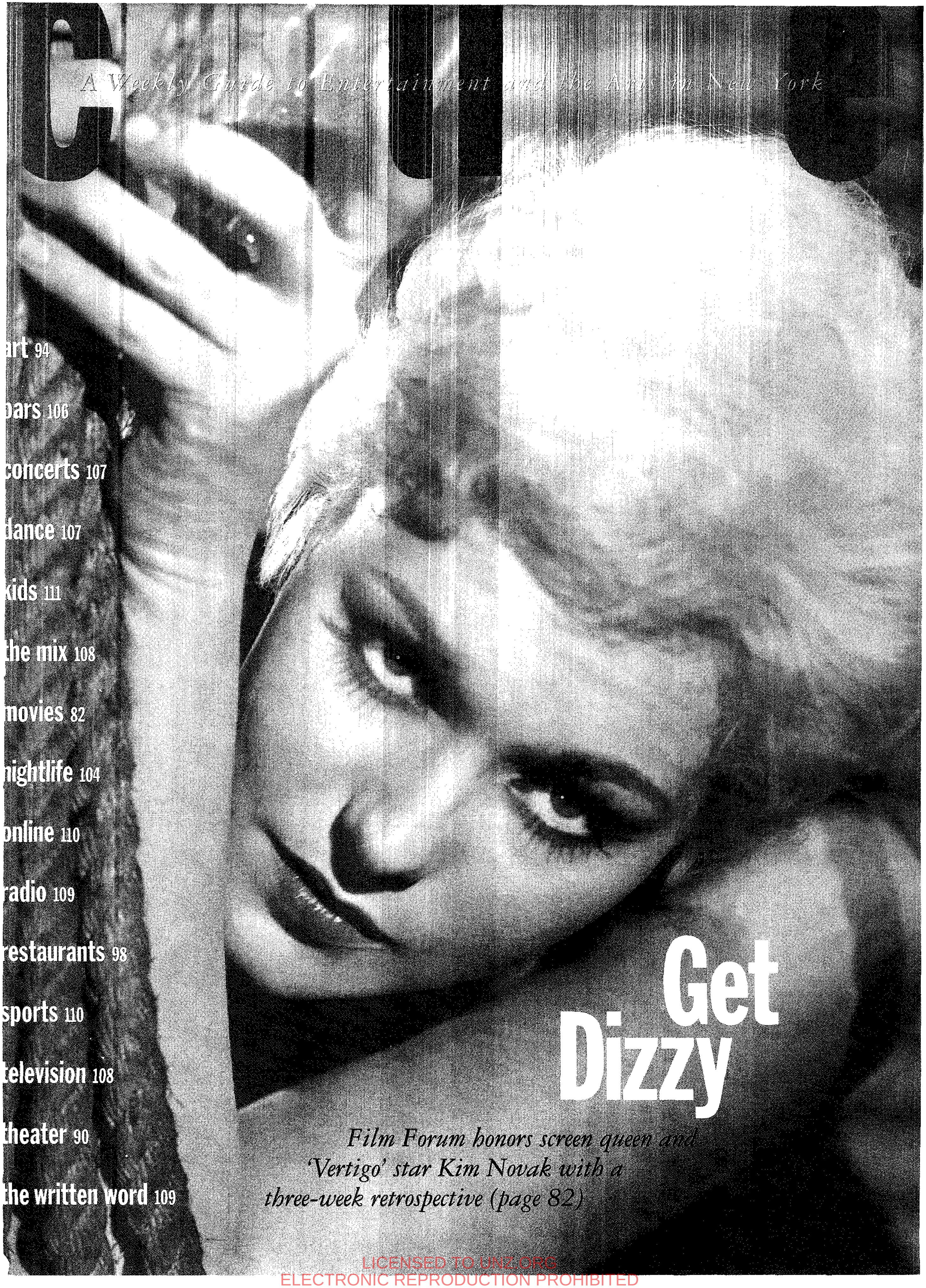
Leonard *continued from page 77*

Frank's sex life. Or waiting for the next inspired rant from Munch (Richard Belzer). Or furious at Kellerman, not only for his dangerous instability but also for blowing off the gorgeous medical examiner–biker chick Julianna (Michelle Forbes), who, by the way, is drinking too much, like Dana Delany on *China Beach*.

For the next three weeks, however, what's been implicit all along on *Homicide*—that the Civil War didn't end at Appomattox—becomes explicit. And everyone is loud about it except Bayliss (Kyle Secor), once again keeping his own counsel and, as always, the show's seismograph, a Joan Didion crouched on the fault lines of cop culture, alert to every trembling of tectonic plates. If our Pillsbury Doughboy of a president really wants a conversation on race, he couldn't do better than to tune in this one, which is brilliant. The trouble is, the cops are shooting themselves. And they'll have to live with one another afterward, which is why no other series program has had the guts to throw its continuing characters into such a firestorm. It occurs to me that our nation too must live with itself afterward—with the wound whose ragged edges crave to heal but can't.

IN A DON'T-MISS EPISODE OF **Chicago Hope** called "Brain Salad Surgery" (Wednesday, October 15; 10 to 11 P.M.; CBS), the supersensitive sad sack Dr. Aaron Shutt (Adam Arkin) has just quit the hospital for his own lab and postdoc at Harvard Medical School when he suffers a cerebral aneurysm. He falls into a musical coma, during which his whole unhappy life flashes before his wounded eyes in a series of production numbers, as if he were drowning in *Cop Rock*. Thus, a rousing lip-synching of "Walk Like a Man," courtesy of Christine Lahti as Frankie Valli, with Hector Elizondo (in sideburns and fright wig), Jayne Brook, and Peter Berg as the Four Seasons. Similarly, Mark Harmon, in a straw hat by a honkytonk piano, "singing" "Red, Red Robin." And Mandy Patinkin, really singing, of course, "I'll Be There," as Jeffrey Geiger redux. Not to mention a young Aaron, in a red suit shortly after his bar mitzvah, emoting, "When I'm On My Journey." And a grown-up Aaron with an entire hospital of hoofers in a show- and surgery-stopping "Luck Be a Lady." Plus "I Think I'm Going Out of My Head (Over You)," etc. What's more surprising than the echoes of *All That Jazz* and *Tommy* is just how appropriate all this medical technology seems to music-video sequencing. And before you wonder why I haven't mentioned *The Singing Detective*, I'll tell you that the black female surgeon (Tasha Smith) flown in to operate on Aaron is named Dr. Denise Potter. ■

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



art 94
bars 106
concerts 107
dance 107
kids 111
the mix 108
movies 82
nightlife 104
online 110
radio 109
restaurants 98
sports 110
television 108
theater 90
the written word 109

Get Dizzy

Film Forum honors screen queen and 'Vertigo' star Kim Novak with a three-week retrospective (page 82)

movies

Devil's Advocate. . .Kim Novak

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

New Films

Air Force One—Wolfgang Petersen's *Air Force One* is exciting, well made, and utterly preposterous. When a group of crazed neo-Soviet nationalists takes over Air Force One, President James Marshall (Harrison Ford) has the chance to parachute to safety in an escape pod. But the prez has just made a bold speech in Moscow insisting that the United States will never negotiate with terrorists; now he has to prove it. Whoopee! It's *Independence Day* all over again. In the White House, Vice-President Kathryn Bennett (Glenn Close) talks tough to the hijacking slimebags on the telephone and fends off a Haig-ish secretary of Defense (Dean Stockwell). Gary Oldman is the head of the hijackers, an angry and contemptuous man who frankly hates the new Russian freedoms. The film certainly holds our attention, and a few of us may brush away a tear when some awed soldiers salute their action-hero president with obvious pride. But *Air Force One* is utterly square. (Denby; 8/4/97) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Criterion Center.*

Boogie Nights—See Denby, page 56. (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

Cop Land—This New York–area movie, written and directed by the young filmmaker James Mangold and starring Sylvester Stallone, Harvey Keitel, Robert De Niro, and Ray Liotta, suffers from an unusual fault. *Cop Land* is actually too complicated. The cops in question, all from the same New York City precinct and led by Harvey Keitel's baleful Ray Donlan, have grown disgusted with the violence and mess of the city. At night, the men cross the George Washington Bridge to Jersey, where they live with their families in a tiny paradise—"Garrison." A young cop named Babitch (Michael Rapaport) gets into trouble on the bridge, killing two black teenagers after a misunderstanding; his older police friends instantly arrange his disappearance and then hide him in Garrison. The cops are so brazen that they allow Babitch to expose himself to the gaze of Garrison's sheriff, Freddy Heflin (Sylvester Stallone)—Freddy the nice guy who lost part of his hearing saving a girl from drowning and can't get on the New York force. Robert De Niro shows up as a former cop buddy of Keitel's who has gone over to Internal Affairs. Janeane Garofalo, of all people, is part of Freddy's police force in Garrison. Ray Liotta is a cop who is part of Keitel's group but feels betrayed and shut out. Liotta, always an intense actor, makes the most of his scenes, but he can't fight his way into the center of the movie. That place, I'm afraid, is left to Stallone. The performance goes nowhere for a long time and then lurches forward into rage. Freddy redeems himself, and all of a sudden, Mangold abandons his idiosyncratic setting and theme and turns his hero into the lone sheriff in an old Western. The picture comes to a climax in a slow-mo shootout that is one of the saddest admissions of defeat in years. (Denby; 8/25/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–4.*

Deep Crimson—A retelling of the cult classic *The Honeymoon Killers.* Directed by Arturo Ripstein, former assistant to Mexico's leading director, Luis Buñuel. (1 hr. 49 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Edge—In *The Edge*, a very rich man (Anthony Hopkins), his beautiful wife, a model (Elle Macpherson), and a young fashion photographer (Alec Baldwin) who covets the beautiful model travel to Alaska for a photo shoot. After certain preliminaries, the two men get stranded in the wilderness without weapons or food, and the movie proper gets under way. Who survives and who doesn't? Will the young man kill the older in order to take his woman, or will they work together for common survival? Or will they both succumb to despair and get eaten by a giant Kodiak bear (Bart the Bear)? These questions are chased up and down mountains, through piney forests, across yawning chasms, and alongside ponds, lakes, and glinting streams. *The Edge* was concocted by David Mamet, but Mamet has done little more than tone up a *Men's Journal* fantasy of hanging tough. The older man is an intellectual, the young man a moral weakling. There's no doubt who's the more honorable person, but in the freezing wastes, does virtue lead to survival? The issue is fought without the slightest reference to the woman, who, we are left thinking, is not only treacherous but stupid. (She will, apparently, accept either one as the winner.) Director Lee Tamahori makes the most of the Canadian Rockies, which double for Alaska's terrain; and Tamahori puts his two stars through a great deal of wet and cold and general misery. As a physical adventure, the film is often pictorially thrilling, and it remains to be said that the bear is just great. Huge and fierce, with a spectacularly ugly nose and mouth, it paws the ground, swipes at the air, and in general gets the director, writer, and actors out of trouble whenever the movie begins to expire in the forest. I didn't, myself, care which of the two men got Elle Macpherson. Perhaps the bear should have her. He certainly works the hardest. (Denby; 10/6/97) (1 hr. 21 mins.; R) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Coronet; Criterion Center; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre; The Movies at Bayside.*

The End of Violence—Bill Pullman, Andie MacDowell, and Gabriel Byrne star in Wim Wenders's latest sweeping story about the meaning of violence, both in reality and in images. (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Village East.*

Eye of God—In an oil town in Oklahoma, Martha Plimpton is a young woman

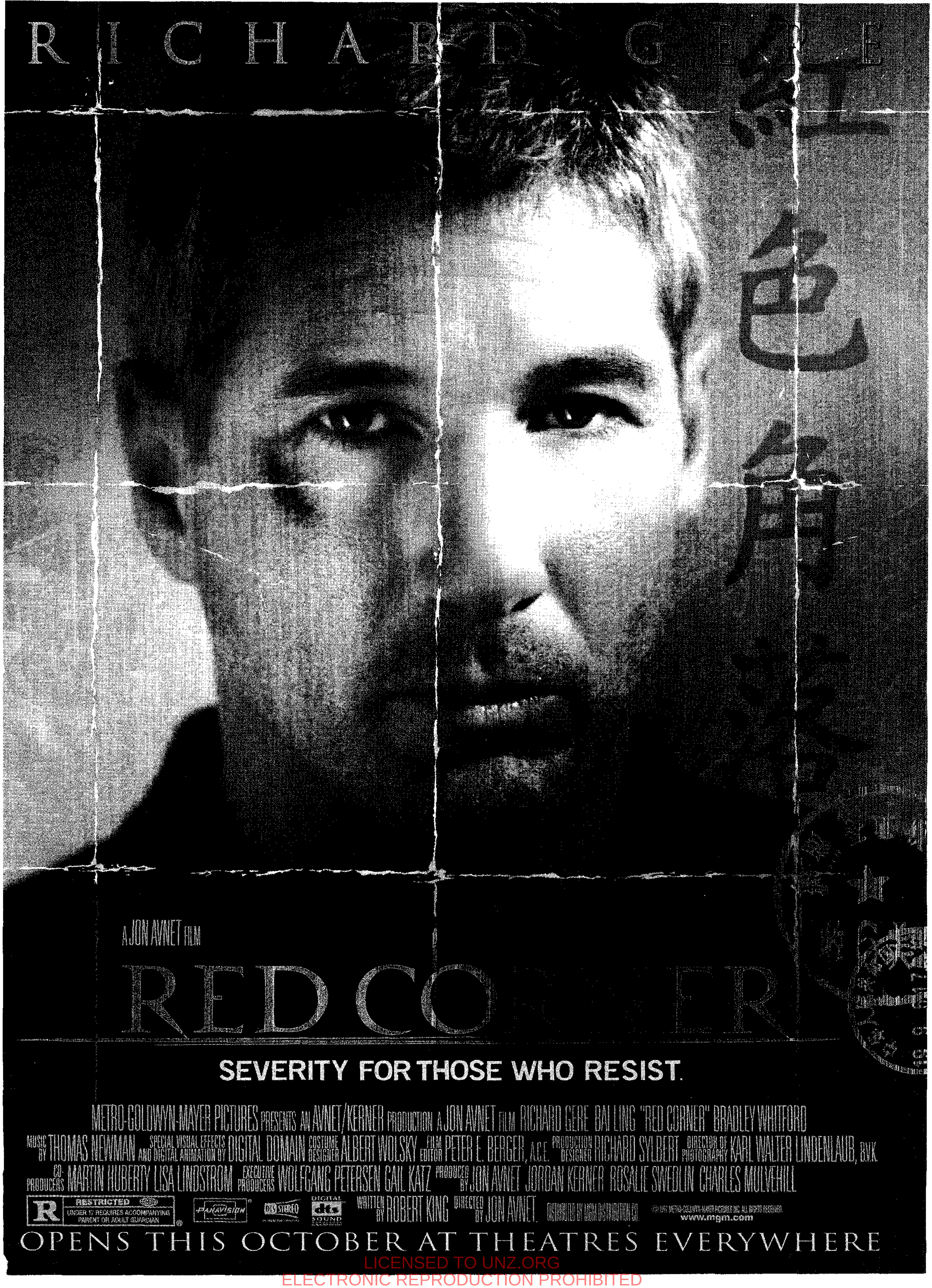
Retrospective

The Other Blonde

A mere two years after quitting her job as a travelling refrigerator demonstrator named "Miss Deepfreeze," Kim Novak was a movie star, outranking Marilyn Monroe as America's top box-office attraction and famously dating Rat Packer Frank Sinatra (her co-star in 1955's *The Man With the Golden Arm* and 1957's *Pal Joey*). The ingenue became a credible actress despite the heavy-handed image-molding of Columbia head Harry Cohn, and she survived the calculated manipulations of Alfred Hitchcock on the set of *Vertigo* (below). Still, after a decade she would leave Tinseltown and marry a veterinarian. The films of her brief but legend-making career play during Film Forum's retrospective "This Is Kim," starting Friday. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Photograph courtesy of the Film Forum/Photofest

"Cue" cover photograph courtesy of the Film Forum/Photofest.



RICHARD GERE

A JON AVNET FILM

RED CORNER

SEVERITY FOR THOSE WHO RESIST.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES PRESENTS AN AVNET/KERNER PRODUCTION A JON AVNET FILM RICHARD GERE BAI LING "RED CORNER" BRADLEY WHITFORD
MUSIC BY THOMAS NEWMAN SPECIAL VISUAL EFFECTS AND DIGITAL ANIMATION BY DIGITAL DOMAIN COSTUME DESIGNER ALBERT WOLSKY FILM EDITOR PETER E. BERGER, A.C.E. PRODUCTION DESIGNER RICHARD SYLBERT DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY KARL WALTER LINDENLAUB, B.V.K.
CO-PRODUCERS MARTIN HUBERTY LISA LINDSTROM EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS WOLFGANG PETERSEN GAIL KATZ PRODUCED BY JON AVNET JORDAN KERNER ROSALIE SWEDLIN CHARLES MULVEHILL

R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN ® PANAVISION® DTS STEREO DIGITAL dts SOUND WRITTEN BY ROBERT KING DIRECTED BY JON AVNET DISTRIBUTED BY MGM DISTRIBUTION CO.

© 1997 METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

www.mgm.com

OPENS THIS OCTOBER AT THEATRES EVERYWHERE whose marriage to a controlling prison parolee ends badly. With Hal Holbrook. (1 hr. 24 mins; NR) *Opens Friday.*

Fast, Cheap & Out of Control—The stories of four obsessives—a lion tamer, a topiary gardener, a rat specialist, and a robot designer—are documented in Errol Morris (*The Thin Blue Line*) style. (1 hr. 22 mins.; PG) *Film Forum.*

Fire—The story of the love that develops between two sisters-in-law tired of duty and devotion in their middle-class New Delhi household. Directed by Deepa Mehta. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Full Monty—Robert Carlyle stars as Gaz, an out-of-work steelworker in Sheffield, England, who rounds up his unemployed friends and persuades them to put together a male strip troupe. Directed by Peter Cattaneo. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; 19th Street East; Coronet; UA East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Game—*The Game*, a grimly sportive new thriller directed by David Fincher (*Seven*), has the look and feel of postindustrial paranoia. Michael Douglas's San Francisco tycoon, Nicholas Van Orton, is a proud, cold American with freezing corporate curtness and an expression of haughty distaste. Then Nicholas's scapegrace kid brother (Sean Penn) pays for Nicholas's membership in some kind of outrageous recreational club, and from that moment on, odd things begin happening. The action is not always convincing at any level of reality; nevertheless, we're held by the picture. The awful thing is that after the enormous buildup of mystery, the explanation, when it comes, explains nothing and means nothing. In the end, it is the audience, not Nicholas, who is cheated by *The Game*. For all its skill, the picture turns out to be solemnly self-important about its own inconsequence. (Denby; 9/22/97) (1 hr. 28 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Gang Related—Tupac Shakur and James Belushi are cops who get into trouble while taking the law into their own hands. With Dennis Quaid, Lela Rochon, James Earl Jones, and Kool Moe Dee. Directed by Jim Kouf. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; 86th Street East; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza.*

Gummo—The latest from *Kids* writer Harmony Korine. With Chloe Sevigny. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Opens Friday.*

Happy Together—Cannes winner about two Hong Kong expats working on their relationship while stuck in Buenos Aires. Directed by Wong Kar-Wai. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Hoodlum—Laurence Fishburne plays a numbers-racket king in thirties Harlem who triggers a gang war when he allies himself with Lucky Luciano. Also starring Tim Roth, Andy Garcia, Vanessa Williams, and Cicely Tyson. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Embassy 2–4.*

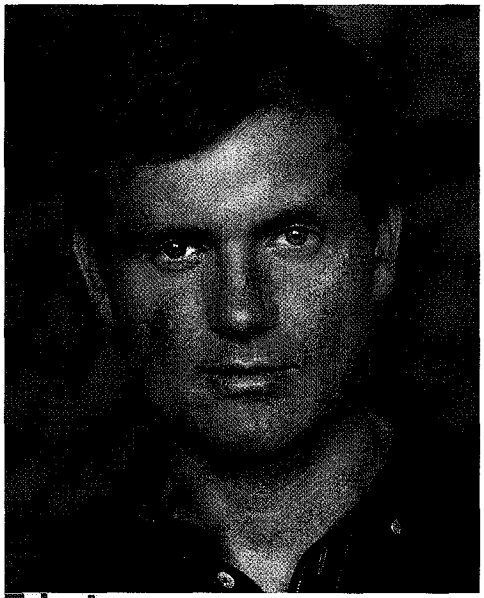
The House of Yes—Parker Posey is a Jackie O–obsessed twin whose close relationship with her brother is threatened by his new fiancée. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Regency.*

The Ice Storm—In *The Ice Storm*, the normally protected reaches of New Canaan, Connecticut, are violated by a sinister snapping noise—the sound of frozen power lines falling in a shower of sparks. Where are we, at the bottom circle of Dante's Inferno, where tears turn to ice? No, only in the land of rich, suburban Wasps, where everything is a little weird. The movie is set in the early seventies and two families are falling apart. The husband and father (Kevin Kline) in one of these families, the Hoods, is having a tepid affair with Janey Carver, the wife and mother (Sigourney Weaver) in the other. At the same time, Hood's 14-year-old daughter, Wendy (Christina Ricci), who likes to expose herself, is fooling around with Janey's two sons (Elijah Wood and Adam Hann-Byrd). Paul Hood, Ben's 16-year-old son, is the narrator. Paul's bemused face and hapless attempts to bed a prep-school girl are, in the performance by Tobey Maguire, about the movie's liveliest elements. For a while, we hope the film will be funny. The Hoods, the Carvers, and their friends would be swingers if only they knew how. At a wife-swapping party, husbands and wives exchange partners without much excitement; the scene acutely observed and unutterably depressing. *The Ice Storm*, perceptive as it is, feels pained and embarrassed. These people are just pathetic; they behave badly, and they don't even get any fun out of it. The actors are a talented group, but they look haltered. One wants to embrace Kline's Ben Hood, but one loses patience with the character, just as one loses patience with his wife, Elena (a masklike Joan Allen), who knows that Ben is straying and expresses her anger in bouts of shoplifting. Why doesn't any of them do something? Or at least say something? Director Ang Lee's touch is very delicate, and the movie's perfection of bleakness offers a refined pleasure (of a sort). But the material doesn't quite play. If, at one end of the spectrum, *The Ice Storm* is like Mazursky without the laughs, at the other it's like Bergman without the anguished brilliance. (Denby; 10/6/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**In & Out**—In his Oscar acceptance speech, Matt Dillon casually "outs" his high-school English teacher—Mr. Brackett. A bachelor, perhaps 40, Howard Brackett (Kevin Kline) is about to be married to another teacher (Joan Cusack). When the citizens of Greenleaf, Indiana, glued to their sets, hear about his alleged homosexuality, they freeze (literally: no one moves). Brackett denies being gay, but a pack of reporters descends on the sleepy burg, led by a persistent tabloid-TV personality (Tom Selleck) who really is gay. In the idyllic countryside, the two men run into each other, and Selleck grabs Kline and kisses him on the mouth for what seems like an eternity. Bazoingas! The teacher is knocked silly, like Buster Keaton clobbered by a brick. So is he or isn't he? Kevin Kline's lightweight, I-can-do-anything style works for this cipher. Tom Selleck has finally found his way in movies, too. Joan Cusack has one of those abandoned-at-the-altar scenes that could be nothing but a cliché, but she triumphs, too. The laughs arrive in volleys, though many of them are cheaply earned. Still, there's that kiss between Selleck and Kline. People looking for boldness will seize on that kiss. The rest of us will have to live with it in every Oscar-night collage of Hollywood's most romantic moments. (Denby; 9/22/97) (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; 72nd St. East; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Olympia Theatre; Kingsway; Pavilion Theatre; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; The Movies at Bayside.*

In the Company of Men—At the beginning of *In the Company of Men*, Chad (Aaron Eckhart) and Howard (Matt Malloy) are flying to a six-week assignment in a branch office of their company. It's a lousy assignment, and they complain sourly about work and about the women back home—girlfriends—who have done them dirt. In the airport, Chad proposes, and Howard agrees, that they should claim some revenge. During their six weeks in purgatory, they will take turns attracting a defenseless woman and then dumping her. The two men get down to work and take turns flirting with the perfect victim—a secretary, Christine (Stacy Edwards), who is a lovely person, with a beautiful figure and dark hair and eyes. She is also stone-deaf, and Chad makes fun of her slightly hooty voice while tenderly seducing her; Howard, meanwhile, actually falls in love. Eckhart has a laughing charm; Malloy, as crawling-on-his-belly Howard, is really too sad to bear watching. The movie is a repellent experience—a schematic, coldly cynical work that pretends to expose coldness and cynicism. It's the season's conversation piece, no doubt, but far from a work of art. (Denby; 8/18/97) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Village East.*

Kiss the Girls—Morgan Freeman and Ashley Judd scour the woods of North Carolina for a possible serial killer—and Freeman's missing niece. Directed by Gary Fleder. (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; 19th Street East; 34th Street Show-*



Photograph by Fred Norris.

Talent

The *Scream*-writer

Kevin Williamson, the writer behind the wit and gore of last year's *Scream*, is more than happy to share the tale of his latest horror movie, *I Know What You Did Last Summer* (opening Friday). He is, after all, a storyteller and a southern gentleman, the kind of young man who plans to buy his parents a house with the proceeds of his recent Miramax deal (it won't be hard: *Variety* says the package could be worth up to $20 million). The new film isn't entirely his own story: It's an adaptation of a seventies teen novel—about four kids who try to cover up an accidental killing—that he agreed to write before *Scream* became an instant cult classic. "It's sort of a morality tale," he notes. "In a lot of ways, it's the movie *Scream* parodied." No matter. Williamson, who grew up watching John Hughes films in quiet New Bern, North Carolina, is "evolving," churning out scripts with a religious fervor. He's created three upcoming television shows: *Pamlico*, a "southern drama" for ABC; *Dawson's Creek*, a coming-of-age story for Warner Bros.; and *Wasteland*, a smart *Melrose Place*, as part of his Miramax deal. He's written a treatment for *Halloween VII* (with Jamie Lee Curtis's blessing). And he'll soon write the third and final segment of the *Scream* trilogy (*Scream II* comes out in December). But Williamson's not chained to his word processor—he's also getting ready to direct his *Heathers*-like satire *Killing Mrs. Tingle*. Since even that's not enough, he hopes to develop an action thriller, a love story, a romantic comedy, and, he adds, "a *Breakfast Club* for the nineties." "Horror," he explains, "is kind of over."

Patricia Falvo

"TOUCHING, ABSORBING AND WONDERFULLY ACTED."

—Jeffrey Lyons, WNBC-TV

"ESZTERHAS WROTE THIS ONE FROM THE HEART with a rich vein of humor and period color."

—Roger Ebert, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

OFFICIAL SELECTION
NEW YORK
FILM FESTIVAL

KEVIN BACON

BRAD RENFRO

TELLING LIES IN AMERICA

Dress sharp. Drive fast. Look cool. Laugh last.

JOE ESZTERHAS PRESENTS A BANNER ENTERTAINMENT PRODUCTION IN ASSOCIATION WITH KUZUI ENTERPRISES AND BEN MYRON PRODUCTIONS KEVIN BACON BRAD RENFRO MAXIMILIAN SCHELL "TELLING LIES IN AMERICA"
WITH CALISTA FLOCKHART PAUL DOOLEY LUKE WILSON EMILY SCHWEBER AND SUSAN BROWN LAURA CUNNINGHAM NICHOLAS PIKE JILL SAVITT JAMES GELARDEN REYNALDO VILLALOBOS KAZ KUZUI
FRED CARUSO BRIAN SWARDSTROM MICKEY LIDDELL AND NAOMI ESZTERHAS BEN MYRON AND FRAN RUBEL KUZUI JOE ESZTERHAS GUY FERLAND

PG-13 PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED
Some Material May Be Inappropriate for Children Under 13

DOLBY SELECTED THEATRES

BANNER ENTERTAINMENT

© 1997 RELEVART, INC.

EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENTS START FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17TH

LINCOLN PLAZA CINEMAS 63RD ST. & B'WAY OPP. LINCOLN CENTER 757-2280 FOR ADVANCE TICKET SALES CALL 777-FILM #740

CITY CINEMAS **VILLAGE EAST** 2ND AVENUE AT 12TH STREET 777-FILM # 922

Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Kingsway; The Movies at Bayside.

★**Washington Square**—In *Washington Square*, set in upper-class new york in the 1850s, a plain, awkward girl who happens to be an heiress, Catherine Sloper (Jennifer Jason Leigh), meets a handsome young man, Morris Townsend (Ben Chaplin), at an elaborate garden party. No man of comparable beauty, or any beauty at all, has paid her much attention in her life, which has been led entirely under the gaze of her father, Dr. Sloper (Albert Finney), a widower of sardonic speech and dictatorial temperament. Morris is not only good-looking but also charming, ardent, and, as far as Catherine can tell, entirely taken with her. Is he serious? A mere opportunist? Catherine's father is sure that he is after her fortune. Agnieszka Holland, the Polish-born director of *Europa, Europa* and *Olivier, Olivier*, gives every emotion its full stop. If the results aren't in line with James's tone—one of suavity yielding to outbursts of candor—the movie often works on its own terms as emotional drama. At first Jennifer Jason Leigh is too rabbity. Her Catherine seems not merely shy and awkward but half insane. Jason Leigh is about half the size of Ben Chaplin, whose Morris Townsend nearly devours Catherine, and she's ready to be devoured. Albert Finney, however, is something of a brute. He seems to have wandered in from another set, where Dickens was being adapted. But Chaplin and Jason Leigh keep the movie on track. Henry James gave Catherine dignity in withdrawal; Holland, in a series of final radiant close-ups, makes her a force. It's a feminist reading of the text but not a vulgarization of it. (Denby; 10/13/97) (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre.*

Wishmaster—When a genie is awakened from his 1,000-year sleep, horror ensues. Directed by Robert Kurtzman; presented by Wes Craven. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Criterion Center; New Coliseum.*

Year of the Horse—Jim Jarmusch trails rocker Neil Young on tour. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *The Full Monty; The House of Yes; The Ice Storm; Washington Square; Year of the Horse.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Kiss the Girls.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Dance Hall Queen; Happy Together; Like A Bride.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Deep Crimson; Fast, Cheap & Out of Control.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W.13th St. (255-8800) *Fire; Latin Boys Go to Hell; Lilies; Nenette et Boni.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Casablanca; Love Always.* (See also"Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *The Edge; The End of Violence; In the Company of Men; Mrs. Brown; The Myth of Fingerprints; Napoleon; Rocketman; Shall We Dance?; Soul in the Hole; The Game.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Gang Related; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; Most Wanted; The Peacemaker; Seven Years in Tibet; U Turn.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Soul Food.*

14th–41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Full Monty; Kiss the Girls; Most Wanted; Rocketman; The Game; U Turn.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *In & Out; Kiss the Girls; The Peacemaker.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *Gang Related; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Soul Food; The Matchmaker.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *In & Out; Seven Years in Tibet.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *The Edge; L. A. Confidential; Seven Years in Tibet; U Turn.*

42nd–60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The Myth of Fingerprints; Napoleon.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Kiss the Girls.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *The Locusts; Mrs. Brown.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *The Ice Storm; Mrs. Brown; A Thousand Acres.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Edge; The Full Monty.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Air Force One; The Edge; Gang Related; Money Talks; Most Wanted; Seven Years in Tibet; Wishmaster.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Soul Food.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Shall We Dance?*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Rocketman.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Cop Land; Hoodlum; Mrs. Brown.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Napoleon.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Gang Related.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Soul Food.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Washington Square.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *In & Out; L. A. Confidential; The Game; U Turn.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Most Wanted; Rocketman.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Chasing Amy; Contact; Face/Off; Good Burger; Mimic; My Best Friend's Wedding.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Peacemaker.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *In & Out.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *The Edge; Kiss the Girls.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Gang Related; Rocketman.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Closed for renovations.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Kiss the Girls; The Peacemaker; The Game; The Matchmaker.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Seven Years in Tibet; U Turn.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *L. A. Confidential.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *In & Out; L. A. Confidential; Most Wanted; The Peacemaker; Seven Years in Tibet; Soul Food; U Turn.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Full Monty.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Love Always.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Gang Related; Kiss the Girls; Rocketman; Soul Food.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Full Monty; The Ice Storm; Shall We Dance?; Underground.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Boogie Nights; The Edge; In & Out; L.A. Confidential; Most Wanted; The Peacemaker; Seven Years in Tibet; The Game; The Matchmaker; U Turn.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Kiss the Girls; Soul Food.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Gang Related; Kiss the Girls; Most Wanted; The Peacemaker; Wishmaster.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Gang Related; Most Wanted; Soul Food.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *In & Out; The Peacemaker.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *The House of Yes.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Dance Hall Queen; The Edge; Gang Related; In & Out; Kiss the Girls; L.A. Confidential; Most Wanted; The Peacemaker; Rocketman; Soul Food; U Turn; Wishmaster.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161st St. (588-8800) *Gang*

Festival

Projecting an Image

You can leave your sunglasses in the Range Rover, because this weekend it's all about cinema at the fifth annual Hamptons International Film Festival, where 60 features (including Goldie Hawn's first directorial effort, the aptly titled 'Hope') will make a grand entrance. Two much-anticipated British films to catch: Alan Rickman's 'The Winter Guest,' starring Emma Thompson and her real-life mother, Phyllida Law (right), and 'Wings of the Dove,' with a familiarly pallid (but newly devious) Helena Bonham Carter. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Photograph by Clive Coote/Fine Line Features.

Related; In & Out; Kiss the Girls; Most Wanted; The Peacemaker; Rocketman; Soul Food; U Turn; Wishmaster.

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Gang Related; In & Out; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential; Money Talks; Most Wanted; The Peacemaker; Rocketman; Seven Years in Tibet; Soul Food; U Turn; Wishmaster.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *The Edge; In & Out; Most Wanted; Rocketman; Seven Years in Tibet; The Matchmaker; U Turn.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Gang Related; Most Wanted; Soul Food.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *The Full Monty; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential; Seven Years in Tibet; U Turn.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Gang Related; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Soul Food.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Gang Related; Kiss the Girls; Most Wanted; Soul Food.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Dance Hall Queen; Gang Related; Kiss the Girls.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Gang Related; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential; Soul Food.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *In & Out; Most Wanted; The Peacemaker; Rocketman; U Turn.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *The Edge; Gang Related; Seven Years in Tibet; The Game; Wishmaster.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *The Edge; In & Out; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential; Most Wanted; Mrs. Brown; The Peacemaker; The Little Princess.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Gang Related; Kiss the Girls; Most Wanted; Rocketman; Soul Food.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *The Edge; In & Out; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential; Most Wanted; The Peacemaker; Rocketman; Soul Food; U Turn.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Gang Related; Kiss the Girls; Most Wanted; The Peacemaker; Soul Food; The Game; Wishmaster.*

Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Rocketman; Soul Food; The Game.*

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *In & Out; Kiss the Girls; The Peacemaker; The Matchmaker.*

Cinema City—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Gang Related; Kiss the Girls; Most Wanted; Soul Food; The Game.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *The Full Monty; Kiss the Girls; Most Wanted; Rocketman; The Matchmaker.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *The Peacemaker; Seven Years in Tibet; Soul Food.*

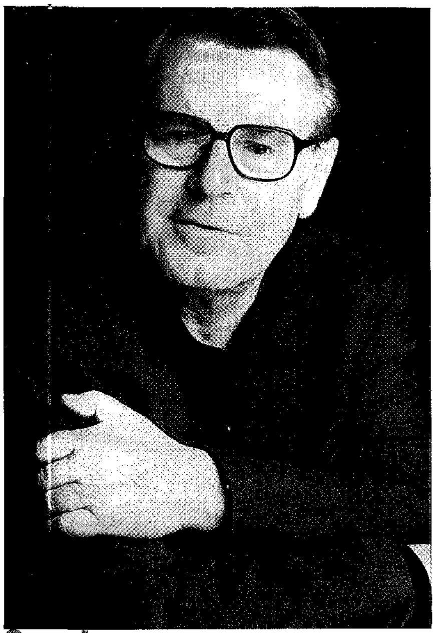
Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Gang Related; Soul Food.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *In & Out; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential; Most Wanted; The Peacemaker; Rocketman; U Turn; Wishmaster.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Gang Related; Kiss the Girls; Most Wanted; U Turn.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Edge; L. A. Confidential.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *The Edge; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; The Peacemaker; Rocketman; Seven Years in Tibet; U Turn.*



Speaker

Czech, Please

At the Prague Film Academy Film Festival, Milos Forman talks about making movies during the liberal sixties in his native Czechoslovakia; fellow Academy grads (including Jan Sverák, director of last year's *Kolya*)—who had to make do during later, more repressive decades—let their films speak for themselves. Starts Thursday at the New York Film Academy; see "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Gang Related; Most Wanted; Soul Food.*

Main Street Cinemas—72–66 Main St. (263-4828) *Excess Baggage; In & Out; Kiss the Girls; Leave It to Beaver; The Peacemaker; Seven Years in Tibet.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *The Edge; In & Out; L. A. Confidential; Most Wanted; The Peacemaker; Rocketman; The Game; Wishmaster.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Mrs. Brown; The Game; The Long Way Home.*

Plaza —103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Gang Related; Kiss the Girls.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Gang Related; Kiss the Girls; The Peacemaker; Soul Food.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *The Edge; In & Out; Seven Years in Tibet; U Turn.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *In & Out.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *The Edge; In & Out; Kiss the Girls; The Peacemaker; Rocketman; Seven Years in Tibet.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Gang Related; In & Out; Kiss the Girls; The Peacemaker; Rocketman.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *The Edge; In & Out; Kiss the Girls; L. A. Confidential; Most Wanted; Napoleon; The Peacemaker; Rocketman; Seven Years in Tibet; Soul Food; The Game; The Matchmaker; U Turn; Wishmaster.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Boris Karloff: Gentleman Monster." 10/18: *The Old Dark House* (1932) and *The Mummy* (1932). 10/19: *The Body Snatcher* (1945), and *Isle of the Dead* (1945). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077); $8, $4 ages 5–18.

Anthology Film Archives—Through 10/23: *Pretty Village, Pretty Flame* (1996). 10/15–10/19: *My Own Private Idaho* (1994). "A Tribute to the Taviani Brothers." 10/17 and 10/21: *Padre Padrone* (1977). 10/18 and 10/21: *The Meadow* (1979). 10/19–10/20: *The Night of the Shooting Stars* (1982). "Carl Th. Dreyer." 10/19: *Vredens Dag* (1943). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5110); $7.

China Institute in America—"Visions of Old Beijing." 10/17: *This Life of Mine* (1951). 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181); $5, members free.

Different Light—10/19: *The Hunger* (1983). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—"Aspects of Asia." 10/15: *The White Balloon* (1995). 10/22: *Spices* (1985). "Simply Blues." 10/16: Various shorts. 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Fifth Annual Hamptons Film Festival—10/15-10/19: Call for info. 87 Newtown Lane, East Hampton (516-329-9710). Tickets start at $10.

Film Forum—Through 10/16: *Badlands* (1973). "This Is Kim." 10/17–10/19: *Picnic* (1955) and *Kiss Me, Stupid* (1964). 10/20: *Pushover* (1954) and *Five Against the House* (1955). 10/22–10/23: *Middle of the Night* (1959) and *Strangers When We Meet* (1960). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Home From the Hill: Robert Mitchum & James Stewart." 10/13–10/14: *Pursued* (1947) and *The Man From Laramie* (1955). 10/15 and 10/17: *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* (1973) and *The Naked Spur* (1953). 10/18–10/19: *Two Rode Together* (1961) and *Home From the Hill* (1960). "Jazz on Film." 10/16: Dizzy Gillespie. Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $8.50.

French Institute—"From Paris to Hollywood: Originals vs. Remakes." 10/14: *Pépé le Moko* (1936) and *Casbah* (1948). 10/21: *L'Homme qui aimait les femmes* (1976) and *The Man Who Loved Women* (1983). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, $10 double feature.

Malka Lubelski Culture Foundation—10/19: *Green Fields*. Eighth Floor Gallery, 473 Broadway (274-8993). Free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Cavalcade: From British Stage to Screen." 10/18: *The Good Companions* (1933) and *Dear Octopus* (1943). 10/19: *This Happy Breed* (1944). "Agnès Varda Retrospective." 10/13 and 10/16: *Documenteur* (1981). 10/14 and 10/17: *Mur Murs* (1980) and shorts. 10/16: *Nausicaa* (1970). 10/17–10/18: *Jane B. par Agnès V.* (1987) and *Kung Fu Master* (1987). 10/19 and 10/21: *Jacquot de Nantes* (1990). 10/19–10/20: *L'Univers de Jacques Demy* (1993). 10/20–10/21: *Les Demoiselles ont eu 25 ans* (1992). "New Documentaries." 10/16–10/17: *Lap rouge (The Red Rag)* (1996). W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

Museum of Television & Radio—"TV Movies." Month of October: *Duel* (1971). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6600); $6.

New York Film Academy—10/16-10/19: "The Prague Film Academy Film Festival." Call the Czech Center for program info. (288-0830, ext. 100). 100 E. 17th St. (674-4300).

Screening Room—Midnight showing: *Swingers* (1996). Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Truffaut: The Man Who Loved Film." 10/14: *Jules and Jim* (1961) and *Two English Girls* (1971). 10/21: *The Story of Adele H.* (1975) and *The Betrayer* (1961). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 10/18–10/19: *Night and Fog in Japan* (1960). 610 Lexington Avenue (735-9717); $5 members, $6 nonmembers.

Photograph by Eric Robert/Sygma.

theater

Side Show...Horovitz...Gravity

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Jackie: An American Life—As ominously titled as it is, this isn't a serious play. It isn't even a straight biography, though Gip Hoppe, the author, manages to cram in historical events both great and small. Instead, it relies on whimsical, ridiculous devices to convey some ideas about the nature of the First Lady's celebrity (the Rat Pack? LBJ? Joe Kennedy?—all puppets) and revels in portraits of the mundane. Margaret Colin stars. $45–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/10 opening. *Belasco Theater, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Lion King—Elton John and Tim Rice have composed three new songs for the stage version of this Disney blockbuster, and Roger Allers, who co-directed the 1994 film, has adapted the book. Nice, you say, but unmoving? *Hakuna Matata*. Julie Taymor, the downtown director who was multicultural long before it was fashionable and psychedelic long after, has reconceived the animated feature for actors wearing Japanese, Thai, and African masks, and she has recast the Serengeti in the colors of the tropics. $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Previews begin 10/15 for an 11/13 opening. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—You've seen the billboard. Now come see the show. It's got romance, suspense, swashbuckling, and a whole bunch of eighteenth-century stuff; if it succeeds, Broadway could well be on its way to becoming a French Revolution theme park. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn (*Jekyll & Hyde*) did the score. Nan Knighton adapted Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Christine Andreas, Terrence Mann, and Douglas Sills star. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for an 11/9 opening. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 40th St. (307-4100).*

Side Show—Combining compassion with prurience, *Dreamgirls* composer Henry Krieger and Bill Russell have molded a musical out of the lives of Daisy and Violet Hilton, the Siamese twins who toured the vaudeville circuit during the thirties and appeared, briefly, in Tod Browning's *Freaks*. Emily Skinner and Alice Ripley star. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/16 opening. *Richard Rodgers Theater, 226 W. 46th. St. (307-4100).*

Triumph of Love—It's the Broadway musical theater debut for F. Murray Abraham, an eagerly-awaited return for *Sunset* diva Betty Buckley, and an excuse for Susan Egan, the especially belle Belle from *Beauty and the Beast*, to bend gender. The story, adapted from the eighteenth-century romantic comedy by Pierre Marivaux, twists and turns with each costume change. Directed by Michael Mayer (*Baby Anger*), adapted for the stage by James Magruder, music by Jeffrey Stock, and lyrics by Susan Birkenhead (*Jelly's Last Jam*). $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 10/23 opening. *Royale Theater, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Opening

Better Red Than Dead

One of the many reasons Circle Repertory Theatre collapsed last year was its loss of critical government funding. Now its former experimental arm, the Lab Theater Company, is helping produce 'The Quick-Change Room,' a new play about a Soviet theater troupe that falls apart once the state withdraws its support. Coincidence? "Uh, there's a parallel there that I'd rather not think about," says Michael Warren Powell, the Lab's artistic director. The comedy, written by Nagle Jackson, blends elements of both 'Stage Door' and 'Slavs!,' demonstrating with crackling insight the artistic havoc a revolution can bring. ('The Three Sisters,' for example, becomes a musical comedy.) At the Intar Theater.

Now Playing

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. $40–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. Closes 10/19. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97). $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Deborah Gibson plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Marilu Henner and Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring David Alan Grier as Pseudolus. $60–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Lucy Lawless plays Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—The Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom*, in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of

Gone With the Wind, is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy*. The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (*Simon:* 3/31/97). $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St.(239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*, set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, will next week become one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

1776—The book of this 1969 musical, the gifted Peter Stone's masterpiece, is surely one of the best ever. Thrillingly incorporating the potentially divisive issue of slavery, it succeeds in keeping us, despite our knowledge of the outcome, in a state of wonderfully paradoxical suspense. Splendid as was Peter Hunt's original production, this Scott Ellis revival very nearly matches it. It will provide you not only with three hours of choice theatergoing, but also with three very rich hours of life. Music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. (*Simon:* 8/25/97). $65; kids 17 and younger pay half price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 11/16. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Sun. at 3. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Alligator Tales—Unlike other solo performers, Anne Galjour does not hump the same, obsessive autobiographical note. Instead, she plucks vivid sense memories from her bayou childhood—dredging for oysters, facing down hurricanes, fleeing from alligators—and brings them to life through eight imaginary, interconnected characters. The result is a lush portrait of Cajun life that, at times, borders on magic realism. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 10/21 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club's Stage II at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The American Clock—The Signature Theatre Company kicks off its Arthur Miller season with this Depression-era drama, which debuted at the Spoleto Festival, ran briefly on Broadway in 1980, and triumphed in London in 1984. Directed by James Houghton. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/19 opening. *Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-7529).*

Defying Gravity—*Titanic*-loathers, take heart. Although this is a play about the space-shuttle-*Challenger* disaster, it comes from the reliably twisted imagination of Jane Anderson, author of *The Positively True Adventures of the Alleged Texas Cheerleader Murdering Mom*. Starring Lois Smith. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 10/18 for an 11/2 opening. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Last Session—This is a musical that, strangely, is about aids, and, stranger still, is neither absurdist nor morbid. During its summer run at the Currican Theatre, the show developed a passionate following; now it moves uptown for an open-ended run. Music and lyrics by Steve Schalchlin, about whom the musical is partially based. Book and direction by his partner, Jim Brochu. $25–$30. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30 and 8; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 10/17 opening. *47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

The Misunderstanding/Le Malentendu—Ubu Repertory's bilingual cast presents the Camus classic. Money, an estranged son, and—of course—murder all figure prominently into the Algerian-born philosopher's plot. $15–$25. In French: Sun. at 3. In English: Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at noon. *Ubu Repertory Theater, 15 W. 28th St. (679-7562).*

A Pirate's Lullaby—A comedy about three pirates and the women who love them. Written by Jessica Litwak; presented by Rattlestick Productions. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 10/15 for a 10/19 opening. Through 11/9. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Place. (627-2556).*

Queen Amarantha—A romantic adventure from Charles Busch who, happily, plays the title role. Set in a fictional kingdom of long ago, the queen, the daughter of a Napoleonic titan, inherits the throne and decides to cast all gender imperatives aside and live as a man. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 10/23 opening. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

The Quick-Change Room—A backstage drama with a post-glasnost twist. (Think *Slavs!* meets *Stage Door*). Alley Mills, the mom from *The Wonder Years*, stars. Directed by the beloved Orson Bean; written by Nagle Jackson. $18. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3

Opening

Sister Act

For the record: Alice Ripley and Emily Skinner, the women who play the Siamese-twin protagonists in Broadway's first musical of the season, *Side Show*, are not bound together by snaps, magnets, Velcro, tandem corsets, double-capacity ball gowns, or quadruped panty hose. *So stop asking.* "We just stand side by side," Skinner explains. "The director thought it would be too distracting if people spent the whole show examining our clothes." Of course, now people spend the whole show examining Ripley and Skinner's abutting rear ends—not out of lasciviousness, you understand, but out of sympathetic concern for their characters' plights, and the fear that the two actresses, while playing them, might accidentally, horrifically, fly apart. "If you see one mistake," acknowledges Ripley, "you see two." *It happened once, during rehearsal: Skinner, while walking down* a flight of stairs, fell and nearly brought Ripley down with her. They've since developed little tricks to help prevent such mishaps, like subtly joining hands or walking in mirrored stride. (Daisy and Violet Hilton, the conjoined vaudevillians on whom the musical is based, had a much less elegant gait.) "It's really strange from an actor's point of view," says Ripley. "All those move*ment skills you learn go out the door.*" Indeed, she and her partner devoted a great deal of time to unlearning things that come naturally—like walking with shoulders and feet aligned—and memorizing dance numbers that wholly redefine cheek-to-cheek. The audience appears pretty satisfied with the spectacle, even without the semi-sadistic thrill of bondage costume: The high-wire, will-they-or-won't-they-come-apart suspense seems to make up for it. (Which makes *Side Show* like any other naughty and forbidden form—a prurient search for cleavage.) "We're not going to come apart," insists Ripley. "Unless one of us has a stroke."

JENNIFER SENIOR

Emily Skinner (left) and Alice Ripley.

Photograph by Richard Broun.

and 8, and Sun. at 7:30. Opened 10/12. *Intar Theater, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Sam and Itkeh—A retired Jewish couple's 50-year relationship is threatened by—what else?—a secret from the past. Written by Jack LaZebnick. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Previews begin 10/18 for a 10/28 opening. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Tell-Tale—It's part Poe, part *Paris is Burning,* and all drag. Theatre Couture's summer sensation, starring the begowned Sherry Vine and the befrocked Jackie Beat, moves, in modified form, to the West Village for an open-ended run. $27.50–$32.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 10/15 opening. *Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

10 Naked Men—See title. Written and directed by Ronnie Larsen, the author of *Making Porn,* which just closed after more than 500 performances. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. In previews for a 10/16 opening. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. (239-6200).*

Three-for-All—A confection from the founding members of Tricicle, a popular Barcelona troupe that counts Buster Keaton, Charlie Chaplin, and the brothers Marx among its influences. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. Opens 10/13. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100) or (505-0700).*

Now Playing

Always . . . Patsy Cline—It's still unclear whether this musical can weather the transplant from Nashville to New York, but it does have its selling points, including a six-piece orchestra, a twenty-song score, and a curious premise: Cline's actual two-year correspondence with an adoring Texas housewife. Tori Lynn Palazola stars. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened 6/24/97. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

As Bees in Honey Drown—Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane (*To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*); alertly directed by Drama Desk Award winner Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 7/24/97. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Atwater: Fixin' to Die—The late Lee Atwater, a political strategist with an affection for Bo Diddley and a genius for mud warfare (remember Willie Horton?) died at the tender age of 40 in 1991. In this one-man show, Bruce McIntosh plays the Southern-fried legend, starting with Atwater's college years—when politics barely mattered to him—and ending with his dying days, when Atwater was riddled with not only cancer but the fear that he may have lived an ignoble life. $20–$25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 10/26. *28th Street Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. (591-0019) or (307-4100).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the recluse's life. $20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, and Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $40–$45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Freak—The mambo energies of John Leguizamo are on thrilling display in this, his newest one-man show about an unholy adolescence. Horror tales about masturbation, the Fresh Air Fund, and his evil grandmother abound. $30–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Atlantic Theatre, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. (Simon: 3/31/97). Now starring Molly Ringwald and Bruce Davison. $25–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7. First opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97; reopened on 5/6/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—An irrepressible, technicolor celebration of puns, fabric, and gay life. Its costumer and musical "conceiver," Howard Crabtree, passed away in June of 1996, just days after completing the revue. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Mon. and Tues at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Fri at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

The Irish . . . and How They Got That Way!—A modern, irreverent, and lovingly told Gaelic history by Frank McCourt, Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *Angela's Ashes.* $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Mere Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/29. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

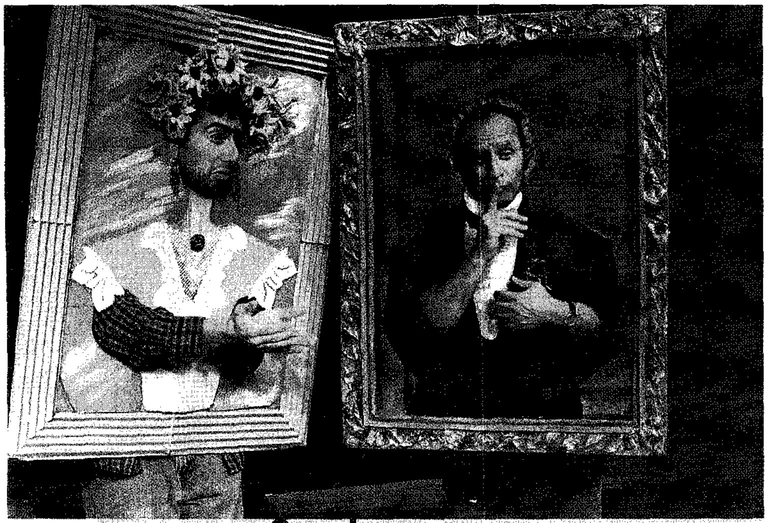
More Stately Mansions—The New York Theatre Workshop (*Rent*) inaugurates the new season with this 1939 Eugene O'Neill play, which the playwright never intended for publication. ("Unfinished work," said the note attached to the drama. "This script to be destroyed in case of my death.") The company is using the version completed by Karl Ragnar Gierow of the Swedish Royal Dramatic Theater. $10–$28. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 1 and 7. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Plunge—Christopher Kyle, who specializes in the angst of the postgraduate searching class, comes up with an age-appropriate *Big Chill.* Presented by Playwrights Horizons; directed by Ron Lagomarsino (*The Last Night of Ballyhoo*). $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Skyscraper—A romantic comedy, perched on the rooftop of a historic building slated for demolition. Written by David Auburn; starring John Wylie. $25. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Through 10/26. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (279-4200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids,



Opening
Willkommen!

The premise for Israel Horovitz's newest play, 'Lebensraum,' may be gimmicky, but it's also furiously provocative: At the dawn of the twenty-first century, the German chancellor holds a press conference to invite 6 million Jews back to das Vaterland. *The older generation recoils, the younger generation considers. Opens October 15 at the Miranda Theater.*

Photograph courtesy of Boneau/Bryan-Brown.

Previews

Explosive Drama

Titanic-loathers, take heart! While _Defying Gravity_ is indeed a serious play about the space-shuttle-_Challenger_ disaster, it comes from the reliably twisted imagination of Jane Anderson, author of _The Positively True Adventures of the Alleged Texas Cheerleader Murdering Mom._ Claude Monet is a character, and two-time Tony nominee Lois Smith helps round out the cast. Previews begin October 18 at the American Place Theatre.

and, yes, the kitchen sink. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about Jewish family life. $25. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Tibet Does Not Exist—Don Thompson's drama pits three Yale professors against an exiled Tibetan monk in a debate over hemispheric values. Presented by the Theater for Human Rights. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 2. Through 10/26. *Tribeca Performing Arts Center at BMCC, 199 Chambers St. (279-4200 or 346-8510).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

Off-Off Broadway

The Adding Machine—The lyric Elmer Rice comedy, revived by Lightning Strikes Theatre Company. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. *Raw Space, 529 W. 42nd St. (713-5334).*

The American Plan—A revival of the Richard Greenberg play, which he summarized thusly: "It's about an heiress, a controlling parent, and a suitor of questionable motives." $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/26. *John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (358-5291).*

As You Like It—Free Shakespeare. Presented by the Frog & Peach Theatre Company. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. *Theatre at the West-Park Church, 165 W. 86th St. (946-5321).*

Duet! A Romantic Fable—Adobe Theatre Company, the spirited squad that brought *Notions in Motion* to the Ohio Theatre last spring, returns this fall with a love story that combines elements of silent film, vaudeville, and fifties kitsch. $10. Starts 10/15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. *The Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (560-7387).*

Freestyle Rep.—An evening of audience-driven, improvisational chaos by veteran shtickers. $15; performances on Wed. and at 10:30 on Fri. are free. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30. Through 11/1. *Grove Street Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (642-8202).*

Freezer Burn—Drag performance art on ice. *Brrrrrr.* (Don't the yams get cold?) $15. 10/17 at 10. Sky Rink at Chelsea Piers, 23rd St. at Westside Hwy. (496-0974).

Hedda Gabler—With Nora's final slam of the door still ringing in our ears, this Ibsen revival from the Cocteau Rep couldn't have come at a better time. $12–$29. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery. (677-0060).*

Hiroshima—Original music by Yoko Ono, plus some of the dissonant, highly acclaimed strains of her 1995 album *Rising,* accompany this new psalm from Theater for the New City. The play follows and interlaces the lives of twenty people who were affected by the 1945 bombing. Written by Ron Destro. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Theater for the New City, 155 First Ave., at E. 10th St. (254-1109).*

Lebensraum—The premise of Israel Horovitz's new play is furiously provocative: at the dawn of the twenty-first century, the German chancellor invites six million Jews back to Germany. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/15 opening. *Miranda Theatre, 259 W. 30th St. (268-9829).*

The Nature and Purpose of the Universe—An early Christopher Durang comedy about a put-upon New Jersey housewife. $12 plus two-drink minimum. Fri. at 8. Through 11/14. *55 Grove Street Cabaret Theatre, 55 Grove St. (592-3167).*

OctoberFest 1997—The venerable Ensemble Studio Theatre presents its annual autumn salad of comedy, drama, music, poetry, and storytelling. Free. Tues.–Sun. at 7 and 8:30, Sat. and Sun. at 2 and 3:30. *E.S.T., 549 W. 52nd St. (247-4982).*

The Official Show: Now With Blimp!—A contemporary fable about a clan of ruthless con artists. By Rob Keefe. Wed. and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10:30. $12. Through 10/25. *The Producers Club, 358 W. 44th St. (501-6023).*

Playland—Adam Drucker plays six characters in search of a purpose. $10. Wed. at 8. *Solo Arts Group Theater, 36 W. 17th St. (604-4817).*

Salvador (Fictional Conversations)—A songless, carefully drawn alternative to Paul Simon's imminent megamusical, *The Capeman.* Written by Fred Newman, a therapist and activist who helped free Salvador Agron from prison. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2. Through 10/26. *Castillo Theatre, 500 Greenwich St. (941-1234).*

Summer Share—A play about the changing relationships between four women. Southampton's the setting; it's summer of 1973. Written by Nellie Bellflower. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/25. *Theater Row Theater, 424 W. 42nd St. (424-1944).*

UNman—An all-improvisational one-man show by Scott Prendergast. $8. Fri. at 9:30. *Solo Arts Group Theater, 36 W. 17th St. (462-3026).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

West 63rd Street Steakhouse
63rd Street and Broadway, NYC
(212) 246-6363

La Crêpe de Bretagne
French Bistro
• The Only Crêpe-Bistro in Town
• Lunch & Dinner 7 days
• Prix Fixe Dinner $19.95
46 West 56th Street
(Bet. 5th & 6th Aves)
Tel. 245-4565

Victor's Cafe 52
New York • Miami
THE REGIONAL CUISINES OF CUBA AND THE CARIBBEAN!
236 WEST 52nd STREET
Between Broadway & 8th Avenue
Phone: 212/586-7714

Félix
FRENCH BISTRO
340 WEST BROADWAY
☎ 212 - 431 - 0021

Johnnie's
Italian Cuisine
A 36 year long running hit restaurant!
Special Dinner at $14.95 Open late
135 W. 45th St. (6th & B'way) 212-869-5565

RUTH'S CHRIS STEAK HOUSE
U.S. PRIME
Home of Serious Steaks®
Manhattan
148 WEST 51ST
@ 7TH AVENUE
(212) 245-9600

Langan's NY
150 West 47th St.
869-5482
The Theatre Goer's First Choice in Dining
3 Course Pre-Theatre Dinner Daily 4-7:30pm $22.95
Live Piano Bar Fri & Sat 10:30pm
Open Daily 11:30 am-Midnight Reservation suggested

art

Pollock Sketchbooks...Neil Winokur

Openings

The annual **ART NIGHT AT THE FULLER BUILDING** takes place on Friday, October 17, in every gallery at 41 East 57th Street from 6 to 9; voluntary contributions benefit the Studio in a School. **DUMBO: ART UNDER THE BRIDGE**'s first multimedia festival runs October 17–19; it's located along the Brooklyn side of the East River between the Manhattan and Brooklyn bridges. Call 718-935-9207 for information about music performances, dance, art, video, poetry readings, and studio tours.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Judith Belzer/Gary Weisman—New landscape paintings inspired by the shifts of seasons/Bronze sculptures of human and animal forms. Through 11/1. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (744-2300).

Nancy Graves—A survey of the late artist's sculpture, paintings, and works on paper from the eighties; through 11/1. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Grace Knowlton—New spherical sculptures, and paintings on aluminum sheets that depict fragmented interior views of the sculptures; 10/16–11/29. Hirschl & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Theodore Roszak/Frederick J. Sykes—Paintings, drawings, constructions, sculpture, and photographs from the thirties and forties/Landscape paintings of Brooklyn, Staten Island, the Catskills, and Mexico executed in the late 1800s and early 1900s. Through 11/15. Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

Edward Sorel—Caricatures of writers, politicians, and celebrities from the seventies to the present from the new book *Unfinished Portraits* (Alfred A. Knopf); through 11/8. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

Michael Steiner—Recent steel sculptures; through 11/1. Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. (879-6606).

Pat Lipsky Sutton—Minimal black abstract paintings from the past four years; through 11/18. Bookstein, 50 E. 78th St. (439-9605).

Joaquin Torres-Garcia—Paintings, constructions, drawings, and a selection of books made between 1920 and 1945, by the Uruguayan artist who was a pioneer of the Cercle et Carré movement in Paris the late twenties; 10/17–11/29. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

57th Street Area

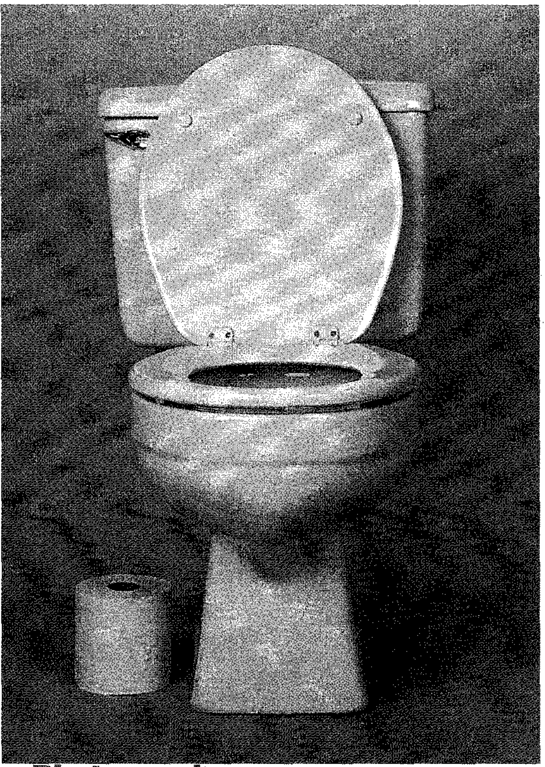
Michael Bergt—Recent egg-tempera paintings, drawings, prints, and sculpture; through 11/1. DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Enrico Donati—New geometric paintings by this artist who was a member of the Surrealist movement; through 11/15. Davidson, 41 E. 57th St. (759-7555).

George Jeanclos/Tony Marsh—Figurative ceramic sculptures by the French sculptor (1933–1997)/Ceramic vessels and vestigial ceramic forms arranged together as still lifes. Through 11/1. Clark, 24 W. 57th St. (246-2205).

John Kindness—Frescoes, sculptures, and mosaics by the Belfast artist; through 11/8. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

James Lechay—Paintings and collages selected from the artist's recent retrospective at the Provincetown Art Association Museum; through 11/1. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).



Photography
Home Depot

Neil Winokur's new still lifes celebrate the ordinary, unsung aspects of domesticity, transforming the objects in a house into resonant symbols of its dwellers' routines. At Janet Borden, Inc., 560 Broadway; October 16 through November 15.

John Marin—A survey of the American modernist's paintings spanning the years 1910–1952 and focusing on his most experimental works; through 11/1. Kennedy, 730 Fifth Ave. (541-9600).

Milton Resnick—Recent paintings from the artist's "Monuments" series; through 11/1. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Jeanette Pasin Sloan—Recent paintings of arrangements of silver or ceramic vessels, cups, coffee pots, and vases in which patterned backgrounds are reflected; through 10/30. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

Bob Thompson/Alfonso Ossorio—A survey of paintings made between 1958 and 1966 that show the artist (1937–1966) moving from his muted figurative compositions of the late fifties to his vividly colored allegorical landscapes of the sixties/A group of assemblages made by the artist in 1962 and 1963 that are known as the "Shingle Figures" and feature shells, bones, shards of mirror, and other found objects mounted on wood shingles. Through 11/8. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Jane Wilson—Reductive landscape paintings that continue the artist's exploration of evocative weather; 10/17–11/15. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Francis Alÿs—Figurative paintings and a video by a Belgian artist who lives in Mexico City and whose work draws on Surrealism and Mexican artistic traditions; through 11/1. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Liz Deschenes—An installation that incorporates color photographs taken by the artist at the Japanese spa town of Beppu in 1996; through 11/15. Bronwyn Keenan, 3 Crosby St. (431-5083).

Paul Feeley—Abstract works on paper in watercolor and pencil by this artist (1910–1966) who showed with Betty Parsons Gallery and was given a retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum in 1968; through 11/1. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

Leonor Fini—A retrospective of paintings by the late Surrealist; 10/17–11/30. CFM, 112 Greene St. (966-3864).

Grace Graupe-Pillard—New large-scale paintings that incorporate photographs of famous artworks; through 11/15. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Robin Hill—New sculpture and drawings; through 11/8. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0098).

Buffie Johnson—Recent paintings of plant forms; through 10/26. Levitan, 42 Grand St. (966-2782).

Alison Knowles—New paper constructions that incorporate found objects; through 11/1. Harvey, 537 Broadway (925-7651).

Joseph Kosuth—A selection of works from 1965 to the present; through 11/18. Castelli, 420 W. Broadway (431-5160).

Matts Leiderstam—Paintings that explore the relationship between culture and gender identity; through 11/8. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Richard Long—New slate circles and wall works; through 11/8. Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (431-3685).

Jonathan Monk—Photographs, works on paper, paintings, and a slide projection whose images are appropriated from art history and drawn from commonplace activities of daily life; through 11/8. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (226-6131).

Forrest Myers—Recent sculpture; 10/17–11/15. Art et Industrie, 52 Thompson St. (966-6800).

Nam June Paik/William Wegman—A survey of works in all media by both artists; through 11/15. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Larry Poons—Monotypes that depict the artist's signature shapes and patterning; through through 11/8. Carr, 478 W. Broadway (673-5518).

Photograph courtesy of Janet Borden, Inc.

Fiona Rae—New paintings in which compositions of black-and-white brushstrokes and discs and bars of color are set against densely patterned black-and-white backgrounds; through 11/4. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Joseph Raffael—Monumentally scaled watercolors of the artist's garden; through 11/5. Hoffman, 420 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Gino Rubert/John Beerman—Paintings by a Spanish artist that combine aspects of neo-classicism and magic realism/New paintings inspired by nineteenth-century Romantic landscape art; 10/16–11/15. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Rebecca Salter—New abstract paintings; through 11/1. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

Peter Schlesinger/Stephan Jung—Recent ceramic sculptures/Paintings that depict ambiguous, close-up views of familiar objects. Through 11/8. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Gary Schneider/Ilana Eshel—Multi-panel photographic works that depict the surfaces of hands, faces, and botanicals/Drawings; 10/16–11/15. P.P.O.W, 476 Broome St. (941-8642).

Nola Zirin—Paintings of abstracted landscapes; through 11/4. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Chelsea

Cristian Alexa—Photographs and a mixed-media installation that are the result of the Romanian artist's "intervention" with Brancusi's WWI memorial, *Endless Column,* in Tirgu Jiu, Romania; through 11/8. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (206-3686).

Jan Baracz—Photographs, sculpture, and an installation that present the television as devoid of its usual functions; 10/16–11/15. De Folin, 529 W. 20th St. (242-3434).

Scott Burton/Richard Devore—Furniture sculptures/New ceramic sculptures. Through 11/1. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Karen Carson—Large-scale painted reliefs with inset mirror shards; through 11/8. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Willie Cole—Recent sculptures constructed from found or carved objects, several of which are based on the form of an iron; through 11/8. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (367-7474).

William Cullum—Large-format panels worked in encaustic, resin, and laser-print images from the Internet and anonymous sources; through 11/1. Debs & Co., 529 W. 20th St. (647-7080).

Carroll Dunham—New paintings that are populated by explicitly violent and sexual box-shaped characters in psychologically driven narratives; 10/18–11/15. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

William Hawkins—A survey of paintings by this self-taught artist whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Museum of American Folk Art (see museum listings); through 11/8. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Roni Horn—A two-part glass floor piece and a set of seven color photographs that depict the surface of the ocean off the coast of Iceland in varying degrees of magnification; through 11/8. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (243-0200).

Luca Pancrazzi/Yoshihiro Suda—Miniature dioramas of industrial landscapes/Life-scale carved sculptures of weeds, plants, and flowers commonly found in urban Japanese environments. Through 11/1. D'Amelio Terras, 525 W. 22nd St. (352-9460).

Pablo Siquier—Paintings by an Argentinian artist whose emblematic designs suggest blueprints for lost cities; 10/18–11/20. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

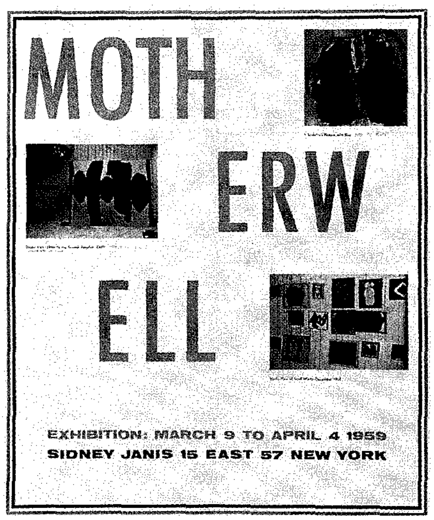
Cary Smith—New geometric paintings; through 11/15. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (206-6411).

Linda Stark—Small-scale oil paintings that use the physical properties of paint to evoke natural processes; 10/18–11/15. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Terry Winters—Recent large-scale paintings in which the picture plane is spanned by dense networks of lines that suggest architectural renderings and computer graphics; through 12/24. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200),

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.


MOTH
ERW
ELL
EXHIBITION: MARCH 9 TO APRIL 4 1959
SIDNEY JANIS 15 EAST 57 NEW YORK

Other

Antonio Martorell—A mixed-media installation, *Blanca Snow in Puerto Rico,* based on an event in Puerto Rican history in which the legendary mayor of San Juan, Doña Felisa Rincón, chartered a DC3, had it loaded with snow in New York and flew to the island in celebration of Christmas 1951; through 12/19. Hostos Center for the Arts & Culture, 500 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-518-4455).

Kate Millet—The first retrospective of sculpture by the internationally known writer and feminist; through 11/15. Hunter College Gallery, 450 W. 41st St. (772-4991).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). Black-and-white drawings by nineteen American artists, among them Alexander, Cadmus, Davis, Hartley, Lazzell, Marin, Nevelson; through 11/1.

Hunter College—68th St. and Lexington Ave. (772-4991). "Presentational Painting," with works by Feaster, Garnett, Pastine, Phillips, Voll; through 11/8.

57th Street Area

Krugier—41 E. 57th St. (755-7288). "From Ingres to Picasso: Celebrating Ten Years in the Fuller Building," a selection of works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century masters, among them Dubuffet, Ingres, Léger, Millet, Picasso, and Seurat; 10/17–11/8.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). "The New Objectivity: Realism in Weimar-Era Germany," with paintings, watercolors, drawings, and prints by Dix, Grosz, Hubbuch, Schad, Wegner, others; through 11/8.

Zabriskie—41 E. 57th St. (752-1223). "The Hansa Gallery (1952–59) Revisited: Works by Jean Follet, Wolf Kahn, Allan Kaprow, Jan Müller, and Richard Stankiewicz," an exhibition of works by several founding members of the Hansa Gallery, one of New York's first 10th Street cooperative galleries; through 11/1.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Permutations," with works by Arnold, Breitz, Katchadourian, Lindberg; "Savor," an installation by Karen Kimmel; through 11/1.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Public Notice: Art and Activist Posters: 1951–1997," an exhibit examining poster design in art and culture from the postwar years to the present; through 11/8.

On View ***Some fine artists have the good*** **sense to exploit their talent for graphic design. And why not, when the project in question promotes their own work? "Public Notice: Art and Activist Posters 1951–1997," the third in a series of Exit Art's shows chronicling aspects of graphic design, features eye-catching exhibition posters by Robert Motherwell (left), Claes Oldenburg, Donald Judd, Barbara Kruger, Andy Warhol, and others. At 548 Broadway; through November 30.**

Fotouhi Cramer—560 Broadway (431-1304). An installation by Daun and Brunon; video by Easterson; photographs by Kingsley; through 11/8.

Chelsea

Marlborough Chelsea—211 W. 19th St. (463-8634). Large-scale sculpture by Abakanowicz, Bourgeois, Caro. Through 10/25.

Other

Cooper Union—Houghton Gallery, 7th St. at Third Ave. (353-4158). Working drawings by Holzer, Gwathmey, Lin, Stella, others; through 10/27.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212), Wed.–Sun. 12–6. Works that address obsessive love, by Jervert, Heindl, Hobart, Rodrigues, Shaw, others; solo shows of works by David Dupuis and Eve Fowler; 10/18–11/23.

Photography

Jules Backus—Photographs of *pochoirs,* the constantly changing stencil wall art in Paris, by a photographer (1944–1996) known for his pioneering art and documentary videos; through 12/6. Cooper Union's Herb Lubalin Study Center for Design and Typography, 7th St. at Third Ave. (353-4214).

Stephen Barker—Photographs that depict sexual intimacies between men in the semipublic environments of movie houses and sex clubs; through 11/8. Morris-Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Bromm—90 W. Broadway (732-6196). Works by nine photographers who have exhibited with this gallery for the past twenty years, among them Adams, Cutforth, De Sana, Incandela, Leatherdale, Sonneman; through 12/23.

John Divola—Photographs of isolated structures in the high desert of Southern California; 10/15–11/15. Fredericks, 304 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Dan Eldon—A selection of photographs and drawings from journals kept by this Reuters photographer who was stoned to death by an angry mob in Somalia when he was 22; through 11/3. SABA, 116 E. 16th St. (477-7722).

Franklin F. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center/African Diaspora Institute—408 W. 58th St. (307-7420), Mon.–Fri. 11–6; $2 suggested admission. "Picturing England: The Photographic Narratives of Vanley Burke." An exhibition of large-scale color photographs of England's Caribbean and Asian communities that is part of "Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996," an exhibition of works by British artists of African and Asian descent that is being presented in collaboration with the Studio Museum in Harlem and the Bronx Museum of the Arts (see museum listings); 10/17–2/15.

Ralph Gibson—Vintage prints from his trilogy of dreamlike photo-novels, *The Somnambulist, Deja-Vu,* and *Days at Sea*; through 11/1. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

ICP Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas, at 43rd St. (768-4682); Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4; $2.50 seniors and students. "Eye of the Beholder: Photographs From the Avon Collection." Ninety photographs by woman photographers; through 11/13.

International Center of Photography—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Brett Weston in New York." Photographs of New York taken between 1943 and 1945, when Weston was stationed on Long Island in the United States Army Signal Corps; through 11/30. . . . "Soul of the Game: Images and Voices of Street Basketball." Black-and-white images of the game being played at Harlem's Rucker Park, Nat King Cole Park in Chicago, and other famed courts by sports photographer John Huet; through 11/19.

Marcus Leatherdale—Portraits of the people of Benares, India, where the artist lives for part of the year; 10/16–11/15. Bridgewater Lustberg, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

Sally Mann—Recent photographs of landscapes in the artist's native West Virginia and its neighboring Georgia; through 11/8. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

Tim Maul—New Cibachrome photographs of Parisian interiors; through 11/4. Senior, 375 W. Broadway (941-0960).

Miller—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). "About Painting," an exhibition that explores photography as a "painterly" medium through the photographs of Eva Hesse, Sigmar Polke, Laure Albin-Guillot, Jacques-André Boiffard, and Mike Kelley; through 11/1.

New York Academy of Sciences—2 E. 63rd St. (838-5226), Mon.–Fri. 10–5. Photographs by Miriam Fishman and Olivia Parker that depict objects from everyday life in the process of transformation; through 11/7.

Francesco Scavullo—A 50-year retrospective of portraits and fashion work; through 11/1. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

Pépé Smit—Large-scale color self-portraits of the artist in various guises and roles; through 11/8. Kustera, 41 Wooster St. (965-1527).

Seneca Ray Stoddard—Vintage albumen photographs of the Adirondacks by this self-taught photographer (1843–1917) who was a contemporary of William Henry Jackson, Eadweard Muybridge, and Carlton Watkins; through 11/1. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Neil Winokur—New large-scale color photographs of objects arranged as still lifes; through 11/15. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Art of Toshiko Takaezu." A retrospective of the artist's ceramic works, ranging from her utilitarian wares of the fifties to her recent large-scale sculptures; through 11/2. . . . "On the Cutting Edge: Contemporary Quilts From the Collection"; through 11/2. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Mandala: The Architecture of Enlightenment." Mandalas from Tibet, Nepal, China, Japan, Bhutan, India, and Indonesia, and a Kalachakra sand mandala constructed by monks from the Namgyal monastery, the Dalai Lama's personal monastery; through 1/4. 725 Park Ave. at 70th St. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"The Sèvres Porcelain Manufactory: Alexandre Brongniart and the Triumph of Art and Innovation, 1800–1847." A survey of the achievements of the Sèvres porcelain manufactory when it was under the direction of the brilliant Alexandre Brongniart, featuring porcelain blanks and finished pieces and 110 working drawings and watercolors that have not been previously exhibited in the United States; 10/17–2/1. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996." A survey of black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Studio Museum in Harlem; 10/16–3/15. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Monet and the Mediterranean: A Centennial Exhibition." Sixty-five paintings executed by the Impressionist during his trips to the Italian Riviera, in 1884, the French Riviera, in 1888, and Venice, in 1908; through 1/4. . . . "Graphic Alert: AIDS Posters From the Collection of Dr. Edward C. Atwater"; 10/16–2/8. . . . "Working in Brooklyn: A Centennial Exhibition." Works by emerging artists who show with Brooklyn-based galleries and alternative spaces; through 1/25/98. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Design for Life: A Centennial Celebration." An exhibition examining the role of objects in daily life through works from the museum's collection, among them architectural drawings, graphics, textiles, ceramics, glass, jewelry, rare books, and industrial design products; through 1/4. . . . "Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors"; through 10/19. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8420), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Tracey Moffatt: *Badlands*." Photographs, films, and a video by an Australian artist; through 6/14. . . . "Richard Serra: *Torqued Ellipses*." Three monumental sculptures of Cor-Ten steel that explore the shaping of space rather than material as their primary subject; through 6/14/98. . . . "Fred Sandback: Sculpture." Sculptures created from yarn, including new works and earlier works from Dia's collection; through 1/4. . . . "Dan Flavin: 1962/63, 1970, 1996." Three fluorescent works by the late sculptor; through 6/14. 548 W. 22nd St. and 545 W. 22nd St. (989-5912), Thurs.–Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Taíno: Pre-Columbian Art and Culture From the Caribbean." The first comprehensive survey of the art of the Taíno, the dominant culture in Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Haiti, Cuba, Jamaica, and the Bahamas from about 1200 A.D. to the arrival of Columbus in 1492; through 3/29. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

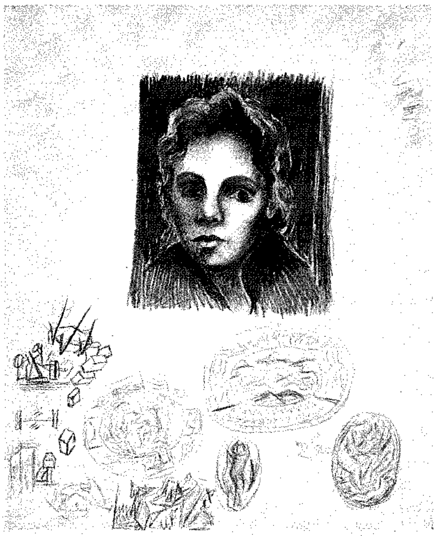
Fashion Institute of Technology—"Fifty Years of Fashion: New Look to Now." A selection of historically significant clothing from the museum's own collection, beginning with Christian Dior's controversial "New Look" of 1947 and ending with the contemporary fashion scene; through 1/10. . . . "The Saris of Princess Niloufer." Nine saris from a collection of saris previously owned by Princess Niloufer, one of the last of the Imperial Ottoman princesses, and a selection of drawings; through 1/3. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5966), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Frick Collection—"The Spirit of the Place: Selections From the Carmen Thyssen-Bornemisza

Retrospective

Talking Pictures

The Abstract Expressionist Jackson Pollock could pour out his emotions sublimely on canvas; expressing himself in words and sentences was another matter. "I never heard him carry on a logical conversation in which one and one added up to two," groused Elizabeth Pollock, who was never fond of her brother-in-law. The sculptor Tony Smith, in an interview with Pollock biographer B. H. Friedman, took a more generous view of his friend's inarticulateness. "Jackson was detached and analytical," Smith said. "This led him to compartmentalize things. He had relatively few interests, but they were intense. He saw them as having no real connection with one another; the only way he could connect them was through some kind of action." But if Pollock's inability to communicate verbally worked to his paintings' advantage, it also forced them to speak for themselves—Pollock believed in doing the work, not talking about it. The impulses behind his transition from figuration to semi-abstract biomorphic imagery to his breakthrough "poured" abstract paintings of 1947–50 have long been the subject of speculation. In addition to his paintings of the thirties and early forties, Pollock's drawings from his first three extant sketchbooks, which date from 1937 to 1942 and are the focus of the Metropolitan Museum's new exhibition, "Jackson Pollock: Early Sketchbooks and Drawings" (October 21 through February 8), offer revealing evidence of his artistic metamorphoses. Sketched in colored pencil and graphite, they show Pollock, who as a student demonstrated little promise as a draughtsman, teaching himself the art of drawing—first by copying black-and-white art-book reproductions of works by Renaissance and Baroque masters admired by Thomas Hart Benton, his former instructor at the Art Students League, then by experimenting with the bold, graphic lines of Mexican muralists David Alfaro Siqueiros and José Clemente Orozco and the biomorphic forms of Surrealism. (Nan Rosenthal, the exhibition's curator, discovered that Pollock also copied black-and-white photographs from popular magazines such as *Life*.) The drawings argue, more convincingly than words, for the power of line as language. **EDITH NEWHALL**



Photograph courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Collection." Fourteen paintings and four sculptures from the collection of Baroness Carmen Thyssen-Bornemisza; through 11/30. . . . "Franklin and Condorcet: Two Portraits From the American Philosophical Society." An exhibition documenting the relations between the American statesman and the French mathematician, philosopher, and revolutionary through letters, manuscripts, and eighteenth-century publications on loan from the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the Maryland Historical Society; through 11/16. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery and Study Center—"Nahum B. Zenil: Witness to the Self." A retrospective of paintings by the Mexican artist whose collages, mixed-media works on paper, and paintings invoke the history of Mexican art while confronting current social issues; through 11/2. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; free.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." The first full career retrospective of the artist's work since 1976, including paintings, drawings, sculpture, and prints; through 1/7. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $15, $10 seniors and students (this is a special admission fee for the Rauschenberg exhibits and includes entrance to the Guggenheim Museum SoHo).

Guggenheim Museum at Ace Gallery—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." *The 1/4 Mile or 2 Furlong Piece,* an ongoing project begun in 1981 that comprises 189 paintings and sculptures; through 11/9. 275 Hudson St. below Spring St. (255-5599), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; free.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective." The first full career retrospective of the artist's work since 1976, including paintings, sculpture, prints, drawings, and performance and technology-based pieces; through 1/4. 575 Broadway at Prince St. (423-3500), Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8 (6–8 pay what you wish); $15, $10 seniors and students (this is a special admission fee for the Rauschenberg exhibits and includes entrance to the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum).

Jewish Museum—"Facing the New World: Jewish Portraits in Colonial and Federal America." The first comprehensive survey of rare, early American Jewish portraits, by Charles Willson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, and other artists, dating from 1700 through the 1830s; through 1/11. . . . "Camille Pissaro in the Caribbean, 1850–1855: Drawings From the Collection at Olana." Drawings, oil sketches, and watercolors by the Impressionist of scenes in St. Thomas, where he was born, and on other Caribbean islands, that were originally thought to be have been the work of the Danish painter Fritz Melbye; through 11/16. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5, free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Jackson Pollock: Early Sketchbooks and Drawings." Forty-eight rarely or never-exhibited pages from the artist's three earliest extant sketchbooks, which date from 1937 to 1941; 10/21–2/8. . . . "John La Farge." A selection of paintings, drawings, watercolors, and stained-glass windows drawn from the museum's collection of works by the nineteenth-century American artist; 10/21–1/25. . . . "The Private Collection of Edgar Degas." More than 250 works drawn from the collection of the nineteenth-century French artist, including paintings, pastels, watercolors, drawings, and prints by such masters as Ingres, Delacroix, Daumier, Manet, Cézanne, Van Gogh, and Degas himself; through 1/11. . . . "The Resonant Image: Uses of Tradition in Japanese Art." Japanese paintings, prints, ceramics, lacquers, and textiles from the museum's collection and on loan from other museums; 10/21–9/27. . . . "Master Hand: Individuality and Creativity Among Yoruba Sculptors." Masks, free-standing figures, containers, and architectural posts by male and female Yoruba masters who were active from the mid-nineteenth through the first half of the twentieth century; through 3/1. . . . "Picasso the Engraver—Selections From the Musée Picasso, Paris." Approximately 150 engravings, etchings, and woodcuts made by the artist between 1900 and 1942; through 12/21. . . . "Wordrobe." Words, letters, and numbers in art and clothing; through 11/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"African Faces, African Figures: The Arman Collection." African sculptures from the collection of the sculptor Armand P. Arman; through 4/19. 593 Broadway, bet. Houston and Prince Sts. (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"William L. Hawkins." The first New York museum retrospective of the self-taught African-American artist (1895–1990), whose themes included religion, race, struggles, and man's place in nature; through 11/2. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Egon Schiele: The Leopold Collection, Vienna." Paintings and works on paper by the Austrian Expressionist (1890–1918), many of which have not been previously exhibited; through 1/4. . . . "On the Edge: Contemporary Art From the Werner and Elaine Dannheisser Collection." Paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and video installations given to the museum by Elaine Dannheisser and the Dannheisser Foundation last year; through 1/20. . . . "Achille Castiglione: Design!" A retrospective of works by the Italian architect and industrial designer known for his imaginative designs for such items as ashtrays, glassware, bathroom fixtures, and vacuum cleaners; 10/16–1/6. . . . "New Concepts in Printmaking 1: Peter Halley." Artworks created by Halley as digital files on computer disk, comprising wallpaper and rub-down flowcharts that are fabricated by professional printers whenever a site-specific installation is planned; through 2/8. . . . "Projects: Franz West." Sculptures, drawings and collages by the artist, and a work titled *Synchrony* that incorporates works by the artist's friends, colleagues, and assistants; through 11/11. . . . "From Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec to Andy Warhol: Exploring Techniques." An exhibition focusing on various printmaking techniques, featuring more than 70 works from the museum's collection; through 2/8. . . . "A Decade of Collecting: Recent Acquisitions in Contemporary Drawing." Installation-scale drawings collected by the museum over the past decade; through 1/13. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Under the Big Top: Circuses in New York." Costumes, models, props, posters, and other circus paraphernalia and ephemera dating from equestrian John Bill Rickett's first circus on Broadway in 1793 to today's Big Apple Circus; 10/18–2/22. . . . "Beyond the Grave: Cultures of Queens Cemeteries." Photographs of cemeteries in Queens taken by Dr. Ilana Harlow; through 3/8. . . . "A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building." Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York's most famous icon; through 1/11. . . . "Creative Lives: New York Paintings and Photographs by Maurice and Lee Sievan." Paintings by Maurice Sievan (1898–1981) and photographs by his wife, Lee Sievan (1907–1990); through 11/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy Museum & School of the Fine Arts—"The Tenth Street Studio Building: Artist-Entrepreneurs From the Hudson River School to the American Impressionists." Photographs, paintings, manuscripts, and memorabilia documenting the history of New York's first studio building; through 11/16. . . . "The Artist's Eye: Will Barnet Selects From the Permanent Collection." A selection of 40 portraits from the museum's collection, including works by Bellows, Eakins, Grossman, Lawrence, Rauschenberg, Sargent, and others; through 1/4. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New York Public Library—"Dry Drunk: The Culture of Tobacco in 17th- and 18th-Century Europe." An exhibition covering the history of tobacco in Europe through the library's own materials; through 1/3. . . . "The George Arents Tobacco Collection: Works on Paper"; through 1/3. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"On the Nose: Eyeglasses in New York." An exhibition chronicling the history of eyewear in New York, from eighteenth-century spectacles to twentieth-century driving goggles; 10/15–1/11. . . . "To Hell With Reform: The Race to Become Mayor of Greater New York." An exhibition of illustrations and other materials from the 1897 campaign in which New Yorkers elected the first mayor of Greater New York; through 1/4. . . . "Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village." An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 11/30. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"Medieval Bestseller: The Book of Hours." 100 Books of Hours from the library's collection; through 1/4. . . . "Romanticism to Realism: Nineteenth-Century German Drawings." A survey of the library's collection of nineteenth-century German drawings; through 1/4. . . . "Cultural Curios: Literary and Historical Witnesses." A selection of objects owned by famous literary figures from the library's permanent collection; through 1/4. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $6; $4 students and seniors.

Queens Museum—"Cai Guo-Qiang: *Cultural Melting Bath.*" An installation by the Chinese artist on the theme of social healing; through 11/9. . . . "The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection." Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/9. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Transforming the Crown: African, Asian, and Caribbean Artists in Britain, 1966–1996." A survey of black British art that is being held in collaboration with the Franklin H. Williams Caribbean Cultural Center (see photography listings) and the Bronx Museum of the Arts; 10/15–3/15. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Richard Diebenkorn." A retrospective of paintings by this California artist (1922–1993), who moved back and forth between abstraction and representation and is best known for his "Ocean Park" cycle of abstracted landscapes; through 1/11. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000). 10/20 at 10 and 2: "Important Silver, Objects of Vertu, and Russian Works of Art, Including the Hanover Cistern and Fountain." On view from 10/15. 10/21 at 10 and 2: "The Arts of France." On view from 10/17.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 10/15 at 10: "Books." On view from 10/11.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 10/16 at 10:15 and 2: "Arcade Furniture and Decorations." On view from 10/11. 10/17 at 10:15: "Old Master Paintings." On view from 10/11. 10/18 at 10:15 and 2: "English Furniture." On view from 10/11. 10/20 at 10:15 and 2: "Ceramics." On view from 10/16. 10/21 at 10:15 and 2: "Silver." On view from 10/17.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 10/16 at 10:30: "Modern Literature." On view from 10/11.

restaurants

White-Fish Salad...Prince Albert

Opening
Chez Guevara

Collaborations between hotelier Ian Schrager and designer Philippe Starck inevitably become hot spots; adding restaurateur Jeffrey Chodorow (China Grill) to the mix makes for a veritable bonfire. Starck's plan for Asia de Cuba, opening this weekend, transforms an unused space in Morgans hotel into a minimalistic duplex, where a nature-scene hologram dominates a stark (wouldn't you know?) white room with matching curtains and a communal, 30-seat marble table. Chef Robert Trainor (above), formerly at La Côte Basque, fuses the two eponymous cuisines in dishes like Chinese roast-pork empanadas, oxtail spring rolls, and Havana chow mein. (237 Madison Avenue, near 37th Street; 726-7755.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

A.J.'s Niota—This casual Indian duplex makes for a nice diversion from SoHo's French-and-Italian-restaurant stranglehold. The downstairs bar and upstairs dining room are ornately decorated with carved wood and silver doors, and the menu features whole tandoori fish, lots of vegetarian options, and weekend brunch. *337 W. Broadway (431-6222). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Canal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. *310 West Broadway (965-3588). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot at the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Wall Street Kitchen & Bar—As downtown grows more and more residential, its halls of finance, like this former bank building, are being converted to service establishments. This sister of SoHo Kitchen & Bar offers a similarly extensive selection of beers and wines by the glass, plus such eclectic American fare as beer-braised short ribs with egg noodles, and shrimp-smoked-bacon-and-roasted-tomato pizza. *70 Broad St. (797-7070). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photographs by Bernd Auers.

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale decor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Food for the Soul DISCOVERed

Dine with your Discover® Card and you could win a VIP season package to J@zz Lincoln Center

This October, every time you use your Discover® Card in select Manhattan restaurants, you're automatically entered for a chance to win a pair of season tickets with limo transportation to Jazz at Lincoln Center or one of 50 pairs of concert tickets. How many credit cards make a statement like that? For participating restaurants, call 1-800-DISCOVER or visit us at www.discovercard.com.

MUSIC DISCOVER STYLE

it pays to DISCOVER®

6011 0000 0000 0000

J L WEBB NOVUS

No purchase necessary. Open to U.S. residents 18 or older who are Discover Cardmembers as of 9/30/97. Void where prohibited. For Official Rules send SASE to Food for the Soul Rules, PO Box 5304, Blair, NE 68009-5304. Sweepstakes starts 10/1/97. Ends 11/7/97. ©1997 Greenwood Trust Company, Member FDIC.

Trattoria Bella Donna bar·grill
Catering & Private Parties
18 East 23rd St (Madison/B'Way) • 505-5678

Torre di Pisa
RISTORANTE TOSCANO
Milano since 1959
19 West 44th St. NYC. 398.4400

CAFFE Bondí
Ristorante
7 WEST 20TH STREET NEW YORK, NY 10011 212 691.8136

Roettele A.G.
German & Swiss Cuisine
126 E. 7th St.
212-674-4140

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. A new attraction is a weekend brunch accompanied by live Irish music, and fifteen versions of that most archetypical brunch drink, the Bloody Mary. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Granville—This duplex restaurant, under the same ownership as Match uptown and down, offers a similarly clubby, cigar-friendly environment on the second floor, while the ground floor, done up in bordello red and gilt mirrors, is given over to a sophisticated modern Creole menu. Try the crayfish-and-white-bean salad or the jerk-crusted pork chop. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Heartland Brewery—A rollicking brewpub with a lively outdoor café and a menu as American as its Thomas Hart Benton–ish murals. Accompany your choice of microbrew with comfort food like meat loaf with buttermilk smashed potatoes, stout-glazed chicken with apricots and juniper berries, and—for adventurers—buffalo burgers. The beer-weary can sample from the city's largest selection of tequilas and single-malt scotches. *35 Union Square W. (645-3400). (I) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformagio. *8 E. 36th St. (683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tap Room—New York's very first Austrian brewpub,

Data

Clawing to the Top

Who knows where the idea for lobster salad was spawned? Certainly not from mounds of leftovers. But ever since the sea creature was deemed an ideal salad ingredient—its sweet meat the perfectly adaptable counterpart to zesty dressings and crisp vegetables—interpreters have shown that lobster can share a plate with a broad spectrum of ingredients. Here, some noteworthy crustacean creations around town. Beth Landman Keil

All fired up: Charcoal-broiled lobster salad with brandy at Estiatorio Milos.

RESTAURANTS	LOBSTER HELPERS
BRYANT PARK GRILL 25 West 40th Street; 840-6500	Chilled lobster salad with baby lettuces, avocado, and sweet corn in a sherry wine vinaigrette.
MATCH UPTOWN 33 East 60th Street; 906-9177	Steamed lobster atop mango, avocado, and tomatoes with a salad of fennel, arugula, and haricots verts in a cilantro-ginger vinaigrette garnished with truffle oil and flying-fish roe.
THE PARK 109 East 56th Street; 750-5656	Lobster salad tossed with orange-saffron crustacé emulsion on red beets and baby mâche in a red wine vinaigrette.
C-3 103 Waverly Place; 254-1200	Tacos filled with lobster chunks, chayote, jicama, and tobiko roe, dressed with cumin-lime vinaigrette.
OSTERIA DEL CIRCO 120 West 55th Street; 265-3636	Steamed lobster on a bed of arugula and agrodolce fennel with red bliss potatoes and tomato confit in a tarragon vinaigrette.
ESTIATORIO MILOS 125 West 55th Street; 245-7400	Charcoal-broiled deep-sea lobster mixed with baby fennel, dill, scallions, chopped radichio, Belgian endives, Metaxa brandy, olive oil, and lemon.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

with fresh lagers and pilsners on tap and a menu that indicates a seriousness about food that's rare in the microbrewery business. Goulash, spaetzle, Wiener schnitzel, and homemade sausages sound like the perfect accompaniments for beer. *3 W. 18th St. (691-7666). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. Every Thursday and Friday night, the Peter Duchin jazz trio provides musical entertainment; baser appetites may be satisfied by the house quaff (the Waldorf martini) and a cigar menu. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cocktail Terrace at the Waldorf-Astoria—A convenient roost for a business breakfast or afternoon tea. At night, to accompany your cocktail, there's live piano music and the occasional fashion show. *301 Park Ave., at 50th St. (872-4818). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Upscale Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner has ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and the menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with smoked bacon, corn chowder, and pommes Anna. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45—This bustling Neapolitan restaurant and takeout shop aspires to authenticity in its recipes, its ingredients, and especially its thin-crust pizzas, which are baked for just over two minutes in a wood-burning oven. Pastas, small salads, twice-baked sandwiches, and seafood are other specialties of the house. The nearly all-Italian wine bar runs the width of the restaurant and serves a dozen affordable wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American-influenced French cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torremolinos—*This casual midtown restaurant serves* a variety of Spanish regional dishes, like paella Valenciana and Castilian-style rack of baby lamb. *230 E. 51st St. (755-1862). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place to kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick-and-stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. *Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors, from honey-lacquered foie gras to grilled Angus sirloin. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

China Regency—This Chinese-Japanese hybrid is located conveniently in midtown's hotel nexus. Try any of the noodle dishes or a sampling from the sushi bar. Private-party facilities are upstairs. *850 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (247-6440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from the meat loaf platter to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. *44 W. 44th St., in the Royalton (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611*

Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Primavera—Theater-district Northern Italian offering prix fixe dinners and house specials like veal porcini, fettuccine salmonati, and scallopine con porcini. *234 W. 48th St. (586-2797). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—Still a favorite celebration destination, this deluxe perch 65 floors above sea level offers a variety of entertainment options. Follow a feast—now prepared by acclaimed chef Waldy Malouf—with old-fashioned cocktails in the Promenade Bar or cabaret at Rainbow & Stars. Try the prix fixe and pretheater menus. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, is great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, lobster salad with tabbouleh in spicy lobster oil, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($).*

Bella Donna—Creative pastas and thin-crust pizzas at extremely affordable prices keep this cheerful Upper East Side trattoria full of budget diners, first

Fresh
1-888-FRESH

Takeout
Stalk Market

Wall Street health fanatics, downtown vegetarians, and TriBeCa's growing sisterhood of expectant mothers will embrace Organic Zone Juiceria, the new retail outpost of Fresh Organics' home-delivery service. The juice bar–café will eventually stock organic produce, natural cosmetics, proselytizing manuals, and a revolving array of wholesome takeout food, a selection that updates the stale nuts-and-berries approach with original dishes like Provençal potato ragout, beet jerky, walnut croquettes, sprout succotash, and, for dessert, virtuous "I Scream"—frozen bananas mashed with frozen fruit. (8 Beach Street; 226-5151.)

Photograph by Robert Wright.

dates, and neighborhood regulars. *307 E. 77th St. (535-2866). (I–M) ($).*

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat, or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Club Macanudo—This plush, elegant shrine to cigar-smoking also offers, besides an astonishing selection of smokes, a sophisticated variety of edibles. The American menu, listing such offbeat items as warm lobster enchiladas and pork loin with coffee-barbecue sauce, takes inspiration from Latin and Caribbean cuisines. Jackets required. *26 E. 63rd St. (752-8200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. *1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Giovanni 25—This elegant regional Italian restaurant has its fans, including the telegenic likes of Dan Rather and Tom Brokaw, who partake of a menu heavy on game and dishes luxurified with seasonal truffles. Try the Dover sole and the black risotto with cuttlefish. *25 E. 83rd St. (988-7300). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Hurricane Island—This American restaurant named for an island off the coast of Maine specializes, of course, in fresh lobster and seafood, and offers a better-than-average selection of microbrews with bottles from Belgium and Germany. *1303 Third Ave., at 75th St. (717-6600). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

L'Absinthe—Chef Bergougnoux cooks exquisite contemporary and traditional French food for a most appreciative Upper East Side clientele. All the brasserie details, from the zinc bar and brass rails to the cheese tray and filleted-at-tableside sole meunière, feel more Right Bank than Manhattan. *227 E. 67th St. (794-4950). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. *519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

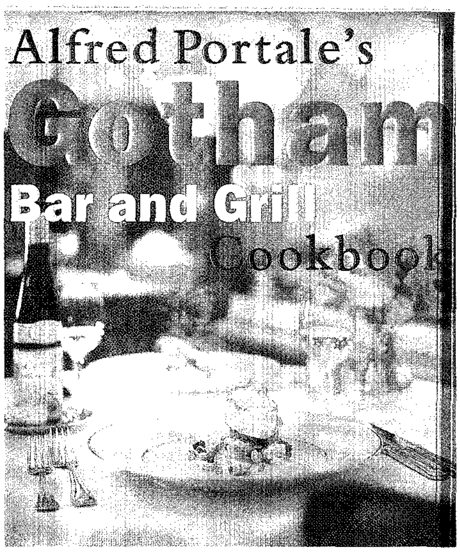
Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) ($).*



In Print Chef Alfred Portale—jewelry designer-turned–"Most Outstanding Student" in his cooking school class—remembers what it's like to be a non-professional. For verisimilitude, he tested recipes for his *Gotham Bar and Grill Cookbook* on a gas stove from P. C. Richards; his lucid directions include possible substitutions and presentation techniques that enable *the home cook to triumphantly recreate Gotham* signatures like lamb shanks with creamy white beans and yellow turnip purée, butternut squash risotto with maple-smoked bacon and sage, and lobster bolognese. Portale must be an effective teacher: Scott Bryan, Tom Colicchio, and David Walzog are just a few of the pros who've passed through his kitchen. (Doubleday; $45.)

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. *70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.*

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. *2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

nightlife

Tyner Plays Bacharach Jazz...Foo Fighters

Concerts

Fiona Apple—With Hooverphonic. 10/22 at 8 P.M. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $22.50.*

Shirley Bassey—10/22 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). $30–$60.*

Paulo Bragança—Twenty-five-year-old Bragança fleshes out Portugal's haunting *fado* (faintly Africanized nineteenth-century folk music) sound with strings, organs, and even the odd James Brown sample. Such bells and whistles may seem misguided additions to a form whose arrangements typically consist of just two lutelike instruments, but in this upstart's excellent hands they sound like apt updatings, not anachronistic tomfoolery. 10/16 at 7:30 P.M. *Tishman Auditorium, the New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5353). $16.*

Lala Brooks & Friends—The ex-Crystal (of "Da Doo Ron Ron" and "Then He Kissed Me" fame) hits the meatpacking district for a two-part trip down memory lane. 10/15, Drifter Ben E. King comes out from under the boardwalk to share his sweet, soulful tenor. 10/22, Black Moses turned morning-radio personality Isaac Hayes takes the show down and dirty. 10/15 and 10/22 at 9 P.M. *Fat Boy Saloon, 409 W. 14th St. (718-853-5683). $25.*

Eighth Annual Manhattan Cabaret Convention—Big-name entertainment at small-club prices abound at this bargain-basement camp-a-thon (then again, there's no table service at Town Hall). The weeklong smorgasbord features Margeret Whiting, Andrea Marcovicci, Lee Roy Reams, Mary Cleere Haran, Julie Wilson, Debbie Gravitte, Sara Zahn, Billy Stritch, and Davids Staller and Campbell. Call for nightly schedules. 10/13–10/19 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824). $10 per night.*

Jack Gibbons—The pianist celebrates the release of *The Authentic George Gershwin: The Hollywood Years*. 10/22 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. (875-5050). $15–$25.*

Robert Hunter—Now that his primary interpreter has climbed aboard the big tour bus in the sky, the lyricist behind virtually every Jerry Garcia tune has picked up the pace of his own career as a performer. Though Hunter's got eight solo albums' worth of material on which to draw, expect plenty of Dead faves such as "Friend of the Devil," "Box of Rain," and "Truckin'." A word to the wise, though: Hunter may have a way with words, but as a musician and singer, he's less solid. 10/16 at 9 P.M. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 313 W. 34th St. (307-7171). $25.*

Julio Iglesias—His new album, *Tango,* is a batch of rhythmically simplified Argentine numbers, but, for this three-night stand, the Latin loverman will focus on tunes all the girls have loved before. Priming the pump for next year's *Greatest Hits* (whose now-obligatory "four new songs" will include a cover of Billy Joel's "Just the Way You Are"), the bill revisits such proven swoon-inducers as "Crazy," "All of You," and—yes—"To All the Girls I've Loved Before." 10/17–10/19 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall. $32–$52.*

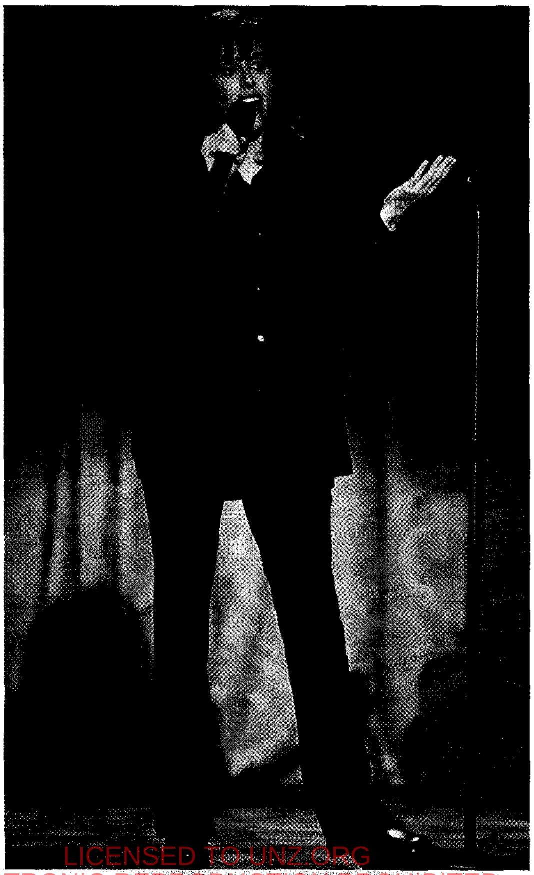
Jazz Beats Breast Cancer Benefit—Veterans (Randy Weston, Clark Terry) and young comers (Danilo Perez, Jacky Terrasson) team up for a night of jazz generosity. 10/21 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). $35–$60.*

k. d. lang—For the chorus to their current single, "Has Anybody Seen My Baby?," the Rolling Stones inadvertently echoed the subtly catchy melody from Lang's 1992 hit "Constant Craving"—resulting in a writing credit on the track for the pompadoured chanteuse. Now here she is, playing concert in Manhattan the very same night Mick and the boys are whooping it up out in Jersey. A nice little irony, but a sad one, nonetheless: The overlap means there's no way Lang will get that shot at a guest-vocal slot at Giants Stadium. (Though there *is* always night two of the Stones gig . . .) 10/16 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. (307-7171). $42–$77.*

Muzsikás and Márta Sebestyén—Despite impenetrable song titles like "Füzesi Iakodalmas" and "Madocsai Szölö-Örzö," this trad-Hungarian quartet has won a surprisingly large U.S. following. Just a testament to the universal, compelling quality of their musicianship, and Sebestyén's haunting, wiry voice. Either that, or droves of deluded Mötley Crüe fans have been drawn by all those alluring umlauts. 10/19 at 8 P.M. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). $20–$25.*

Talent
Deadpan Alley

Wendy Liebman—a master of the delayed-action jibe who masquerades as a chipper Long Islander—brings her mordant shtick to Carolines, October 16 through 19.



Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Mandy Patinkin—The unsinkable Patinkin opens the Brooklyn Center's '97–'98 season with show tunes and standards. 10/18 at 8 P.M. *Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts at Brooklyn College, 2900 Bedford Ave. (718-951-4500). $28–$50.*

The Rolling Stones—It's a rare and beautiful thing to witness, something only the biggest of rock legends can pull off. The subject at hand is not the graceful middle-aged comeback, but the true publicity blitz. Not simply a magazine article here and there or a handful of well-orchestrated appearances on *Entertainment Tonight*—the kind of campaign the Stones can wage makes such efforts seem like child's play. Entire months are devoted to them on cable-music channels; corporations vie to "sponsor" their current tour; the list goes on in big-ticketed glory. It's all the more impressive when you consider that the Stones, at this point, are starting to look something like a less peppy version of Aerosmith. With Foo Fighters (see box, page 105). 10/16–10/17 at 8 P.M. *Giants Stadium, East Rutherford, N.J. (212-307-7171). Sold out.*

"The World At Peace"—With Yusef Lateef and Adam Rudolph. 10/18 at 8 P.M. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). $20.*

Clubland

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 10/17: Her Vanished Grace; Succor; Crown Jewels. 10/18: Life in a Blender; Floater; Fontaine. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 10/15: Last winter, Little Isidore & the Inquisitors stole the show when they opened for Ronnie Spector's Christmas show. Now the hilarious doo-wop revivalists get the headlining gig they so richly deserve. With the VooDudes. 10/17: David Lindley; Leo Nocentelli Band. 10/18: Janis Ian; Susan Werner. 10/19: June Tabor. 10/22: Coco Montoya Band. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 10/15: Poem Rocket. 10/16: Eve's Plum; the Gravel Pit. 10/18: The British outfit Mogwai eschews the whole precious enterprise of pop music as it currently exists in its homeland. Instead, they make gritty, electrified soundscapes so vast, they make Oasis's own large-scale productions seem like dioramas by comparison. With Seely and American Analogue Set. 10/19: World/Inferno Friendship Society. 10/20: Salaryman. 10/22: The Frank & Walters. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flyer-strewn pit—in a good way.

10/17: Run On; Chrome Cranks. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam-trash revival hall, this two-level East Village fun-house now reflects the neighborhood's cultural diversity, with indie-rock and punk bands sharing the venue with some of the city's wackiest parties. 10/17: The Selecter; the Friggs. 10/18: Down By Law. 10/19: Earth Crisis; One King Down. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Fast Folk Cafe—One of the city's best folk venues, and the home of a public-access TV show dedicated to bringing the music right to your living room. 10/16: Nina Mankin. *41 N. Moore St. (274-1636). $.*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Every Wednesday, Fez presents the always packed, consistently hilarious "Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy." 10/17: Health and Happiness Show; George Usher. 10/20: Jonathan Ames. 10/21: Natalie Gamsu. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 10/14: The Musical Box (performing Genesis's *Selling England by the Pound*). 10/16: The Nixons, with Radish and Sevendust. 10/17: Knockout Drops, with New Brown Hat; Johny Vegas; Adam Pascal Band. 10/18: Old 97's; Whiskeytown; Hangdogs. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 10/14–10/16: Joey Baron's Down Home, with Bill Frisell, Ron Carter, and Arthur Blythe. 10/17: Poster Children. 10/18: Cyro Baptista's Villa Lobos. 10/20: Royal Trux. 10/21: Royal Crown Revue. 10/22: John Zorn, John Medeski, Mark Ribot, and other downtown luminaries play music by Larry Young. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Louisiana Community Bar and Grill—Weird neighborhood in which to label anything "community," but the joint books some surprisingly good blues, jazz, and country acts. 10/13: The Flipped Fedoras. 10/16: Full Swing. 10/17: Willis Prudhomme. 10/20: The Blues Jumpers. *622 Broadway, bet. Houston and Bleecker. (460-9633).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little Chicago on the Upper East Side. Mondays, beware salivating yuppie swells here for ladies' night. Every Sunday, it's Manny's World Famous Blues Jam. 10/16: Little Charlie and the Nightcats. 10/17–10/18: Little Buster & the Soul Brothers. *1558 Third Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (369-BLUE).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more au courant time slots of MTV. 10/13–10/14: With only two guys in the band, Local H creates all the looming sonic density and melodic undercurrents of Nirvana or Pearl Jam. Whether that makes them crypto-metalists or just a darn-well-talented pair is still an open question. With Figdish and Triplefastaction. 10/15: Alana Davis; the Mommyheads. 10/16: Angel Dust. 10/17: Golden Palominos vocalist Lori Carson, now doing her own spooky thing. With Richard Buckner. 10/18: A night of excellent guitar pop, all from Oceania. First up is the great Australian pop-hope, Richard Davies. The equally delightful, slightly less precious New Zealander Chris Knox fills out the bill. 10/19: Ida; Ruby Falls. 10/20–10/21: Freddy Jones. 10/22: Tea Party. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

New Music Cafe—Within spitting distance of the Holland Tunnel, this middle-brow TriBeCa hang serves up more than its share of jammy, 'Dead-indebted sounds. Thursdays are an exception, when the jammy, P-Funk-indebted sounds of Giant Step take over. 10/16: Local ska legends the Second Step reunite for their tenth anniversary. Two-tone madness! *380 Canal St., at West Broadway. (941-1019).*

Rodeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted longhorns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 10/13: Western Caravan with Thirsty Dave. 10/17: The Reach Around Rodeo Clowns. 10/18: The Lustre Kings. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (683-6500).*

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 10/15: Highly Rai. 10/16: "Batucada," at which drum-and-bass meets Brazilian beats. 10/17: Khadir. 10/17: System Band. 10/20: DLG. 10/21: Sugar Minott. 10/22: "The Gypsy Flamenco Series." *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band pays tribute to various big-band heroes of yesteryear, after which the next generation of swingers takes over, from midnight till 4 A.M. 10/17–10/18: Joe Battaglia & the New York Big Band. 10/20: Cuban club-music sensation Albita. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 10/16: Robben Ford. 10/17: They just marked the twentieth anniversary of Elvis's untimely demise, but Jerry Lee Lewis is still going strong. Carrying out a well-deserved comeback (by comparison with recent revelations about, say, Marv Albert's proclivities, the Killer's "scandalous" marriage to a young cousin looks positively saintly, for crying out loud), Lewis has still delivers the hell-raising, keyboard-busting pyrotechnics you'd hope for. With Marcia Ball. 10/18: Abba revivalists Björn Again. 10/22: Bob Mould. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. Sunday is "Fastbreak," a jungle-techno-hip-hop-"Kung-fu breakbeat" extravaganza. 10/15: Native; Groovelilly. 10/16: Agents of Good Roots; Robert Bradley's Blackwater Surprise. 10/17: The Drovers; Burlap to Cashmere. 10/18: Fatbag. 10/19: Flipped Fedoras; Crescent City Maulers. 10/20: Brooklyn Funk Essentials. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Windows on the World—Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into a full-on cocktail-nation freak-fest. 10/14: "Koombah-Woombah," a Bossa Nova hoedown of epic proportions. 10/16: Rhythm Nation. 10/17: Crescent City Maulers. 10/18: Flipped Fedoras. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Friday the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30.

Talent

Street Fighting Men

Even in rock and roll, it's bad form to look a gift horse in the mouth. But when the Foo Fighters were invited to open for the Rolling Stones' two Giants Stadium dates (October 16 and 17), a quick peek into the equine unknown was certainly warranted. "I can't believe they would have anything to do with us," says first Foo Dave Grohl, backstage before the group's October 5 gig at Roseland. "I don't know if they realize we're sort of a punk-rock band. It might be time to break out the chicken wire for the front of the stage." Perhaps Jagger & Co. have heard about Grohl's pre-Nirvana, preteen musical career in suburban Virginia. "When I was, like, 10 or 11 years old," he says, "I was in a neighborhood cover band, and we did some Rolling Stones songs. Very badly, I'm sure. 'Time Is on My Side'—we played that one at a nursing home." Now a mature 28 and less prone to such callous audience-baiting, Grohl is using the Roseland date to prep for the Stones' baby-boomer masses. The first of the night's two circa-*Some Girls* selections—Gary Numan's creepy 1979 dirge "Down in the Park"—probably won't be much of a heartstring tugger for your average classic-rock fan. The other, though, might get him somewhere: Announcing it as a cover tune, Grohl starts the Fighters' "Big Me" with the dulcet opening bars of Fleetwood Mac's "Rhiannon (Will You Ever Win)," and eventually works his way back to the Mac tune for an improbably apt-sounding outro. When the number ends, Grohl looks out at the largely teenage crowd. "That was a Fleetwood Mac song," he informs them. "In case you didn't recognize it." It's an explanation he definitely won't need to make at Giants Stadium.

ETHAN SMITH

His aim is Foo: Grohl (armed) with bandmates Taylor Hawkins, Franz Stahl, and Nate Mendel.

Photograph by Allison Dyer.

10/14–10/19: Michael Brecker. 10/21: Doug Raney Quartet. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With his treacly melodies, usually sung by such non-experimentalists as Dionne Warwick and Karen Carpenter, Burt Bacharach seems an unlikely hero of the avant-garde. But the evidence is here: Last month, a gang of downtown-jazz types, led by John Zorn, used a Lincoln Center gig to explore "Message to Michael," "This Guy's in Love With You," and other compositions by the pop master. Now another difficult-listening guru (and one with roots in the same era as Bacharach), McCoy Tyner, devotes an entire week to the songwriter. Leading his trio and a full complement of string players, the former Coltrane sideman pushes the pop envelope even further. (To be fare to Bacharach, the adulation from the high-minded set is perfectly understandable: His songs may come across as sweet, innocuous ditties, but in reality they're complex rhythmic and tonal inventions, worthy of in-depth workouts. Of course, a less labored explanation of the phenomenon is that Tyner and Zorn might have seen *Austin Powers* this summer and really dug Bacharach's cameo.) 10/14–10/19. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 10/14–10/19: Pianist Kenny Barron, one of the great vets of the bop age, is undiminished in fire, smarts, and guts. 10/21–10/26: Charlie Haden and Paul Bley. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

"Jazz at Noon"—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its 33rd season, with the usual high-caliber house band. 10/17: Bob Kindred. Noon–2:30 P.M. $5 cover. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. While no amount of imagination can render the institutional, linoleum-tile décor any more inviting than your average mass feed-trough, the concept *is* fairly happening. 10/17: The Wess "Warmdaddy" Anderson Quartet. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, it's the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. 10/17–10/18: Ed Neumeister Quintet. 10/21: Ned Gould Trio. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 10/14–10/19: Hamiett Bluiett Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11 P.M., with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 10/14–10/15 and 10/17–10/19: Fred Lind & Bohdan Sochan Trio. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 10/14–10/19: Alto saxist Lou Donaldson leads his quartet through a swinging bop-to-boogaloo workout, mixing Charlie Parker classics with grooving hard-boppers like his own "Blues Walk." And any excuse to hear Donaldson's longtime sideman, beturbaned organist Lonnie Smith, is well worth taking. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 10/13–10/18: Ken Peplowski, Michael Moore, and Howard Alden. 10/20–10/25: Ray Drummond and Lynne Arriale. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Performance

Message to McCoy

McCoy Tyner—veteran of John Coltrane's densest period and no slouch as a bandleader himself—shepherds a quartet and a full string section through the infinite subtleties of one of modern music's greatest melodists: Burt Bacharach. October 14 through 19, the Blue Note.

Comedy

Carolines Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 10/16–10/19: Wendy Liebman, whose act consists primarily of her endlessly startling habit of following up seemingly innocuous remarks with sotto voce asides that sink the shiv with the best of them. 10/22: Julie Halston's "New York." *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50, two-drink minimum.*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 10/13–10/19: Nancy Redman, Rich Ramirez, Jim Norton. 10/20–10/26: Brian McFadden, Ben Creed, Jerry Diner. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. 10/17 & 10/18: Brian Williams, Rock Ruben, Steve Shaffer. Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. Two-drink minimum. *34 West 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 10/17–10/18: Frank Santorelli; Keith Robinson; Louis C.K.; Orny Adams; Todd Barry. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Not many round tables, and no viciousness, in the Oak Room—just a classy performance space so intimate, you can reach out and touch the performers. 10/21–11/15: Fresh from a stint in London, the great Mary Cleere Haran debuts "Pennies From Heaven: Movie Songs of the 1930s." Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $35; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, ext. 154).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder *and* bolder to bolder), are the keynote of this Village landmark. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Peter Mintun plays Tues.–Sat. 9:30 P.M.–1:30 A.M., through 10/15. P.M. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings on with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $50; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. 10/14–10/25: The original Cunegonde in *Candide*, Rosemary Clooney has lost none of her wit, charm, and grace. This all-too-brief run celebrates the release of her new CD, *Mothers and Daughters*. $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; seating for dinner is at 6:30 P.M. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Thursdays, the Ed Swanston Trio. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem All-Stars. Wednesday, hard swinging New Orleans clarinetist Rick Hardeman leads his quartet. Tuesdays, the Ed Swanston Trio. Saturday, the Joe Traina Quintet, featuring Natalie English. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

Bars

The View Lounge—What can you say about a rotating bar hundreds of feet above Times Square? In spite of—or because of—its utterly impersonal ambience, it's a classic, and well worth the exorbitantly high prices. One of the rare venues where motion sickness may set in before you catch a cab home. *Marriott Marquis, 1535 Broadway, at 45th St., forty-eighth floor (398-1900).*

Photograph by Jay Gullixson.

in concert

Neeme Jarvi Conducts the Philharmonic

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Classical Music

Tuesday, October 14

Philadelphia Orchestra—Performs Schubert; Wolfgang Sawallisch, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$70.*

Wednesday, October 15

New York Festival of Song—Performs bel cantos by Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $20–$85.*

Elsner String Quartet—Performs new Spanish music. *Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave. (749-3300), at 8; free.*

Thursday, October 16

New York Philharmonic—Performs Thomson, Tchaikovsky, and Mendelssohn; Neeme Jarvi, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7000), at 8; $20–$75.*

Estonian Philharmonic and the Tallinn Chamber Orchestra—Perform Part's *Litany* and *Trisagion*, as well as works by Nystedt and Tuur. *St. Ignatius, 980 Park Ave., at 84th St. (721-6500), at 8; $35.*

Slava Grigoryan, Guitar—Performs Spanish music, including works by Piazzolla, Turina, and Albeniz. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800); at 8; $15.*

Bargemusic—Quartet performances of Beethoven, Brahms, and Mozart. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $23.*

Friday, October 17

Maurizio Pollini, Piano—Performs Chopin and Debussy. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7:30; $18–$75.*

Clemente Trio—Performs works of Beethoven, Shostakovich, and Mendelssohn. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave. (247-7800), at 7:30; $18–$75.*

DROP—A psychedelic rock opera by Puak Mascotta and Hank Wagner. *NADA's House of Candles, 99 Stanton St. (420-1466), midnight; free.*

New York Philharmonic—See 10/16.

Saturday, October 18

New York Philharmonic—See 10/16.

Sunday, October 19

Chamber Music Society—Performs the New York premiere of John Adams's *Gnarly Buttons*, with David Shifrin, clarinet. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7500), at 5; $25–$35.*

Munich Chamber Orchestra—Performs Webern, Debussy, and Tchaikovsky. *Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 8; $20.*

Peter Serkin, Piano—Performs Beethoven, Reger, and new works by Peter Lieberson and Oliver Knussen. *Avery Fischer Hall, Lincoln Center (875-7500), at 3; $15–$35.*

Prometheus Piano Quartet—Performs Fauré and Schumann. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 11; $15.*

Cassat String Quartet—Performs Beethoven and Bacewicz. *Kozciuzko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. (734-2130), at 3; $20.*

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Performs Yuan, Sawai, and Umi. *Arthur and Janet Ross Hall, New York Botanical Garden, 200th St. and Southern Blvd., Bronx (718-601-7399), at 3; $15.*

Ensemble Sonnerie—Performs Bach's *Musical Offering*. *Corpus Christi Church, Broadway and 121st St. (666-9266), at 4; $20.*

Bargemusic—See 10/16, at 4.

Monday, October 20

Ayako Yoshida, Violin, and Ilan Rechtman, Piano—Perform Beethoven's Sonata No. 1 in D major and Brahms's Opus 108. *The Mansfield Hotel, 12 W. 44th St (944-6050), at 8; free.*

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Performs Puccini's *Turandot*, 10/7 at 7:30 and 10/11 at 8:30; Massenet's *Manon*, with Renée Fleming, 10/8 and 10/11 at 8; Bizet's *Carmen*, with Denyce Graves and Plácido Domingo, 10/9 at 7:30; Strauss's *Ariadne auf Naxos*, with Deborah Voight, 10/10 and 10/13 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $24–$200.*

New York City Opera—Performs Verdi's *La Traviata*, 10/14 at 7:30 and 10/18 at 8; Gluck's *Iphigenie en Tauride*, 10/15 at 7:30 and 10/18 at 1:30; Rossini's *L'italiana in Algeri*, 10/16 at 7:30; Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, 10/17 at 8. *New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); $20–$85.*

Amato Opera—The smallest opera house in the world performs Verdi's *Aida*; Anthony Amato, conductor. 10/18 at 7:30 and 10/19 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $20.*

Dance

Merce Cunningham—Performs *Cunningham, Merce: Forward & Reverse*, 10/14–10/19 at 7:30. *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (307-4100); $11-$40.*

Forever Tango—The Argentine form interpreted by Luis Bravo. *Walter Kerr Theater, 218 W. 48th St. (239-6200); $30–$65.*

Alberta Ballet—New works from this Canadian troupe, 10/14–10/18 at 8, 10/19 at 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave. (242-0800); $30.*

SenseDance—Performs *Art of Love*, 10/16–10/19 at 8. *Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. (334-7479); $15.*

New York Ballroom Company—Performs a tribute to Bobby Short and waltzes by Chopin, 10/16–10/18 at 8. *Riverside Church, 120th St. and Riverside Drive (362-5752); $22.*

Steeldance—Performs new works, 10/16–10/18 at 8, 10/19 at 3. *Dance Theater Workshop's Bessie Schonberg Theater, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $15.*

Previews

Belly Dancing

You'd think Merce Cunningham and Rei Kawakubo would both be too iconoclastic, enigmatic, and downright bizarre to ever find common ground. But, after ten months of collaborating, the modern-dance master and the Comme des Garçons designer have produced 'Cunningham, Merce: Forward and Reverse'—a living sculpture, if you will. BAM *Opera House, October 14–19.*

the mix

Remembering Robert Lowell...*Scavullo: Photographs*

John Leonard's Television Notes

The Lost American (10/14; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) is *Frontline's* best guess at what happened to the humanitarian-relief worker Fred Cuny in Chechnya in 1995 to make him disappear—permanently. This distinctly Unquiet American, a graduate of Texas A&M with a medical discharge from the Marine Corps and a habit of giving bureaucrats anxiety attacks even as he helped save thousands of lives from Biafra to Bosnia, from El Salvador to Bangladesh, not to mention the Sudanese and Kurds, may very well have been moonlighting in Chechnya as a U.S. government agent, had certainly been critical of Yeltsin, but was probably wasted by paramilitaries under the putative command of Rizvan Elbiev, the local Chechen intelligence chief in Stary Atchkoi, who decided he was spying.

Death Warrant (10/15; 10 to 11 P.M.; Showtime), the latest installment in Showtime's fitful series *Dead Man's Gun,* is worth a look just to see Michael Moriarty as an Old West scuzz-bucket, wearing a derby, chewing a cigar, and collecting bounties over the dead bodies of wanted men, even if innocent bystanders get shot down by his evil-eye pistol in the mishappenstance of crossfire. Moriarty's first mistake is to kill Kate Jackson's son. She puts out a tit-for-tat on his unlucky head. His second you'll have to discover for yourself. I will say that Kate here does a haughty-contessa impersonation well beyond excessive.

The Escape—(10/18; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; TMC) begins with a very wet manhunt for escaped con Patrick Dempsey and ends in bloody aquatic bends and is in between a lot of time-warp *noir.* Sentenced to forever for a crime he only sort of committed, Dempsey learns in prison to write bad poetry, of which we get a lot in black-and-white fantasy sequences while he's on the run and even while he's removing the clothes of the nubile cellist Brigitte Bako ("Bach!" he heavy-breathes), who'll love him in spite of his fateful appointment with a deeply corrupt Colm Feore in a pretty blue helicopter. What warps is not a nineties movie nostalgic for forties *noir,* but a *noir* actually nostalgic for fifties Beat. Dempsey isn't dreaming of a nightclub; what he really fantasizes about is a poetry-and-jazz coffeehouse so retro as to be furnished with Ginsbergs instead of Starbucks.

Hope (10/19; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT) stars Jena Malone from *Bastard Out of Carolina* and Christine Lahti from *Chicago Hope* as well as J. T. Walsh, Catherine O'Hara, and Jeffrey D. Sams in a feel-good and act-honorably period piece set in 1962, when the Cuban missile crisis and the civil-rights movement both come at the same time to a small southern town. It also just happens to be the first-ever feature film to be directed by Goldie Hawn, who elicits some nice performances from a fine cast, even if the pacing to and from the bomb shelter and the shameful past can get a little herky-jerky, and you see the gospel music coming a country mile away, as well as the dancing shoes. Still, Walsh in a taxing role touches some unusual bases.

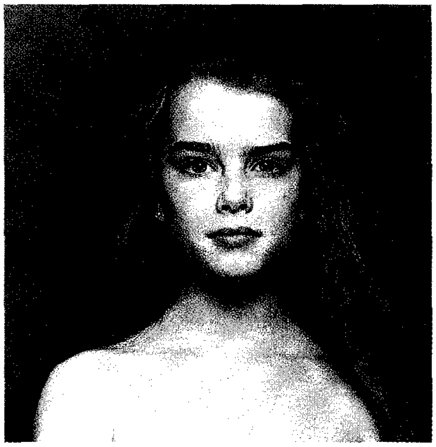
Jane Eyre (10/19; 8 to 10:30 P.M.; A&E) will survive Ciaran Hinds hamming it up as Rochester in this TV adaptation of the Charlotte Brontë novel, as she has survived Orson Welles and George C. Scott hamming it up in the two best-known big-screen versions. And so all over again: "Do you think because I am poor and plain I have no soul? No heart?" But also as usual, Jane's anything but plain. Not even a high forehead, a bad haircut, and really rotten weather can render Samantha Morton anything less than yummy as the plucky governess sorely tried by a madwoman in her employer's attic. Once again, in spite of so much disappointment, she will decide not to go to India. I liked Gemma Jones as Mrs. Fairfax, not to mention the usual gothic claptrap of the chaste moon, the phallic tree, and the lustful firemoons.

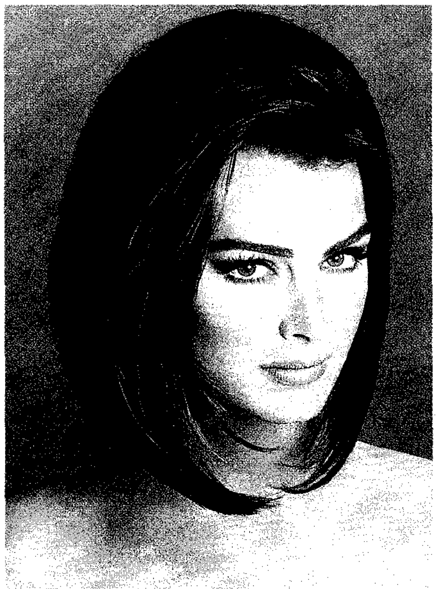
Twin Stories (10/19; 9 to 10 P.M.; TBS) manages to pander to our prurient interest in the genetic intimacy of identical twins without ever bothering to explore why we're so enthralled—aside, of course, from the advantage to those scientists curious about nature versus nurture. Instead it concentrates on three pairs with differing histories but a sameness of enthusiasm for the ultimate bond. On-camera interviews, nicely juxtaposed, are absorbing but far too tactful. What's television for, if not to exploit our kinkiness about variations on the Other?

Bad to the Bone (10/19; 9 to 11 P.M.; ABC) has been packaged for publicity purposes as the Dark Side of Buffy the Vampire Slayer—which is not enough of an excuse since the Buffy we're talking about turns out to be Kristy Swanson, from the so-so Hollywood movie, instead of Sarah Michelle Gellar, from the delicious TV series. So Swanson as a very blonde and exceedingly feckless 19-year-old Francesca, having been abused as a child, grows up thinking the world owes her whatever, whenever. Grounded by Mom (Patti D'Arbanville), she not only kills her but also sells the house. Bitched at by her boyfriend and alibi (David Chokachi), she sweet-talks her baby brother (Jeremy London) into killing him, too, and then leaves him to take the rap alone. This is one of those TV movies that lets actors from other TV series—like *Baywatch* and *Party of Five*—stretch themselves, from A to B-minus.

Barbara Taylor Bradford's *Love in Another Town* (10/19; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) stars Adrian Pasdar as the month of May and Victoria Principal as the month of October in a May-October romance from the tireless Barbara Taylor Bradford that's as slow as it is soppy. So her loutish husband of 22 years, the usual Terence Knox, tells Victoria on her birthday that he's leaving her for a younger model, a sporty convertible. So, at the urging of her best friend Mary Kay Place, she abandons Chicago to decorate interiors in the picturesque Deep Cove boondocks, where she meets Adrian, a lighting designer twelve years younger than she is. Plus he's still, unhappily, married—although it turns out to be to a Finn Carter with terminal cancer, so Victoria goes instead to Scotland, where she finds out she's pregnant but can't tell Adrian because Finn got hit by a truck. By the second hour of this mush, even a gallant Mary Kay Place is flagging.

Where Have You Gone, Joe DiMaggio? (10/20; 8 to 9 P.M.; HBO) talks to Yogi Berra, Jerry Coleman, Bob Feller, Tommy Heinrich, Reggie Jackson, Phil Rizzuto, and Pete Rose, not to mention major leaguers from other sports like Mario Cuomo, David Halberstam, and Gay Talese, about Mr. Coffee's Yankee Clipper. What we gather, between vintage snippets and Paul Simon, is that Joltin' Joe may have loved Marilyn Monroe but was otherwise, in Halberstam's words, "almost pathologically suspicious of the rest of the world." And this may be what happens when you're asked to be a one-man Italian Anti-Defamation League even after you've quit baseball, "keeper of his own flame





In Print

The Shootist

It is relatively easy to convince 'Vogue' readers of the cover girl's beauty, but substantially harder to convince the cover girl. Francesco Scavullo, though, renders women so stunning—and unprecedentedly self-satisfied—that a few are alleged to depend on him for even their passport photos. 'Scavullo: Photographs, 50 Years' commemorates his career. (Abrams; $60)

. . . polishing his own statue," getting paid for crossing the street, sort of like Gerry Ford.

Radio Highlights

New York & Company—Weekdays at noon. 10/13: David Anderson on alternatives to prison and *Sensible Justice*; actress Parker Posey on *The House of Yes*; Douglas Bauer on *The Book of Famous Iowans*; Carla Maxwell on *José Limón*. 10/14: Dorothy Dunnett on *The Lymond Chronicles*; Blake Morrison on *As If: A Crime, A Trial, A Question of Childhood*; Sarah Karloff remembers her late husband, Boris. 10/15: Mt. Sinai's Michael McCally talks about toxic chemicals; Lisa See on her novel *Flower Net*; Steven Pinker explains *How the Mind Works*. 10/16: Jeff Shesol discusses Lyndon Johnson, Robert Kennedy, and their *Mutual Contempt*; Ernest May and Philip Zelikow on *The Kennedy Tapes*. 10/20: Dave Barry on *From Mars and Venus;* Margaret Drabble on her latest novel, *The Witch of Exmoor*. 10/21: Terry Waite on *Footfalls of Memory*; John Weitz discusses *Hitler's Banker*. 10/22: Etymologist and inveterate punster Richard Lederer takes on the English language; Caleb Carr on his latest book, *The Angel of Darkness*. 10/23: Jackie Joyner-Kersee on *A Kind of Grace*. 10/24: Leonard Maltin discusses fall movies. Leonard Lopate hosts. WNYC, 93.9 FM/820 AM.

Casper Citron—10/18 at 10 P.M.: Barbara Taylor Bradford discusses her novel *Power of a Woman*; race-horse handicapper Len Ragozin and Thoroughbred expert Steven Crist explain why *The Odds Must Be Crazy*; Lynn Meadows of the Manhattan Theatre Club and Todd Haimes of the Roundabout Theatre Company discuss the new show roster; *Time's* Michael D. Lemonick talks about serotonin drugs like Prozac, Redux, and Phen-Fen and their side effects. WOR, 710 AM.

The Written Word

Tony Towle & Karen Volkman—10/13 at 7:30 P.M.: A reading at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360).

Writers at Dusk—At 6 P.M. 10/14: Margot Adler reads from *Heretic's Heart: A Journey Through Spirit and Revolution*. 10/21: Lawrence Block on his latest caper, *The Burglar in the Library*. 10/28: Hans Koning discusses *Pursuit of a Woman on the Hinge of History*. Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0663).

Colin Harrison & Kathryn Harrison—10/14 at 7 P.M.: A shared reading by the author of *Manhattan Nocturne* and his wife, the author of *The Kiss*. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360).

Lesbian and Gay Reading Series—At 6:30 P.M. 10/15: *African American Lesbians on Family;* featuring Catherine McKinley, Renita Martin, and Shay Youngblood. 10/22: *Gay Male Writers on the Masculine Journey,* featuring Tom Carey, James Hannaham, and Tom House. Jefferson Market Library, 425 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (243-4334).

David Thomson—10/20 at 7 P.M.: The author of *Beneath Mulholland* joins writer-director James Toback for an interview and reading. Oak Room at the Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). $20.

Suzanne Gardinier and Wayne Koestenbaum—10/20 at 7:30 P.M.: A reading at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360).

Arthur Golden—10/23 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from *Memoirs of a Geisha*. Rizzoli Bookstore, 454 W. Broadway, between Prince and Houston Sts. (387-3410).

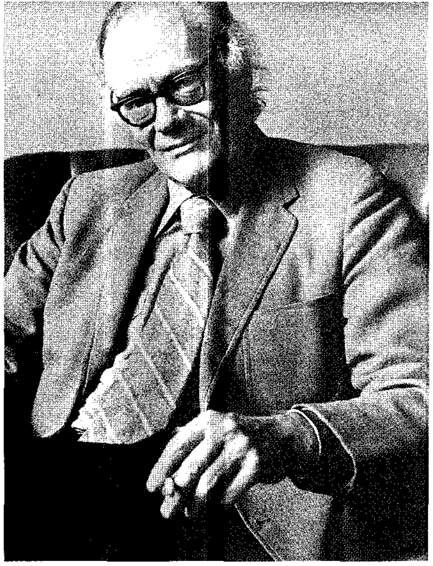
Close to the Bone: Memoirs of Hurt, Rage, and Desire—10/23 at 8 P.M.: Contributors Philip Lopate, Jane Creighton, and Laurie Stone read from this insightful collection. The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South, at 20th St. (475-3424). Jacket required.

Lectures and Panels

The Russian Political Landscape—10/16 at 8:30 A.M.: Join Katrina vanden Heuvel, editor-in-chief of *The Nation*, for an enlightening breakfast discussion on Russia's politics. Event is co-sponsored by the Women's Foreign Policy Group. Call 202-884-8597 for reservations. Newseum, 580 Madison Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts.; $25.

Tribute

Life Studies



To suffer from madness—the stark raving variety, requiring ambulances, injections, straitjackets, institutions—is not generally considered the best of luck. And yet the certifiably mad poet Robert Lowell, who died 20 years ago and who will be remembered next week with a panel discussion at the New York Public Library, seems a man blessed by a remarkable roll of the dice. He was born into a New England family whose name suggested immutable position and assurance, and into an era when such Waspy intangibles had a universally dazzling effect. By the time Lowell was 30 he was an established poet, with a Pulitzer in hand and a stellar group of friends in tow. Bishop, Jarrell, Tate, Gordon, Auden: Lowell knew them all, and he married two of the most impressive American writers of his generation, Jean Stafford and Elizabeth Hardwick. Madness showed up in his work ("All night I've held your hand, / as if you had / a fourth time faced the kingdom of the mad— / its hackneyed speech, its homicidal eye— / and dragged me home alive," he wrote in *Life Studies*'s "Man and Wife") but rarely prevented him from getting it done, and getting it done well. The role of madness in his married life was more pernicious. Stafford he left with a twice-broken nose, and Hardwick he left, over the course of a 23-year marriage, for numerous trysts. When they split for good, Lowell used Hardwick's letters in his book *The Dolphin,* although only after apparently doctoring their contents. Several friends excoriated him, but his suffering was not unrelieved: *The Dolphin* earned Lowell his third Pulitzer. And Hardwick, despite having had sharp words for him, magnanimously remained in Lowell's life; he was in a cab on his way back to her when he died, at age 60, of a heart attack. No avenging angel, Hardwick will join Helen Vendler, Richard Tillinghast, Frank Bidart, and Carl Phillips on the panel. Her presence cannot help deepening that stubborn mystery—the rift between art, with its moral concerns, and the artist, with his moral exemptions. (See listings.)

LINDA HALL

A Stranger Among Strangers: John Butler Yeats in New York—10/16 at 7 P.M.: Join art historian Hilary Pyle, author of *Yeats: Portrait of an Artistic Family,* for a talk on the Yeats family. Jurow Lecture Hall, room 101A, NYU, 100 Washington Square East (998-3950); $5.

A Tribute to Robert Lowell—10/23 at 7 P.M.: Featuring Frank Bidart, Elizabeth Hardwick, Carl Phillips, Richard Tillinghast, and Helen Vendler. Celeste Bartos Forum, Room 80, New York Public Library, 476 Fifth Ave., at 42nd St. (431-7920); $8.

U.S. Asylum Law Symposium—10/16 at 1:30 P.M.: NYU School of Law hosts a diverse panel of experts to discuss changes in U.S. asylum laws and their implications for the homosexual community. Great Hall in D'Agostino Hall, 110 W. 3rd St. (673-5269).

Edward Sorel—10/20 at 6 P.M.: The author of *Unauthorized Portraits* presents a lecture and slide show. New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue at 42nd St.

Broadside: Art and Architecture—10/20 at 7 P.M.: Renowned postmodern painter Frank Stella lectures on the interrelatedness of drawing in architecture and fine art. Great Hall in the Foundation Building, 7th St. at Third Ave.

Encounters With Rauschenberg—10/21 at 7 P.M.: Renowned art historian Leo Steinberg shares his recollections of Robert Rauschenberg and discusses the impact of the artist's boisterous work. Peter B. Lewis Theater, Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587).

The House Un-American Activities Committee—10/22 at 6 P.M.: The School of Visual Arts Film Department hosts a screening of *Hollywood on Trial* and a panel featuring Victor Navasky, Lee Grant, Tony Kahn, Conrad Bromberg, Walter Bernstein, and Patricia Bosworth to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Hollywood Ten. SVA, 209 E. 23rd St. (592-2195).

Irish Women Political Activists, 1900-1924—10/22 at 7 P.M.: Join Sinead McCoole, author of *Guns and Chiffon* and *Hazel: A Life of Lady Lavery*, for a talk at NYU's Glucksman Ireland House. 1 Washington Mews (998-3950); $5.

Tours

New York Discovered—10/13 at 1 P.M.: A special tour of lower Manhattan focusing on the legends and lore of discoveries and innovations that have marked New York City's rich history. Meet at the front steps of City Hall (439-1090); $9.

The Multi-Ethnic Eating Tour—10/18 at 1 P.M.: From fresh mozzarella to dim sum, sample the historic and gastronomic delights of Little Italy, the Jewish East Side, and Chinatown. Meet at the southeast corner of Essex and Delancey Sts. in front of the Olympic Restaurant. Call for reservations (439-1090); $12.

Gotham Murders and Mysteries—10/18 and 10/19 at 1:30 P.M.: Good old-fashioned intrigue—New York–style. Visit sites associated with the deaths of Nelson Rockefeller, Gig Young, and gangster Arnold Rothstein, the man who fixed the 1919 World Series. Call for reservations (465-3331); $12.

Annual Post-Yom Kippur Ellis Island—10/19 at noon: A guided tour of the Ellis Island Museum and grounds with special emphasis on the Jewish immigrant experience. Meet at the flagpole in the center of the Clinton Monument at Battery Park. Call for reservations (439-1090); $15 (includes boat ticket, movie, and tour).

Merchant's House Museum & The Bond St. Aristocracy—10/19 at 1 P.M.: Part of Cooper Union's "At Home in Centuries Past: New York's Historic Houses" series. Journey with writer and urban historian Harry Matthews into the Gilded Age of Old New York and visit, among others, the homes of a man who saved the U.S. Treasury and a woman who seduced a president (353-4198); $25.

Photograph by Nancy Crampton.

Historic Harlem—10/19 at 1 P.M.: Learn about the hub of African-American culture as you visit the Abyssinian Baptist Church, Striver's Row, and places once home to literary greats like Zora Neale Hurston and Langston Hughes. Meet at the northwest corner of 135 St. and Lenox Ave. at the Schomburg Center (439-1090); $9.

Gracie Mansion & Old Yorkville—10/22 at 1 P.M.: Part of Cooper Union's "At Home in Centuries Past: New York's Historic Houses" series. Visit the splendid Federal mansion overlooking the East River, the treasured "storybook" houses of Old Yorkville, and one of New York's most spectacular churches with urban historian Harry Matthews (353-4198); $25.

Metropolitan Opera Backstage—Weekdays from 10 A.M to 4 P.M.: A unique, behind-the-scenes view of the creation of the opera. Includes costume and set design, the performers' rehearsal facilities and dressing rooms, and the opulent auditorium. At Lincoln Center; call for reservations and times (769-7020); $8.

Exhibitions

Public Notice—Through 11/8: A retrospective examining innovative poster design and its impact in art and culture from the post–World War II years to the present. The exhibit highlights the intersection of graphic design, fine arts, and political activism. On view at Exit Art/The First World, 548 Broadway, at Spring St., second floor (966-7745).

Ambush in the Streets—Through 12/6: A collection of Jules Backus's photographs concentrating on *pochoirs*. Paris's constantly changing works of stencil and site-specific wall art range from whimsically indulgent to wickedly political. It is on view at Cooper Union's Herb Lubalin Study Center for Design and Typography, in the Historic Foundation Building, 7th St. and Third Ave. (353-4214).

This Is a Pair of Levi's Jeans—Through 10/31: A retrospective celebrating nearly 150 years of the label's innovative advertising and graphic-design techniques. The show will chronicle Levi Strauss & Co.'s evolution as the world's symbol of American style and the company's continually groundbreaking contributions to the industry. It is on view at the Art Directors Club, 250 Park Ave., at 19th St. (674-0500); free.

A Community Oasis—Through 11/16: "Sixty Years in the Conservatory Garden." Through photographs and Garden memorabilia, this exhibition celebrates the beauty of this botanical treasure and its importance to the surrounding communities. It is on view at the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center, in Central Park at 110th St. near Fifth Ave. (860-1370); free.

Events

California Wine Tasting—10/15 at 6:30 P.M.: In celebration of *Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective,* join wine expert Bill Sciambi for an exploration of both red and white libations. The Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587); $30.

New York Tribal Antiques Show—10/17–10/19: Over 85 dealers from Africa, Europe, Asia, and the Americas selling tens of thousands of folk, tribal, and ethnographic antiquities. Five lectures are offered by renowned scholars and collectors. There will also be a private pre-opening tour on 10/17 at 9:30 A.M. The Armory at Gramercy Park, 68 Lexington Ave, at 26th St. For show information, call 303-445-2886. Show tours and lecture information (996-1313, ext. 116).

The World's Largest Tall Ship: *The Rose*—10/18–10/19: *My, she's yar!* The largest active wooden tall ship, a reconstruction of a 24-gun British frigate that was built in 1757 will be docked at the Intrepid Sea Air Space Museum, Pier 86, at W. 46th St. Visits aboard *The Rose* are free.

Benefits

Woofstock '97 Dog Walk—10/19 at 11 A.M.: The ASPCA's seventh annual celebration of peace, love, and pets to benefit programs for homeless and abandoned animals. Registration begins at 9:30 A.M. Rumsey Playfield, Central Park, E. 72nd St. entrance (876-7708).

Sports

Football—**GIANTS:** "Throughout time, the bottom always comes to the top eventually," defensive tackle Keith Hamilton said after the Giants' self-professed worm-has-turned win over their old Dallas foes. What he really meant was the reverse, however, since if the Cowboys game proved anything, it's that the Giants are bad enough to occasionally force better teams to play down to their level and self-destruct. That's why the Cowboys lost despite dominating the Giants in time of possession (40:37–19:23), total yardage (428-166) and first downs (27-13). Troy Aikman and Co. simply aren't used to playing and winning ugly, while the Jints are practically masters of the form. 10/19: At Detroit at 4 P.M. (Fox). **JETS:** This is the big one—New England at home. Win this one and *playoffs* and *Jets* will no longer be words heard together only in a David Letterman monologue. Win this one and the Bill Parcells Canonization Committee will convene down at the Holiday Inn to elect a chairman. Win this one and the tabloids will be bursting with more good feeling than the last five minutes of *It's a Wonderful Life.* But even if they do pull it off, a question remains: Are the Jets really this good? 10/19: vs. New England at 1 P.M. (NBC).

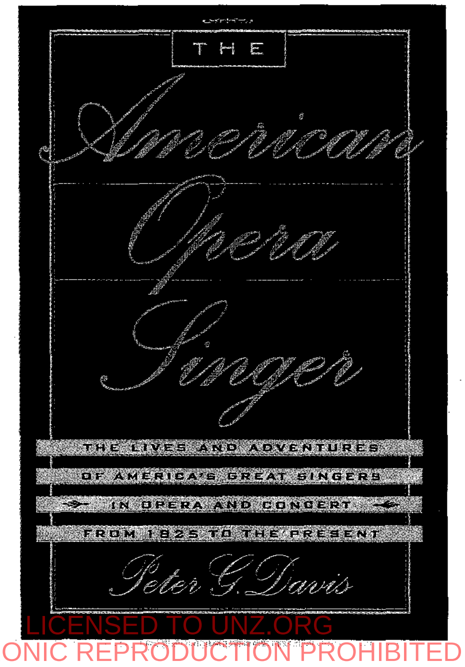
Hockey—**RANGERS:** It's way too early to panic, but the Blueshirts' lack of scoring is reason for concern. Players blame the shortfall of goals on two things: early-season liquidity (i.e., the team hasn't "jelled" yet) and bad ice. That's right: Apparently, Garden crews misplaced the recipe in the off-season and the home ice has been bumpier than Funk Night at a Big Booties Anonymous Meeting. But things should be smoothed out in both the scoring and the surface departments by the time the Penguins come to town. 10/14: Vs. Pittsburgh at 8 P.M. (MSG/ESPN). 10/15: At Ottawa at 7:30 P.M. (MSG). 10/18: At St. Louis at 8:30 P.M. (MSG). **ISLANDERS:** The cheers of *Salo! Salo!* already ringing out at Nassau Coliseum augur good things to come for the Islanders, responding as they do to the sharp and occasionally spectacular play of goaltender Tommy Salo. Nothing is more crucial to a young team trying to find itself than a goalie who can keep them in a game, and Salo seems to be that goalie. 10/13: At Florida at 7:30 P.M. (SC). 10/16: At San Jose at 10:30 P.M. (SC). 10/19: At Anaheim at 8 P.M. (SC). **DEVILS:** Brian Rolston will need some time to catch his breath on the left wing, and not just because he missed all of training camp and the season's first two games because of a contract holdout. He might also be a little winded by the nearly 200 percent raise he got when that contract finally came through. The two-year deal pays the 24-year-old roughly $730,000 per, which puts the pressure on him to better his 18 goals and 27 assists of last season. 10/17: At Ottawa at 7:35 P.M. (SC). 10/18: Tampa Bay at 7:35 P.M. (SC).

Arms and the Man—10/16 at 2:30 P.M.: The Empire State Tournament of Champions is *the* event for amateur arm wrestlers, hands down (sorry, couldn't resist). This year's tourney takes place in the Port Authority Bus Terminal, beneficently billed as "one of the city's most visible and well-known sites." Call 718-544-4592 for information. Free.

Bridgehampton Sports Car Road Rallye—10/18 at 10 A.M.: Many things in the Hamptons may be nouveau, but believe it or not, Bridgehampton has been hosting on-the-road races since 1915. This year's Rallye will have the usual array of gorgeous vintage sports cars winding through the streets of not only Bridgehampton but Sagaponack, East Hampton, and Sag Harbor as well. Watch the race from anywhere along the route or go to the spectators' paddock. For information, call 516-537-1088. Free.

Harbor Run '97—10/19 at 9:30 A.M.: This 5K race along the Brooklyn waterfront neighborhoods of Cobble Hill, Carroll Gardens, and Red Hook benefits the Lamm Institute, which works with disabled children. Registration begins at 8 A.M. at the Long Island College Hospital, Hicks St. and Atlantic Ave. For information, call 718-780-1878. $13.

In Print **In *The American Opera Singer,* Peter G. Davis (*New York's* classical-music critic) authoritatively contemplates the U.S.'s contribution to—and transformation of—the European-born art form, with special attention to such personalities as Marilyn Horne, Leontyne Price, and Beverly Sills. (Doubleday; $40.)**



Online

Going Once, Going Twice—The lively doublespeak of a rambling auctioneer, the subtle nuances of gesture that raise bids and eyebrows, the growing frenetic energy as bidders make split-second decisions—sorry, but none of this can be found at On Sale, the Auction Supersite. What you will discover, however, is an incredibly convenient and affordable way to buy electronics and computer products. Browse, bid, and buy. You'll be notified by e-mail if you've been outbid or if the VCR is on its way. Sold! *www.onsale.com*

Wigglin' Out—Increased long-distance correspondence must be the greatest accomplishment of the Internet so far. We all plug away at our keyboards, hoping that a spark of life makes it across all those wires and cables to the human at the other end. At Wigglet, words take on lives of their own. Choreograph a message with color and animation, send it to a friend or enemy, and watch the sparks fly. *www.wigglet.com*

Special Agent Man—Okay, so you're not a conspiracy theorist, Fox isn't your favorite channel, and you don't squirm with delight at the release of yet another true-crime book. That doesn't mean you'll be able to resist your curiosity to explore the Official FBI Website. Get to know the Top Ten Most Wanted more intimately. Read bios on New York's three favorite four-legged agents: Axel, Jake, and Xena of the K-9 Program. Help solve cases from Rembrandt robberies to the TWA Flight 800 crash. But be careful what you say; they know who you are. *www.fbi.org*

Now Open 24 Hours—If you didn't notice the ad elsewhere in this issue, please allow us this moment of shameless self-promotion: *New York* Magazine now has a Website (the successor to our late, lamented CompuServe site), featuring highlights from the current issue, archived columns from our critics, much of the "Cue" section (with expanded listings) in searchable form, plenty of Web-only exclusives, and, as they say, much, much more. So surf us already. *www.newyorkmag.com*

kids

Pop Tot Art...Barney...Klezmer

Children's Events

It's All in Your Head—Smell the coffee, confuse the eye, and get a hands-on demonstration of how neurons give out orders at the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE'**s interactive exhibit on the brain—up 10/4–1/18. (See illustration.) 47-01 111th St., Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-699-0005). Free with museum admission: $6, $4 for children (ages 4–15) and seniors.

Pulling Strings—Puppeteer and storyteller Vit Horejs collaborates with hand-carved marionettes in the "Insatiable Rooty and Other Czech Tales With Strings," a collection of Eastern European fairy tales for anyone, child or adult, over the age of 3. Weekends at 1 through 10/26. $8, $5 for children. An ambitious shortened *Hamlet,* with a puppet cast of 50 is Wednesdays through Sundays at 7, and Sundays at 3. Through 10/26. $14, $7 for children. **THE VINEYARD'S 26TH STREET THEATRE,** 309 E. 26th St. (353-3874).

Stirring Memories —At "Oy Vey," billed as "rollicking klezmer music" for a family audience, musicians and storytellers Sruli Dresdner and Lisa Mayyer promise jokes, toe-tapping melodies, and some "Extremely Useful Yiddish Words." 10/19 at 2. The *Knitting Factory,* 74 Leonard St. $8. ●

Puppet Matinee Idols—"Metropolis," inspired by the Fritz Lang film of the same name, about the underbelly of urban life, becomes a hand-puppet show for children (co-produced by Great Small Works and Los Kabayitos Puppet Theater). Also on the bill is "Our Kitchen," a puppet show about the origins of one child's pancake. Weekend afternoons at 3, 10/18 through 11/2. **CLEMENTE SOTO VELEZ CULTURAL CENTER**, 107 Suffolk St., bet. Rivington and Delancey Sts. (260-4080) $10, $6 for children.

The Prince and the Pauper—Mark Twain's classic yarn about a prince and a commoner who swap places is brought to the stage by Theatreworks/USA in an hour-long production for children over 5. 10/18 (at 12:30), 10/19 (at 10:30 A.M. and 12:30), at the **KAYE PLAYHOUSE,** Hunter College, Lexington Ave. and 68th St.; 10/25 (at 12:30) and 10/26 (at 10:30 A.M. and 12:30), at the group's usual home, the **PROMENADE THEATRE,** 2162 Broadway, at 76th Street (627-7373)

Mixed Media—Kids ages 7 to 11 should bring an object from home to incorporate into art projects they'll work on following a tour of *Robert Rauschenberg: A Retrospective* at the **GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM.** 10/19 at 2. Registration required. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. ($10 per child plus museum admission). General admission $15, $10 for students and seniors, children under 12 are free. A similar tour and workshop at the **GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM SOHO**—this time with storytelling added—for 3-to-5-year-olds is 10/17 from 11 to noon. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. $10 includes materials. Registration required for both events. Call 423-3587.●

Play Date—Bring tots to cavort in an afternoon of bubble-making, puppetry, and more; organized by **PLAYGROUND PARTNERS,** a Central Park Conservancy–affiliated group that maintains the Central Park Playgrounds. 10/16 from 10 to noon. Rain date 10/17. At both East 96th Playground (in Central Park at Fifth Ave.) and West 96th Playground (in Central Park at Central Park West) (315-0385, ext. 727).●●

On the Waterfront—Wear comfortable old clothes for "Children's Celebration of the Arts," an afternoon of music, puppetry, science experiments, and art-making on the Hudson hosted by the **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF THE ARTS**. Pier 54, at 13th St. and the Hudson River (274-0986). 10/18 from 10 to 4. Rain date 10/19.●●

Old Home Day—Leap onto bales of hay, make candles, sample fresh cider, and churn butter at **HISTORIC RICHMOND TOWN'**s autumn celebration—accompanied by live bluegrass bands. 10/19 from 10 to 5. 441 Clarke Ave., Staten Island (718-351-1611). $5, $2.50 seniors and kids, children under six are free.●

Cat and the Fiddle—Tour of the "House of Strings" with Bang and Bow, who guide 3-to-5-year-old concertgoers through the Little Orchestra Society's Lolli-Pops concert; included on the program are folk songs, Bach, and Vivaldi. 10/18 at 10:30 and noon and 10/19 at 12:30 and 2. **FLORENCE GOULD HALL,** 55 E. 59th St. (704-2100). $32.●

Barney Alert—In *Barney's Big Surprise Musical Stage Show,* his Purpleness will sing that saccharine "I Love You" song and cavort with Baby Bop, Mother Goose, and other characters familiar to adoring fans of the public-television show. **NASSAU VETERANS MEMORIAL COLISEUM**. 10/15–10/19. Call for times and directions (516-888-9000); $15–$30. ●

Cultural Benefits—Thousands of $5 **HIGH FIVE TICKETS TO THE ARTS** for events and exhibits around the city, at venues including Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, MOMA,. and BAM, are available to teenagers through the end of January. Tickets, available at Ticketmaster (307-7171), require proof of age—buyers need to be between 13 and 18. To order a High Five catalogue, call 445-8587; to access information on the World Wide Web: *www.-high5tix.com.*

Sawdust Spectacular—An exhibit of posters and ephemera, "Under the Big Top: Circuses in New York" opens with a fanfare of clowns from Circus to Go and Big Apple Circus. A treasure hunt is also planned. 10/18 from 1 to 3. **MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,** 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672).●

Dance Lessons—During three days of performances at the **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** Ballet Hispanico blends traditional Hispanic dance with modern forms. After the performance, audience members are invited to discuss the work with dancers. 10.17 at 7, 10/18 at noon and 5, 10/19 at noon and 5. 209 W. 42nd St. (382-4020).●

Scare Tactics—**MADISON SQUARE GARDEN,** renamed "Scare" Garden for the occasion, is a 40,000-square-foot series of walk-through environments designed to play on all our worst fears. Kids over about 8 who relish a thrill are likely to be able to handle the Gotham Underground Sewer Tunnels, the Giant Buzz Saw, and the Caged Cannibal just fine (10/10–10/26). Seventh Ave bet. 31st and 33rd Sts. (465-6741); $17.95. ●

Lessons of the Land—**CARNEGIE HALL'**s third season of bargain Family Concerts gets under way with the world-premiere performance of Edgar Meyer's composition, based on a folk tale about a vision quest undertaken by three young boys. Recommended for ages 7 and up. Steven Mercurio conducts the Orchestra of St. Luke's. 10/18 at 2. 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). ●

Cue

Brian Parks
Editor

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

Brian Farnham
Sports

Vanessa Grigoriadis
In Concert

Linda Hall
Books
Events
Radio

John Leonard
Television

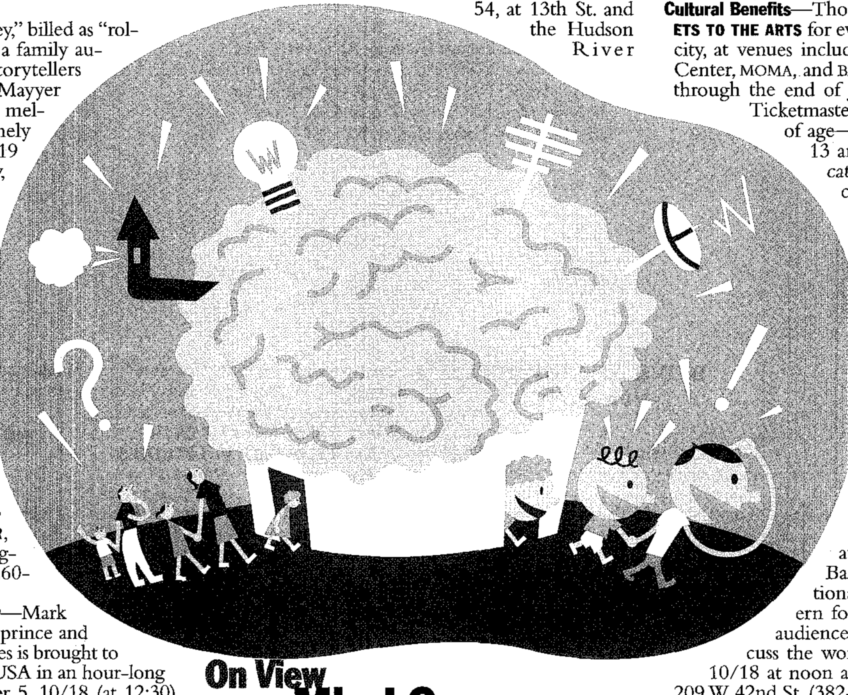
Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Ethan Smith
Nightlife



On View

Mind Games

The jangle of an obstreperous alarm clock will never be the same for visitors to "It's All in Your Head," at Flushing Meadows' New York Hall of Science. Museumgoers who pass under the exhibit's pulsating brain—some twelve times the size of the ones in their skulls—witness on a grand scale the quickened heartbeat, vanishing dreams, and flutter of messages through the nervous system that accompany a jarring morning wake-up call. See listings.

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Illustration by Richard McGuire.

Town and Country Properties

APARTMENTS FOR RENT
Manhattan

Seen in "The Wall St. Journal."
Furn Apts. Licensed. All Credit Cards.
2-day min. **212-348-8100 / 800-550-7071**
Fax: 348-8362 (24 hrs) or OXBRIDGE@aol.com

HOME2—Great Furn Apts. D/W/M. Call Pat/Chiqui: **212-448-9223/800-203-7028**

Major Banks/Fortune 500—Seeks studio/ 1/2/3-BR furn apt immed. **212-935-8730**

AS YOU LIKE IT
Select Furn Apts. Style/Location/Value.
212-695-3404 **800-277-0413**

To advertise in *New York Magazine's*
TOWN & COUNTRY PROPERTIES
section, call Chris Lutkin at: **212.545.3673**

LOFT FOR RENT

3000 SF Reno Loft—Midtown/W. 44th. Skylight, w/d, etc. $10K/mo. **212-768-1441**

COUNTRY PROPERTY
For Sale

Upstate (2 Hrs)—Cedar contemp, 4 BRs, 3 bths, FP, decks, hot tub. $95,000. Free Catalog. **Yeager RE: 914-292-6333** **Best Buy!**

TO ADVERTISE IN *NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S*
Town & Country section
CALL 212.545.3673

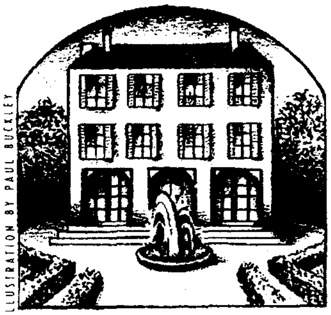


ILLUSTRATION BY PAUL BUCKLEY

Inns and Lodges

CONNECTICUT

BLACKBERRY RIVER INN -- Norfolk 800-414-3636
Wake up in the mountains at our elegant Colonial Inn on 27 scenic acs. Luxurious rms, some w/fplc/jacuzzi. Bkfst incl. Antiquing/swim/hike/fish. **860-542-5100**
www.blackberryriverinn.com

NEW JERSEY

ANGEL Of The SEA B&B, CAPE MAY'S FINEST
Elegant, Romantic Victorian Mansion. Ocean Views, Private Baths, Gourmet Bkfst, Aft Tea, Wine & Bikes.
Rates as one of the Top 10 in USA! 1-800-848-3369

NEW YORK

SOUTHAMPTON VILLAGE LATCH INN
The perfect romantic off-season escape. In-town estate mansion hotel nr beach. Fplcs, balconies, suites. Health Club. Rent a villa for private groups. **1-800-54-LATCH**

Spectacular Fall Foliage Getaway - 2 1/2 Hrs NYC
Fireplace Suites, Deluxe Hotel, Gourmet Restaurant. Book Holiday Ski Packages Early! AAA, Mobile 3-Star. Beautiful Mountain Setting. Featured NY Times.
Scribner Hollow Lodge, Hunter, NY: 800-395-4683

A SEDUCTIVE RETREAT......On Golden Pond
Priv, tranquil & romantic. Intimate suites w/jacuzzis for 2, fplcs & pvt decks. **Come Turn Off The Rest Of The World.** Lakehouse. Rhinebeck/90 mins NYC. **914-266-8093**

BED & BREAKFAST - EAST HAMPTON
Enjoy a peaceful getaway in our historic dairy farmhouse. One mile to ocean beach & village. Full country bkfst included. Please call for info: **516-324-0988**

To advertise in *New York Magazine's*
INNS AND LODGES section,
call Chris Lutkin at: **212.545.3673**

Travel

FALL
RENTALS

Catskills: Breathtaking Season Foliage! Lg, beautifully appointed log cabin. Sauna, pool table, 3 fplc, CTV, 4-BR+loft. Colorful view on 10 acs. Full hse avail thru Nov. Ski shrs avail Nov 15. Ethan: **212-799-0073**

Litchfield, CT—Fall, winter & summer '98 rentals. Lakefront, hillside cottages, estates. $1200-$10,000/mo seasonally. **Klemm Real Estate: 860-868-0505**

RENTALS FOR HAMPTON FILM FESTIVAL (Oct. 16-19)
Bridgehampton/Sagaponack—Summer doesn't have to end! 2-house complex - accoms 2-40 people - up to 13 BRs, 9 baths, heated pool/tennis/b-ball/gym/hot tub, 6 acres. All amens. Avail wkly/wknd rental. Bike to beach/towns. Mins train/Jitney. Priv owned. Michael: **212-861-4046**

BALLOONING

Enjoy Fall Colors—Champagne Balloon Voyage... Adventures To Cherish For A Lifetime. American Balloon: **800-4-HOTAIR**

BED & BREAKFAST
New York

As You Like It B&B—Affordable & Attractive Apts & Guestrms. **212-695-3404**

Comfy/Cozy B&B—Furn studios, 1-BRs, 2-BRs, lofts. Short/long term. **212-965-1102**

Do You Have An Extra Bedroom?
Earn extra money! Become a bed & bkfst host to international students. Manhattan only. Call Lorraine: **212-629-7300**
CENTER FOR ENGLISH STUDIES

Manhattan Hotel Alternative—Private Brownstone Apts. Affordable. **212-206-9237**

Island Getaways
will appear in the Island Travel Issue.
Issue Date: 11/17 • On Sale: 11/10
Ad Close: 10/24
To place an ad, or for more info, please call Chris at:
212.545.3673 or fax: 212.779.2449

Manhattan B&B—$60-$90. Also private apartments. **800-747-0868; 212-977-3512**

BED & BREAKFAST
Florida

KEY WEST - Curry Mansion Inn
Fabulous Victorian showplace - voted 1 of 10 best B&B's in the USA. Evergreen rms. Elegant poolside guest wing. Every amenity. Comp Euro bkfst. Daily cocktail party. Beach club. Downtown walk to history/beauty/romance. Spec honeymoon rates! For broch/video, call: **800-253-3466**
or E-mail: Frontdesk@currymansion.com
Website: http://www.currymansion.com

TRAVEL SERVICES

CATSKILL SHUTTLE - 800-607-2753
NYC to the Mts! Weekdays & Weekends! Cooperstown Special! Day Trips Too!

VILLA/CONDO/APTS
The Islands

Providenciales, Turks & Caicos Islands, BWI—Oceanfront luxury villa. Private, panoramic vus. 3 BRs, 3 bths. World-class diving/snorkeling, etc. $2000-$3000/wk. Fax - Villa Mariposa: **011-32-2-526-9845**

Sports Guide

PERSONAL TRAINER

TRAIN HOLISTICALLY
A Total Body Approach. A+ Refs. ISSA/FIT Cert. Introductory Rates. **212-462-9054**

Enjoy—Certified Personalized Exercise & Diet Instruction At Home. **212-604-9850**

For Women Who Want Results
Certified Trainer - As Seen In Allure.
Call The Bodysmith Co. **212-249-1824**

Get The Weight Off!—Get results w/ supportive certified training. **212-760-4944**

Homebodies! Since 1985—NYC's Finest Fitness Training & Massage. **212-586-7160**

Survival Of The Fittest - Fitness For All Ages. Cert Trainer. Exercise & Safe Weight Loss. Home/Gym. **212-717-2677**

Want Results?—Cert Trainer. Diet Inst. Home/Gym. Keith. Call: **800-362-9123**

1-On-1 Fitness At Your Home—By Cert Trainer. Refs Upon Request. **212-439-4734**

TO ADVERTISE IN
NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S
Sports Guide
CALL Mark Bristow
AT: 212.545.3661

Health and Fitness

COSMETIC SURGERY

A NEW BODY THRU LIPOSCULPTURE
Lose 5-20 lbs of fat, up to 3 sizes, thru new tumescent technique. Free consult.
212-246-2960 / www.DRSHIFFMAN.com

Say NO To Park Avenue Prices!
Laser Skin Resurfacing, Liposuction, Rhinoplasty, Hair Transplant...
ABPS Certified Surgeon -
Kip's Bay Plastic Surgery & Skin Care:
212-545-1266

COUNSELING

BIOLOGICAL CLOCK TICKING?
NO RELATIONSHIP IN SIGHT?
Don't let another year slip by...
When if not Now?
A QUALIFIED, EMPATHETIC PSYCHOTHERAPIST WILL BE HELPFUL IN RESOLVING THIS ISSUE.
Call Arlene Schmutter, CSW
212-691-4568

DENTAL

Laser Tooth Whitening—One Visit! No-Fee Consult. **212-682-5180**

Brighter Smile In 1 Visit - Bleaching—Safe, Painless. Free Consult. **212-787-0791**

NY BREATH CARE
Provides The Most Effective Anti-Halitosis Treatment Avail. Featured On 20/20 & Today. App't/Info: **212-683-6505**

ELECTROLYSIS

•LASER ELECTROLYSIS•
Painless/No Needles. **Up West 724-5000**
Chelsea 645-9212 / Great Neck 516-773-MAXX

HEALTH & BEAUTY

LASER HAIR REMOVAL
NOW AT ALLANA DAY SPA
160 East 56th. **212-980-0216**

SPA NIGHT
Wendy Lewis & Co., Ltd.
An Evening Of Beauty Classes
Makeup, Hair, Massage, Facials, Spa Buffet & Treatment Samples.
The Williams Club, 24 E. 39th St.
10/24 **RSVP: 212-861-6148**

HOLISTIC HEALTH

Scandinavian Health Institute—20 Yrs Exper. Enemas/Colonics. Lic. **212-873-2438**

HYPNOSIS

ENJOY SAFE, RAPID CHANGE
With Nancy Donenfeld, MA. Cert. 1972.
Vi/MC/Ins. 200 E. 61st St. **212-758-7575**

Hypnosis - Counseling Smoking, Anxiety, Personal Problems & Weight. Dr. Winter: 120 E. 36th, 1H. **212-252-0447**

MASSAGE/THERAPEUTIC

Harvard Yoga Teacher & Masseuse—Positively Spiritual. W. 56th St. **974-9633**

PAMPERING SESSIONS
In Private Home. Bath, Massage, Inner Cleansing. New Staff. **868-7760**

Licensed Therapeutic Massage—Douglaston, Queens. **718-225-1123**

#1 Magic Hands—Studio/Residential. All City. 7 Days. 24 Hrs. **718-639-6139**

NOEVIR
—Steam, Dry Sauna, Shiatsu, Swedish Massage. **212-594-1602**

Massages, Cleansings, Baths—With Nurses. Call After 4:30pm. **212-749-6442**

Ki-Touch—E 45. Swedish, Refl, Facials, Steamroom, Colonics. Priv. **212-682-1166**

EMERALD SPA
Russian Sauna with Platza Treatment, Steamroom/Dry Sauna/Pool/Whirlpool, Massage/Scrub/Manicure/Pedicure...
For Men/Women. L.I.C. **718-433-1224**

MADISON CLUB
Step back into an era of elegant gentility. A Private Club offering: Massage, Steam, Cigars... where our staff of pampering masseuses are eager to please you in our unique surroundings.
20 E 38th St NY-NY 10016 • Tel 212 973-0072

Green Japanese Spa
Swedish, Shiatsu. Res. **212-947-5959**

201-507-9977 Rutherford Colonic—Shiatsu. Stay Young, Feel Better.

pamper yourself

IN THE ISLAND TRAVEL ISSUE

NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S* 1.5 million readers** lead busy, active lives, but they need to focus on themselves from time to time...by getting away to a spa, enjoying a relaxing massage or receiving any of a number of health and beauty treatments. In ***Pamper Yourself, our new classified display section, they'll find the products and services they need to take care of themselves and relax.

For advertising rates & information, please call Mark Bristow at: **212-545-3661**
or Debbie Horowitz: **212-545-3683**

NU LOOK - JAPANESE SPA—
Shiatsu - Swedish. Sauna & Steam Room. M/F & Couples. Residential Service Avail. 11 E. 36th. **212-447-6666 / 800-834-7286**

Cleansing Massage Specialist—Noon-10pm. Emma. By app't. **212-726-0138**

18 Yrs Exp. Lic./No Sex Calls—Stress/Strains. E 60s. 7 days. Jeanie: **212-750-8947**

MEDICAL

HIV/STD/GENITAL WARTS
HIV Results in 15 Mins. Confidential.
Central Park Medical Assoc. 246-0800

PENIS ENLARGEMENT Custom Vacuum Pumps - Surgical. Gain 1" to 3". Permanent/Safe. Enhance Erection. FREE Brochures. Dr. Joel Kaplan: **312-409-1950**

Female MD• Phys. Exams
And Thorough & Affordable Family Care by Top Board-Cert Internist.
Insur/VI/MC. **212-586-8008**

To advertise in *New York Magazine's* **Classified Section**, call: **212.779.7500**

WEIGHT CONTROL

15-20 Stubborn Lbs? NUTRIMED 80/20!
80% Natural Nutrients + 20% Medication.
5-Week Program. **570-5058**

Medifast™ Weight Loss—SAFE DIET By Board-Certified Internist. **212-535-7785**

PHEN/FEN GOT YOU DOWN?
There Are Alternative Medications.
1st Visit $100, Incl EKG P.Fs. & Meds.
Every 2 Wks $60, Exam Plus Medications.
Internal Medicine/Weight-Loss Specialist,
R. Andria, MD. **718-332-8181**

Medical Weight Loss—Using Medications. Full/Modified Optifast. **212-288-5468**

Endermologie™—Nonsurgical body toning & cellulite reduction. **212-473-1402**

PHEN/FEN GOT YOU DOWN?
There Are Alternative Medications.
1st Visit $100, Incl EKG P.Fs. & Meds.
Every 2 Wks $60, Exam Plus Medications.
Internal Medicine/Weight-Loss Specialist,
R. Andria, MD. **718-332-8181**

PHEN PRO - PHEN ZOL
Lose The Weight, Eliminate The Worry.
A Safer Weight-Loss Alternative.
Physician-Supervised. **212-737-4644**

New York Kids

AFTER SCHOOL PROGRAMS

Register Now! For The HI-TECH Afternoon Hebrew School Boys & girls, 5-12. Free Bar & Bat Mitzvah lessons. No synagogue membership required! **325 E. 6th St. 1st & 2nd. 212-473-3665**

ENTERTAINMENT

Magic Music Marion Clown! All costumes! Miles of smiles! Seen on ABC! **212-831-5753**

Starmite Puppets—Lion K, Aladdin, Hercules, Dalmation, Sesame, Dinosaurs, Pooh, Face Paint, Balloons. **212-473-3409**

Dumb-Dumb The Silly Clown—Magic, Face Painting, Balloons. **212-544-8153 x53**

Madeleine, Award-Winning Magician!—And TV Clown! Ages 1-103! **212-475-7785**

HOLLYWOOD POP!
Priv/Corp • Circus • Magic • Dance Crafts • Mime • Carnival • Mystery • Rice Writing • Casino • Jugglers • Double Dare Look-Alikes • Decor & More! **212-777-2238**

DR. BLOOD!
A really funny, gross Magic Show... & more. Scary! Ages 7+. **212-645-1299**

Wacky Wax—Bar/Bat Mitzvahs, Sweet 16's, Corp/Priv Parties. **800-929-0066**

THE COOLEST BIRTHDAY PARTIES

INTRODUCING LAZER PARK.

Outrageously fun. Lazer tag, video and skill games with prizes, virtual reality and ride simulators.

COME TO PLAY.

212 398-3060

163 West 46th St.

PARTY SPACE

Upper East Side Billiard Club—Best party space for kids! 10-200. **212-831-7665**

202 East 77th Street—Beautiful, large space. Includes small/large tables/chairs. Special weekday prices. **212-861-4330**

TO ADVERTISE IN *NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S*
New York Kids
CALL Debbie Horowitz
AT: 212.545.3683

Boats and Yachts

Custom Private Party Yacht Cruises—in NY Harbor. From $57.50 per person, all-inclusive. Estab. 1972. **212-307-0985**

PRESTIGE YACHT CHARTERS
Planning Unique Events Aboard Luxury Yachts
Call 7 Days: 914-968-3220 or 212-717-0300

MYSTIQUE
Classic Weddings & Private Parties
MYC, Inc., Wall St., NYC. 212-856-9446

DOVE YACHT CHARTERS
M/Y Jabiru M/Y Jacana
Personalized, Luxurious Yacht Charters.
Intimate dinners for two -
to your largest corporate events.
NYC 212-594-1561 NJ 201-482-1991

YACHTS FOR ALL SEASONS
Parties planned with your needs in mind.
No event too large or too small.
Corporate & private. **212-534-6380**

Manhattan Yacht Charters
Over A Decade Of Value & Service.
Plan Your Christmas Party Now!
212-995-5470 - ask for Mary.

CORP & PVT PARTIES & WEDDINGS
135' Classic DIPLOMAT
100' Contemporary CELEBRITY
See us at Pier 84 at W. 43rd St.
Leisure Yacht Charters (212) 594-9555

FOR NY's BEST LUXURY YACHTS
for business or social events afloat, in New York, New Jersey & Connecticut
any time, any size - 2 to 500 guests, we guarantee the very best service, superb catering as you wish (to fit your budget) & immediate all-inclusive cost quotations
CHELSEA PIERS YACHTS 212-645-6626

To advertise in *New York Magazine's* **Classified Section**, call: **212.779.7500**

Entertaining

CARICATURES

Dazzlingly Realistic Caricatures!—By Peter Selgin. Color Brochure. **718-549-9029**

Leading Caricaturist—Enliven your business or private party. **212-873-1695**

Caricatures By Dale Gladstone—Laughs Guaranteed! Unparalleled. **718-782-2250**

Caricatures—Will make your party great! Available for all parties. **718-768-7407**

Fabulous Caricaturist—Energize Your Event. Best Rates! Jay Alders: **201-281-0014**

Caricatures & Face Readings—By Sherry Lane. Magical Fun! Corp/Pvt. **212-675-6224**

ENTERTAINMENT

Always Entertaining 212-255-9540
Elegant Entertainment For Corp & Priv Events. Fabulous Performers & Costumes.

MURDER MYSTERY, INC.
KILL 'EM At Your Next Affair.
Corporate • Private Parties • Fund-Raisers
"So Much Fun - It's Almost Criminal."
1-800-673-3354

Master Magician—"Top Rate"--NY Times Amazing Fun for All Events! **718-885-3038**

• HARDBODIES, INC •
CLASSY, EXOTIC M/F STRIPPERS
BACHELOR-DUOS, BACHELORETTES!
212-988-8484 • 516-795-2400 • 718-693-9441

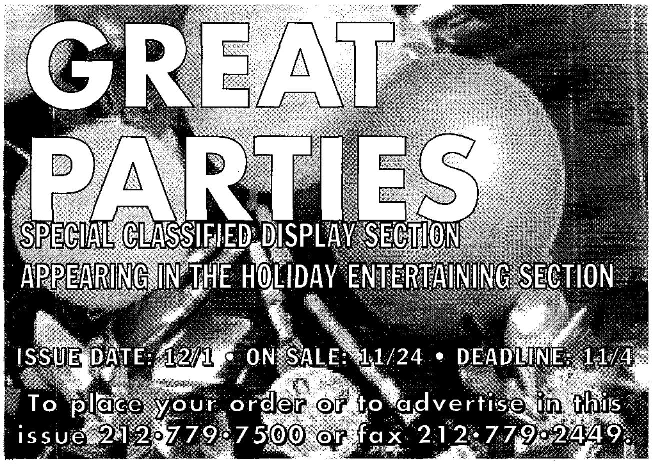
SEND BALLOONS - $25!
Bouquets, arches, cntrpieces. **212 935-9577**

Singing Telegram Anytime—Gorillas To Bellhops - We Have 'Em All! **212-929-8609**

Personalized Singing Telegrams!—NYC, LI, Westch, CT. **1-800-936-SING**

$24 Bouquet Of Balloons—NY/LI. 7 days till 10pm. **718-868-1009 / 516-569-3366**

• STRIPTEEZ•A•GRAM •
The **ONLY** Gift That **UNWRAPS** Itself!!
Hot Sexy **GIRLS** • Gorgeous **GUYS**
212-391-2480 • 516-485-6600 • 718-352-9423


GREAT PARTIES

SPECIAL CLASSIFIED DISPLAY SECTION

APPEARING IN THE HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING SECTION

ISSUE DATE: 12/1 • ON SALE: 11/24 • DEADLINE: 11/4

To place your order or to advertise in this issue 212•779•7500 or fax 212•779•2449.

Holiday Events—Performers & Shows: DJ/Bands, Amusements, Comics, Casinos, Magicians, Carnivals, Decor & Novelties. Since 1976. **HORIZON: 212-753-3636**

SEXY STRIPPERS - Duos
212-744-9000 Hot & Wild. Photos. M/F.

Palm Reader—Elegant And Evocative. Entertains All Ages. **212-741-3195**

BALLOON BOUQUETS®
Decorating. Special Events: **212-265-5252**
Nationwide Delivery. Info: **800-424-2323**

Your Crowd Doesn't Dance?
Party with "Live" TV Game Shows or Vegas Gambling Tables! **516-938-2348**

MURDERS—400+ Lookalikes, Magic, Music, Mentalism, Comedy, Casinos, Roasts, Full Event-Planning. All Ages. **Naomi's World Of Ent.: 800-304-4911**

Palmistry, The Tarot, Numerology—By registered psychic. **212-410-1299**

HEATWAVE DJ'S
MCs/DJs/Dancers/Theme & Light Shows.
Elegant. Affordable. Reliable.
Experience In All Types Of Affairs.
Party Planner Jonel: **1-800-HEATWAVE**

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

ENTERTAINMENT

"MAGIC AGENCY, INC."
All Types Of Entertainment At Its Best. Corporate & Private Events. **212-288-9133**

GORGEOUS STRIPPERS 914-669-8254 You Name It! We Got It! XXX-R rated! Duos & Some Shows Too Risque To Say!

• SOMETHING SPECIAL •
Unique Entertainment•FamousNameActs
DJs/Music•Performers•Dancers•Favors
Themes/Decor•Acts•**600+ Lookalikes...**
the Whole Event! Est.1982 **800-GET-GALA**

"BRAVO!" - Murder Mysteries, Magic, Limo Scav Hunt, Lookalikes, Clinton, Marilyn, Elvis, Roasts, Casino **212-744-9000**

ENTERTAINMENT/MUSIC

LISA GOODMAN ENSEMBLES Est. 1978. Fine Classical, Jazz, Contemporary, Swing. Helpful & Creative. **212-489-1641**

Pianist/Singer Jonathan Segal—Jazzy Gershwin, B'way, More... **212-222-3169**

One Man Band Plus/Cory Morgenstern—Great Music & Entertainment **914-478-0073**

Beautiful, Swinging Jazz—For Your Party Or Event. Call Perry: **212-625-9783**

A Touch Of Class DJs—Corp. Parties, Weddings, Bar/Bat Mitzvahs. **718-966-0255**

Karaoke & DJ Parties—Christmas Party Experts. Call David: **718-631-1024**

MARK SONDER MUSIC, INC.
Celebrating Our 12th Year!
800-MSM-MUSIC

Jazz/Classical & South American—Greg Ribot: **212-727-0219 / 201-656-4289**

Great Jazz For Your Special Event—Trio To 10-Piece Band. **212-726-2468**

Disc Jockey To The Stars!!—Amazing References! **516-938-8181**

Mobile Music DJs—"The Tasteful Alternative." Call Joe Shane: **1-800-551-2136**

FLOWERS

Best Quality, Prices And Variety!—No Order Too Big Or Too Small! **212-869-0667**

GIFTS

Home Demo Cooking Class—Result: Fab Dinner Party For 2+! **1-888-DEMO CHEF**

GIFT BASKETS

Not Just A Basket—A Unique Concept. Gifts For All Occasions. **1-800-655-4438**

GOURMET CATERING

A Chef's Table Ltd.... 212-427-1089—Unique Gourmet Food & Floral Design.

"Asian food that's finger-licking good."
--NY Times, '94
Vietnamese • Indonesian
Thai • Malaysian
SAFFRON 59 CATERING 212-253-1343

Judy Does Dinner—And lunch too! Exceptional fare, reasonable rates. **995-5350**

Catering By Hayden—Culinary perfection. Reasonable. Has lofts. **212-751-1459**

PARTY HELP

Waiters/Bartenders—For All Party Needs. Corp/Priv. NYC/Hamptons. **212-499-0886**

On-Site—Food Prep, Serving, Cleanup. For Your Occasion, Inc. **212-682-6281**

New York Office

ANSWERING SERVICES

$8 Live/Voice Mail/Pagers/Mail—800/900 #'s. All US Cities. **212-868-1121**

EQUIPMENT REPAIR

GOLDEN CARTRIDGE—Laser/inkjet toner cartridges for copiers/printers on sale. Low prices. Clark: **1-800-987-8843**

To advertise in *New York Magazine's* **Classified Section**, call: **212.779.7500**

PROFESSIONAL ORGANIZER

GET ON TRACK! THE PERSONAL TOUCH! Home/Office Organizing & Setup, Inventory, Collectibles, Cataloguing, Computer Printout. All Five Boroughs. **800-643-7225**

COMPUTER TRAINING

New classes begin every week!
APPLE AUTHORIZED TRAINING
C R E A T I V E
COMPUTER GRAPHICS TRAINING
S I N C E 1 9 8 4
QUARK•PHOTOSHOP•ILLUSTRATOR
DIRECTOR•PREMIERE•PAGEMILL
The Macintosh Learning Center® INC. 19 West 34th Street, New York, NY10001
212/594-2280
Call for FREE Brochure
Simply the best.

PARTY PLANNING

No-Fee Event Planning—Corp & Private Parties, Weddings... Top Client List. **RED LETTER EVENTS 212-772-1177**

22 Years Experience—3,000 Events. Corp & Priv. Eric Silvey Ent.: **212-486-9517**

PARTY RENTAL

Pinballs • Juke Boxes • Video Games Pool Tables • Casino Equip • Popcorn Cotton Candy. Sales & Rentals. **935-9577**

PARTY SERVICE

Coldwaters - Private Room Seats 15-75—988 Second Ave. nr 52nd St. **212-888-2122**

Brunch Anytime—The "No Work" Way To Cater Your Party. **516-432-1354**

NEW YORK'S FAMOUS—Party Specialist. Sumptuous buffets & endless cocktails in our funky duplex. $35 pp. The Hudson Grill: **645-2729** - Andy or Kirsten

PARTY SPACE

Upper East Side Billiard Club
Unique party space. 10-250. **212-831-7665**

Large & Small, Corporate & Ball
Uptown & Down. Free Location Service.
Event of the Year, Inc. 212-807-0907

S.O.B.'s—All The Magic Of Rio De Janeiro! Exclusive/Nonexclusive, 20-400. *Wild!! 200 Varick St.* ***212-243-4940***

HI-LIFE Restaurants Private rm avail for corp/social events of 25-250. East & West Side locations. Call Paul: **249-3600**

PULSE NIGHTCLUB
Elegant midtown locale (E. 54 btw 2 & 3). Corp & private parties (75-400). **688-5577**

CLUB EXPO
Renovated Theatre Provides Ideal Backdrop for All Affairs...
Black Tie to Blue Jeans, **EXPO** hosts every event with elegant style or funky charm.
BOOK YOUR HOLIDAY EVENT NOW!
High-Quality DJs, A Polished Staff and Versatile Event Planner can make any affair into a Production for the Stage.
EXPO • 124 W. 43rd St. • 212.819.0377

SUCCESSFUL AFFAIRS
Uncovers the finest in party facilities. Our service is at no cost to you. **212-684-6402**

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
The World's Most Famous Arena
For Your Next Event THINK MSG
THE ARENA • THE THEATER
THE CLUB • THE EXPO CENTER
Meetings • Conferences • Graduations
Catering • Conventions • Expos
Play on the Knicks Court • Skate on Rangers Ice
(212) 465-6080

B Bar & Grill—Previously known as Bowery Bar & Grill. Spacious restaurant, lounge and greenhouse, beautiful 3,000 sq ft garden/patio. Very affordable. Available for private parties, 30-800p. **212-475-2220**

HURRY UP & CALL!!
PLACE YOUR AD IN THE
HOLIDAY ENTERTAINING ISSUE
CALL 212-779-7500

MAIN STREET
Spectacular Skylit Atrium. Perfect For Priv, Corp And Holiday Parties/Events. **873-5025**

WWW.PRINCESTREETCLUB.COM #1 location in Soho for 20-120 guests. Visit our Website or call: **212-353-0707**

THE SUPPER CLUB Swing Through The Holiday Season In Art Deco Elegance! Holiday Luncheons & Dinners for 20-1,000 people. **212-921-1940**

Downtown Space Avail 4 Parties—Priv/Corp. 50-600 pp. Call: **212-367-7035**

CACHE CACHE - Midtown... Newly opened! Private and corporate parties, from 100-300. Post-modern elegance. DJs and live entertainment. **212-391-6881**

Velvet—Elegant East Village Bar/Lounge. 25-200 people. Call Andrea: **212-989-4289**

BOWLMOR LANES—Largest bowling center in Manhattan. 2 full bars & 42 lanes. Private floor & party room avail. **255-8188**

Your Wedding, Bar Mitzvah, S. Sixteen in our beautiful Upper East Side setting. Event plan'g. **202east** Doug: **212-861-4330**

Rodeo Grill—Live music, 2 party rooms. 375 Third Ave. (27th St.) **212-683-6500**

200 FIFTH 675-2080
NYC's Most Exclusive Ballroom. Weddings, Fund Raisers, Corp Events. 100-999p.
www.200fifth.com

Tramp's Nightclub & Cafe—Corp/pvt events. Critically acclaimed, fine Louisiana food. State-of-the-art sound system, beautiful dance floor. 20-1000p. **212-727-3088**

Emerald Spa & Restaurant—Uniquely different party experience!!! Gourmet dining & vodka bar combined with pools, saunas, massage. Specializing in bachelor, birthday & corporate parties. **718-433-1224**

Antique,Unique!—W.Vlg.20 Fr drs, open-air lnge,mahog bar,tin ceils,20-200. **479-7306**

Park Avenue Country Club - 685-3636—Dynamic 10,000 sq ft party space. 25-650.

LANDMARK ON THE PARK
"One of the Most Elegant yet Affordable Locations in New York." **212-595-8410**

FIFTH AVENUE PARTY LOFT
Beautiful New Decor!
Personalized Event Planning. Distinctive Catering. 15th successful year! **620-0622**

THE MADISON 679-2932
3-Story Mansion Specializing in Corp. Events, Fund-Raisers, Weddings. 25-500p.

LE FIGARO CAFE
A VILLAGE LANDMARK
Garden Room, Fireplace, Music, Full Bar. Affordable $$. 15-100. **212-388-0002**

CORPORATE
Specializing in holiday parties. Our service is at no cost to you. **212-684-6402**

Ed Sullivan's Restaurant At landmark Ed Sullivan Theater. 2 flrs, stage, 25-250p. "Great to have glamour back on Bway"--NY Times 5/96. Earl: **212-541-1697**

LIPS Restaurant 212-675-7710
Men performing as women at this "Drag Queen Disneyland". Private party rooms.

DEMI RESTAURANT Charming Mad Av Brownstone w/Fireplaces. Cont'l Cuisine. **Perfect for Rehearsal Dinners, Showers & All Private Parties** 10-50p. **212-534-3475**

WEDDINGS

Castles, Mansions, Estates—Spectacular locations in NYC & LI. **212-675-2080**

Interiors and Exteriors

BATHROOMS

Wizard Custom Bathrooms & Kitchens
Marble, Tile, Whirlpools, Kohler, AM Stand. Custom Formica, Lacquer, Cabinets.
Lic. Ins. Free Est. Refs. **212-677-5555**

Manhattan Kitchen & Bath Experts
Gotham Interiors....................**212-831-9177**

CARPETS

Ralo Tibetan Carpets
Distinctive rugs - carded, spun, dyed & knotted by hand. Sophisticated colors & designs. Large stock. Custom orders avail.
Tibet Carpet Center, 127 Madison Ave. (31st Street), NYC. 212-686-7661

CLOSETS

SPACEMASTER CLOSET—Closet & Storage Solutions, Plus Custom Doors. Free Estimates. Insured. Refs. **212-382-1533**

CITY CLOSET CO.—Free estimates... All types of shelving. Space professionals. Affordable pricing. **212-945-4010**

FABRICS

SDC—Discount Source For Designer Fabrics & Wallcoverings... **800-245-3071**

HOME/BUSINESS IMPROVEMENT

Creative Woodworking & Construction
Kitchens, Wall Units, Built-Ins, Renovations. Reliable, Insured. **212-780-3204**

Handyman—Wall Dividers, Painting, Woodwork, Floors & More! Personal Attention. All Size Jobs. Refs. **212-749-7171**

MDPpainting
Painting is our specialty and we do it right at a great price!
Indoor/out, sheetrock, plastering.
FREE ESTIMATES!
Let us apply 15 years of experience to your painting needs!
NY/NJ references available.
201.865.4037

FLOORS

Hardwood Floors—Install, Refinishing, Bleaching & Pickling. **212-360-2208**

INTERIOR DESIGNERS & ARCHITECTS

USE-WHAT-YOU-HAVE INTERIORS
Expert redecoration w/o new investment. Featured in NY Times, NY Mag, ABC, CBS.
Low Flat Rate - Only $275/Room.
Free Brochure • 212-288-8888 • Tri-State
www.redecorate.com

NO BIG DEAL—Take the terror out of decorating. Talented pro can help you. Lowest rates. **No job too small.** Ref's. Special access to **all** wholesale showrooms.
Tri-State Area & Florida
Call Steve Lyons: 212-338-0888

Rent-A-Decorator®—Budget-oriented pro designs "your" space at "your" pace. $75 hourly. Featured in NY Times & Glamour. Call for reprints: **212-826-1069**

IDEAS COUNT MORE THAN MONEY
Exp. designer works magic, to budget. Let me amaze you. **Call 212-288-1863.**

Let's Decorate Together
A Decorator Who Designs And Shops With You. Buy At A Discount. Elegant Residential Design Is My Specialty.
$50/Hour 212-873-3853

C.S. INTERIORS—Exp'd, affordable decorators. Flat fees. Our discount is your discount. Home/office. Complete renovations. References available. **212-734-2689**

DECORATOR DOCTOR
Give your home a face-lift!
The one-day makeover service by a pro.
Save time/$$. The right Rx for your home.
GKD Designs........................212-472-2358

Creative Designers
...Who will help take you into the next millennium. Residential/corporate accounts at affordable rates. **212-426-7692**

Don't Make A Move Without Us!
We know the needs of busy people. We'll furnish you with an interior design and cost that is easy to live with. Showroom discounts. **Bruker Design.......212-452-1867**

LIGHTING

Track By Jack 212-340-9111
Track-lighting specialists. Installation. Sales. Wholesale bulbs. Update old cans w/small, efficient, low-voltage halogens.

KITCHENS

Professional Kitchen Wholesalers
Wood-Mode. Plain & Fancy. Ultra-Craft. Brookhaven. Less-Care. Merillat.
Call or fax us with your quote:
Ph: 212-613-9023 ....Fax: 212-353-2596

Triple T Construction—Your Kitchen & Bath Specialist. Granitework. **212-360-2208**

LINENS

Linens For Less!—For the finest in comforters, bedspreads, sheets, etc., at the lowest prices...shop around, then call us. **Regency Linens................. 1-800-292-7215**

PAINTING & WALLPAPERING

Custom Painting—Sponging, Wallpaper, Marbleizing & Gold Leaf. Ins. **212-360-2208**

Fine Painting & Papering—Marbling, Sponging, Glazing. Ins. Rob: **212-889-6874**

Omega Painting—Interior/Exterior. Residential/Commercial. All Phases Of Painting. Free Est. Ins. **Call: 1-800-924-3253**

REUPHOLSTERY

REUPHOLSTERY & SLIPCOVERS
Master Craftsman Offering Designer Quality at VERY REASONABLE Prices.
DESIGN CORNER 1-800-852-2420

WINDOW TREATMENT

LOWEST PRICES—Silhouette, Duette, Verticals, Mini-Blinds, Draperies and all soft treatments. **KINGSBORO: 212-243-0722**

ELITE WINDOW TREATMENTS
Verticals, Minis, Silhouettes, Duette and Draperies. **Lowest Prices: 212-807-8674**

Levolor/Duettes/Silhouettes/Wood
"Best Buy!" - Joan Hamburg
212-228-8600................................718-748-8600

Services and Sales

APPLIANCES

EURO-AMERICAN APPLIANCES
Viking, Sub-Zero, Asko, Bosch...
Call Dial-A-Brand w/Make & Model.
Est. 1967. 800-237-3220 / 888-SAVE-MOR

PRICEWATCHERS factory-auth TV, vcr, AC, major appl, built-ins, ref, washer, dryer. Ship tri-state. Call w/make/model #. Lowest prices: **800 336-6694 / 718 470-1620**

ALL MAJOR APPLIANCES
Guar lowest prices. Imm del. Auth dealer. Call **718-774-0198/773-8483**. Expert advice.

800-221-BUYS 212-513-1513
Major Appliances, TVs & Air Cond. At Low, Low Prices. **Home Sales Enterprises**

All Major Appliances/Air Cond.
Commercial/Residential - US/Euro.
Rated #1 NY Magazine - Discount Prices.
Est. 1918. **212-475-2012 - GRINGER**

ASTROLOGY

Live Psychics - Dial Direct
1-809-474-9043 Adults Over 18.
Int'l Long Distance Rates Apply.

The Love Psychic—Readings That Change Your Life. Visa/MC. **212-874-7692**

Psychic Readings by Michael Lafferty—Credit Cards Accepted. Call: **215-482-6517**

European Psychic: 90% Accurate—TV/Radio. CC's. **215-934-5908** $3.50/min. 18+.

SAMPLE MASTER PSYCHICS
Try It Free. **1-800-790-7425** Adults Over 18

Creative Solutions By Powerful Psychics
Vi/MC. 18+. $3.48/min. **800-545-7334** or $3.98/min. **1-900-226-4040.** AAPN,B.H. CA

HOME RESOURCES GUIDE

Our 1.5 million readers will be turning to the pages of the HOME RESOURCES GUIDE in the November 10th edition of NEW YORK Magazine to meet their home-decorating needs. If you're a business looking to target this upscale group, here are a few facts you should know:

- 48% SUBSCRIBERS PLAN TO REDECORATE
- 38% USE DESIGNERS & ARCHITECTS
- 51% SHOP AT ANTIQUE STORES
- 79% ORDER BY MAIL

MEDIAN HHI: $68,552
MEDIAN AGE: 41

Call Michelle Krell Kydd at: 212-545-3672 or fax: 212-779-2449

Issue Date: 11/10 On Sale: 11/3
Home Resources Guide Deadline: 10/17 - 3PM SHARP!

Source: 1995 Fall MRI, 1995 MMR, NYM Subscriber Study

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

CASINO
Imagine Yourself As A Professional Casino Gambler, Consistently Making $1000/Day With A $1500 Float... I Do, And I Can Teach You! Call Me Now: **212-683-9284**

CLEANING SERVICE

Busy? No Problem! Let **Leisure Cleaning** Help! Big Jobs. Wkly. Move In/Out. Corp Accts. Insured. Call: **212-628-6130** & Relax.

NY's Little Elves - 212-673-5507—Bonded/Insured. Credit Cards.

FASHION

WANT TO KNOW A SECRET?
The Best-Dressed Women Go To Westchester For Style And Value! You Can Too!
REDISCOVER REMIN'S
800-245-6671

INVESTIGATORS

Robert M. Beecher, Esq.—Discreet Pro-f'l Investigations. **212-323-7967/888-477-1256**

Continued on next page.

Continued from previous page.

LIMOUSINE SERVICE

Stretch—$50/hr. Special: $149/4 hrs. Avail 24 hrs/7 days. All credit cards. **800-253-4546**

1996 Limos—6-16 Passengers. From $35/Hr. CC's. All Occasions. **800-546-3254**

PETS

Cat Care—Cat-sitting in your home. Bonded. West: **947-6190**; East: **838-2996**

PHOTOGRAPHY

Delight The Man In Your Life
With The Nude You By Marie-Claire.
Women Only. As Seen In Vogue (June
Issue, Page 234). Call **212-473-1566**.

MASSAGE

THE ULTIMATE ESCAPE
A Breathless Massage. 7 Days. **829-0685**

HIDDEN TREASURE
Upper East Side. Mid 70s. **212-327-0244**

An Elegant Escape—West 13th St. Private. Convenient to Wall St. **212-243-1118**

Yanna—Eloquent Massage. Upper East Side & 5th. **212-308-4658**

Timeless Relaxation—By Appointment Only. Call Judy. Midtown. **212-499-0866**

Central Park South, Austrian Lady—Private, Sensual And Caring. **212-246-4759**

Exceptional Massage—By French lady. Clean/pvt studio. 10am-10pm. **212-888-3497**

Wonderful—*Private. East 48th Street.* Midtown. 7 Days. **212-593-0046**

TANTALIZING TREATS
Midtown East. Pvt. 7 Days. **212-213-4480**

Extraordinary Touch—Unforgettable! East 20s... **212-685-5614**

Cloud Nine—A Heavenly Experience. Excellence & Beauty. W. 70s. **212-787-7411**

Julie—Selective, Upscale. Reasonable Rates. Lex & 40s. 7 Days. **212-972-0842**

Wall Street—World Trade Center. Soho & Tribeca. By Appointment. **212-267-4053**

Recline & Unwind—Sensual Touch. Sara. Midtown Location. **212-499-0874**

PURE BLISS
Private. Credit Cards.
212-213-2977

CLASSY FRENCH MASSEUSE
Studio & Residential. **212-472-1138**

RUSSIAN MASSAGE & COLONIC
Therapy Dispos. W.94th: **212-222-4868**
E.51st: **751-2319** Friendly - Natasha/Joe

Oct's Mini Vac'tn—Cert CA therapeutic massage/reflex. 11 years exp. **212-517-5453**

Pears—Eclectic Excellence, Featuring Synchronized Massage. **212-505-5151**

Take A Break From Work—For A Mind-Numbing Massage. **212-599-2096**

East 60s—Skillful European Masseuse. Clean, Private. 7 Days. **212-838-8388**

Kathy—Put Yourself In My Hands. It's Time To Relax. Midtown. **212-557-3721**

SensEssentials—Prof'l Massage. Elegant, Sincere, Selective... Tatiana: **212-922-2149**

EXCELLENT RELAXATION
New, Exciting, Elegant.
50s/5th. By Appointment: **212-977-7275**

A Very Special Touch....Sensational!!—W. Village/Wall St. access. **212-645-4995**

Shiatsu & Candlelight Therapy—Gramercy Area. **212-253-0448**

LINCOLN CENTER AREA
New, Elegant, Rejuvenating. **212-787-0146**

Michelle—Upscale, French, Ebony. Residential Also. Call **212-972-0843**.

Courtney & Friends—212-779-9226. E 30s. Quality, Private, Elegant. Open 7 Days.

A Very Private Candlelight Massage—5th Ave & 46th. By App't. **212-997-1660**

Heaven—East 60s. The Perfect Relaxation. Open 7 Days. **212-838-1948**

Parisian—Swedish Massage. Private. By Appointment. Mon.-Sat. **212-582-7042**

SENSUAL & ELEGANT
Residential Service
Steps Away From Leading Hotels
Park Ave & 60th
International Models
212-753-3030

49TH & MADISON
Affordable & Relaxing. **212-223-3166**

The Incredible Lightness Of Touch—Sophisticated. Private. **212-421-5963**

SHIATSU STUDIO
Best Swedish. Resid/Studio. **212-583-0140**

Touch Of Class—Scandinavian Elegance. Sensual/Beautiful/Private. **212-252-0170**

JAPANESE 212-799-7087
Japanese Shiatsu. Uptown Residential.

Relax And Unwind From Work—By App't. Midtown. Carla/Sara: **212-753-9894**

New Chinese - Exotic
212-980-8845 By Ladies / **980-8840** By Man

Tricia—Very Private. By Appointment. 7 Days. Call **212-996-8499**.

Tropical—Oriental Shiatsu, Swedish. Rt. 17 North, Ramsey. **201-327-0286**

Go No Further—Absolutely Astonishing! Ultimate Rates. **212-987-0617**

Stop And Experience—The Best In Exquisite Massage. Private. **212-327-2173**

GINZA 212-684-2121
Shiatsu & Swedish. 12 East 33rd St.

Massage & Spa—Shiatsu, Swedish & *Steam Bath.* ***201-313-9215*** *Best In NJ.*

FUJI 212-207-8959
Shiatsu/Swedish. Res/studio. **212-396-4470**

Cynthia—Very Private, Professional Bodyrub. Midtown Location. **212-753-6986**

Feel Good—*Increase sense of well-being!* Concerned, high quality. **MU9-5207**

MATTHEW FOR MEN
A Class Act. Call Matt: **212-586-6172** 24 Hrs

Charles—Gentle, Warm Hands For Men. Jacuzzi. Sensual. Late Okay. **212-832-7872**

ORIENTAL DELIGHT
Massage/relaxation. Resid. **212-686-2222**

MILANO MODEL
212-666-2757

Full-Body Massage—For men and women, by female. **212-986-9377**

KASA 212-754-6130
Professional Masseuses From Japan.

MEET ME IN MIDTOWN
For A Memorable Moment.
E. 20s. **212-448-1378**

Brooklyn's Best Bodyrub—Just 5 Mins From NYC. CC's. **718-783-8176 / 645-7239**

Sensuous Bodyrub—In Private, Relaxing Atmosphere. Early AM. Terri: **212-759-5522**

Body Pampering By Amanda—Private. All CCs. Grand Opening. **212-861-5969**

Massage—Swedish/Shiatsu. Body Scrub, Facial. 7 Days. **212-661-0777**

COSTA DEL SOL
Beauty & Relaxation **212-593-1605**

Rachael & Keri—Private Apt. Selective Gentlemen. **212-448-9249**

Grand New Opening
Gabrielle & Tess. Versatile/Unforgettable
Massage. All CCs. **212-249-2436**

Wall Street—Science w/Art. Pvt, Clean, Safe. Also Lite Role-Play. **212-732-0113**

SHINJUKU 212-935-9294
—Professional Shiatsu. Residential.

DELIGHTFUL TOUCH
Sensual And Satisfying. **212-754-1470**

ELIZABETH - Excellent Massage
By Elegant, Sensual Lady. Grand Central
Area. Studio/Resid. **212-697-4698**

Adorable, Mysterious
Asian **212-406-2630** Studio/Residential

203-324-7552
Stamford, Rt. 95, exit 8, Atlantic Ave.

201-840-1743—Best Asian Tension Relief. Near GWB.

La Belle Femme
Sophisticated European
Models for All Occasions
Hotel/Residential. 24hr.
212-486-7721

East 64th Street—Excellent, Professional Swedish Massage. 7 Days. **212-838-8380**

MASSAGE BY LIZ & CO.
212-888-1807

THE ART OF TOUCH—
For Executives Who Appreciate A
Class, Mature Friend. Call: **212-661-7286**

Kimberly—A Touch Of Class. Pamper Yourself & Relax With Me. **212-465-3425**

Aloha 201-816-9562—Japanese Shiatsu, Swedish Therapy. Rtes 4/9W, Englewood.

MAKI 212-751-5550
Shiatsu. Studio/Residential.

VIP 59 SPA
Relaxation in Greenwich, CT. **203-629-0898**

Touch By Tomas For Men—Soothing, Serene, Safe, Pvt. CC's okay. **212-689-9030**

GOLDEN HAPPINESS
Relax in Astoria (23rd Ave.)
718-278-6969 or **718-278-6767**

STATUESQUE MODEL
Sensual Relaxation. **212-679-8616**

FUJI 201-368-0058
NJ's Best Asian Massage.

201-313-9033
Pvt Paradise In Edgewater. 30% Off w/Ad.

NICOLE
Mature, Upscale, Discreet Massage.
Hotel/Resid. 7am-1am. **212-486-7721**

Classy Massage—By Elegant Asian Lady. East 31st. **212-726-0082**

Grand Opening—Pamper Yourself Privately. E 80s. Lauren. CCs. **212-717-0161**

CLUB PLATINUM
West 40th St. 3rd fl. ***212-252-0857***

Lincoln Center—Creative & Sensual Touch - By Brazilian Lady. **212-799-2384**

Kiku Japanese . . . East 50—Shiatsu. Studio/Residential. **212-223-2650**

Call This Number For Relaxation—No Regrets. E 20s. Holly: **212-213-0061**

Miramar—Highly Skilled Internat'l Staff. Superb Bodyrub. By App't. ***212-826-8814***

LICENSED THERAPY

DR.'s SEX THERAPY
A Reputation For THE BEST
MD-Supv. **SURROGATE PROGRAM**
PhD & Board-Cert. Clinical Sexologists
Private • Results • All Dysfunctions
212-721-7650

SEXUAL SUCCESS
SEEN ON 20/20 & CNBC
NYC's **ONLY CERTIFIED*** Sex Therapist-
Supervised **SURROGATE** Program.
Resolve Impotence/PE/Orgasm Problems/
Shyness. **PROVEN SUCCESS.**
MD Supv'd. End fear/failure. ***212-971-6060***
***Amer. Ass'n of Sex Educators, Counselors & Therapists.**

Bright, Competent, Gentle Surrogate—Confidential And Effective. ***212-316-4768***

Impotence, Premature Reaction,
Sexual Shyness...
Successful, Medically Approved
Surrogate Sex-Therapy Program.
Physician On Staff - Insurance Accepted.
Free Consultation. **212-679-6717**

To advertise in *New York Magazine's*
Classified Section, call: **212.779.7500**

ROLE PLAY

EBONY IS BEAUTIFUL
Exotic Role-Play. CCs okay. **212-268-9484**

Kim—Live/Real/Intense/Exotic/Caring. Unforgettable/Let's Talk. **212-245-4641 24hr**

Alexis—Exceptional, Exclusive And Expensive. Call After Noon: **212-490-1555**

UNIQUE MODELS
Luxurious, Pvt, Discreet.
http://www.unique-models.com
212-643-0295

Nurse Therapy—Dress-Up. Behavior Training. Luxurious, Upscale & Private. Credit Cards Accepted. **212-684-6775**

Candyland—W. 50s. Private & Discreet. Yes, Residential. **212-541-7991**

Sultry Diva—Let Me Train You...Now! Fetish/X-Dress/Nurse. **212-501-6748**

PASSIONATE PRIVATE NURSE
Personalized & Intimate. **212-481-9293**

Continued on next page.

Services and Sales

Continued from previous page.

ROLE PLAY

Behavior Modification—Nurse Therapy & Role-Play By Experts, For The Novice & Connoisseur. AX/Vi/MC. 212-889-3350

SUPERMODELS
5th Avenue Penthouse Loft.
Specializing In Private Parties. 212-683-1392

Apache Princess—Exciting. For Special Execs Only. By App't. 212-459-1930

Discreet Encounters—For Sophisticated Gentlemen. East Side Locale. 212-207-1909

Statuesque Brazilian Role-Play—Elegant & Discreet. Upper East Side. 212-517-9466

MK Models
A Soothing Escape
For The Businessman.
7 Days. Credit Cards Accepted.
212-260-8136

Pro Body Builder—Hard, Muscular Beauty ...Wrestles/Poses/Role-Play. 212-316-2503

Mr. California—Masculine Dominant Role-Play For Men. Call Rex: 212-888-1790

Candy - Sutton Place For Upscale
Gentlemen. Elegant, Beautiful & Private.
212-980-8118

HONEY - SUTTON PLACE
For Discreet Men. Classy, Pvt. 212-838-2653

Elegant Encounters By Jeannie—Midtown East. For Upscale Men. 212-758-8817

Polish Ventures—For Upscale Gentlemen. East 50s. 212-838-6293

Ultimate Encounters—Luxurious, Upscale, For Successful Men. 212-246-1314

ANGELIQUE
Yours Truly. 212-758-7081

ULTIMATE VENTURES
In Superb Relaxation. 212-888-1666

When All Is Well...—You've Just Seen Isabelle: 212-875-1976

Role-Play By Isabella—Your Residence Only. 212-764-1533

club monaco
(212) 965 - 9622
Captivating
First Class Elegance

Ultimate Encounters—Luxurious, Upscale, For Successful Men. 212-246-1314

Role-Play By Candice—Your Residence Only. 212-752-8045

Double Mistress Training On LI
Exquisitely Sensual, Erudite. Pvt.
516-373-0305 or 516-258-7679

Magnificent Monique—By Appointment Only. East 50s. 212-759-6157

Gina & Karen—Role-Play By Cousins. For Ladies & Gentlemen. Pvt. 212-371-0623

Cruise With Tom—Strength And Beauty. For The Affluent. ATM cards. 212-946-5175

Adalis—Uninhibited Role-Play. By Appointment Only. 212-472-0868

Rebecca—Kindness, Warmth, Charm... Recorded Info: 212-714-7709

JULIA
212-539-3176

Role-Play By Loren—Your Residence Only. 212-982-6645

Role-Play By Bridgette—Your Residence Only. 212-777-4699

Upper East Side—Sensual Role-Play By April, Leslie & Racquel. 212-427-4395

Asian VIP—Horace Harding Expwy, Fresh Meadows. 718-539-5554/800-586-1409

Suite 202—All Fetishes. Midtown. Resid/Studio. 212-354-6224 / 354-1925

Exotic Models At Club International—Hotel/Resid. 212-695-6066 / 800-9775228

Adam & Eric For Men—Exclusive, Private & Safe. 212-988-2991

Westchester/Rockland/Putnam—Touch, Dance, Voyeurism. 800-957-3048

WHEN ONLY THE BEST WILL DO.
Wendy's
Warm and Wonderful.
212 **873-8158**
http://www.redlightnet.com/ruby

Role-Play By Naomi—Your Residence Only. 212-567-5132

Mature, Exquisite Relaxation—Very Private. For Gentlemen. 212-759-2024

EXECUTIVE STRESS RELIEF
Diversified Role-Play.
Private, Upscale & Discreet.
Studio/Resid./Hotel. 212-714-1537

Scandinavian Elegance—Sensual, Beautiful & Private. E. Side. 212-642-9198

Role-Play By Karla—Your Residence Only. 212-875-9485

Inordinately Creative Role-Play—Mistress Melora. East Side. 212-439-6033

Sheri—October's Best. Fantasy, Fetishes And Role-Play. 718-274-3553

ORIENTAL CLUB
Elegance For Your Personal Pleasure.
Resid Only. 212-447-7711 / 718-482-8934

LIZ & LEA
Private Encounters. Sisters.
E. 50s. 212-838-6722

Diara's Private Retreat—Elegant Relaxation. 212-465-2570

Mr. Victor & Male Trainee—Role-Play Only. Queensboro Bridge. 718-784-0638

Angelique—For Upscale Gentlemen. 212-772-7470

MADEMOISELLE
Scandinavian & European Models
Upscale relaxation for gentlemen
who expect the very best.
1-800-464-6667

PRIVATE ENCOUNTERS
Upscale Models To Relax & Pamper You.
Sensual/Beautiful/Expensive. 212-355-8321

Mistress Gina & Friends
Mature Lady For Fetish Role-Play &
X-Dressing. Nurse Therapy. 212-371-3106

SENSUOUS GOVERNESS
Care & Training For Men. 212-532-7135

Matinee - Mature Lady—Relaxing And Personable Atmosphere. 718-728-8933

Stiletto—For The Discriminating Gentleman. Fetish Experts. 212-539-7576

Role-Play By Jezabell—Your Residence Only. 212-489-3546

High Boot Club—Chanel And Alex. Upper East Side. 212-879-2463

Brittany—A Sensual, Relaxing Escape. Private. Evenings Only. 212-677-4284

Live Conversation—1-On-1 Stimulating Role-Play. Over 18. Call: 800-814-2569

Grace—Elegant Shemale. Beginners Welcome. Call 212-679-5390.

Lady Tish—Ebony Beauty - 212-330-8368 Role-Play - Priv/Resid Or Live Via Phone.

Delightful Therapy By Erika—For An Appointment, Call: 914-375-6084

RUSSIAN MYSTIQUE
Elegant, captivating, upscale. 718-266-5284

For Discriminating Men—Intense And Therapeutic. Upper E. Side. 212-535-4479

SERVICES AND SALES

if you're interested in displaying your services, sales or products in new york classifieds to over 1.5 million readers, please call mark bristow at 212-545-3661 or fax 212-779-2449.

JILLIAN BRADLEY
& ASSOCIATES
A Wall Street Edition.
The Experience Continues.
212-425-0540

Role-Play By Salina—Your Residence Only. 212-779-0670

Roxanne—When Sensual Role-Play Just Isn't Enough! 212-875-9755

It Is Time To Share Your Secret—Fetish Exploration. Pvt. 212-629-2066

YURAKU 516-777-7566
200 Rt 110S #4, Farmingdale

Jack And Jill—Went Up The Hill To Role-Play! 203-877-1459

Magic Moments—For Gentlemen. E. 50s. Private & Discreet. 212-813-0750

Elegant, Mature Relaxation—Private. Call For Appointment: 212-697-5932

Amazon Goddesses—Wrestling, Posing, Behavior Modification. 212-229-2149

#1 Transsexual Megastar!—Sultry "Sherry Fox", For Beginners. 212-582-5009

Shemale: English Ebony—Dancer/Model For Role-Play/Fun. Cleo: 212-592-9968

FEMININE TOUCH
Luxurious Service For Upscale
Gentlemen. Total Satisfaction.
Private. Midtown Location.
Studio/Residential/Hotel.
212-352-1515

Sensual Role-Play—Fetish, X-Dressing. Upscale. Midtown. Ava: 212-586-3882

Role-Play By Troy—Your Residence Only. 212-922-1865

EBONY PLAYMATES
Models And Rubenesque. 888-260-9494

Role-Play By Demi—Your Residence Only. 212-260-2140

New Competitive—Wrestler/Kick Boxer Syris... Only At "Tempest". 212-946-5099

Secret Garden—Luxurious relaxation. Upscale environment. App't. 212-734-4117

Fleur De Lis
Private Midtown Location
Residential/Hotel
212-696-1408

The Angel Touch—Relaxation. Mature Lady. Private. Studio/Res. 212-681-2709

PLAYMATE
For Sensual Relaxation. 212-686-7129

SCANDINAVIAN PLAYMATES
For The Gentleman With Exquisite Taste.
Private. Also: Ebony, Swedish, Oriental
And Russian. 800-879-7525

Midtown Role-Play—Pvt/Relaxing. Come See Kim, By App't. 212-753-9894

Assortments

FIELDS! The Matchmaker 212-391-2233 317 Madison (entr on 42nd) NYC 10017, Rm 1600. Est 1920. Free consultation & booklet. 18-80. All religions. Nationwide. Visitors invited. Open 7 days. We arrange for your children without their knowledge.

Discerning Jewish Professionals—Fine Art of Matchmaking. Raizy **212-877-5167**

Best Service CEOs, MDs, JDs for **Asian/Latin/Russian Ladies. LOA: 986-8590** Party 10/18, Sat., Fiori, 4 Park Ave./33rd.

FALL FLING
at *Au Bar....* **41 East 58th St.**
TUESDAY, OCT 21, 7pm
DJ • Dancing • Refreshments
Admission $50 at door
Assoc Div., Jewish Guild for the Blind
For info call 212-769-6240

Introductions Club - Prof'l, Secular Jewish Men, 25-60, **Wanted** For Women, *21-49. PhD interviewer. 8 yrs.* **212-877-0723**

Date Someone New This Weekend
Call to hear 1000's of voice personal ads for free!
212-987-7000
THE RELATIONSHIP LINE™
Customer Service 212-987-7001

ARA - CEOs,MDs,JDs,MBAs for educated & attractive **Asian, Russian, Latin** ladies.
212-253-1971 www.cumpra.com/ara.htm

CONNECT LIVE INSTANTLY
24 HRS/DAY
TALK ONE-TO-ONE!
1000s of callers on line daily!
Men call 1-888-225-8084
Women call FREE
1-800-244-7689
For entertainment purposes only. Must be 18+.
Night Encounters

Classical Music Lovers' Exchange™ For unattached music lovers. Nationwide. *Box 31, Pelham, NY 10803.* ***800-233-CMLS***

"A Salute To Broadway" Afternoon Tea at the **Waldorf=Astoria.** Featuring Bigelow Sterling Silver Teas, Event-Themed Menu, Broadway Music & **Surprise Guests!** Daily 3pm-5pm. 10/20 to 11/2. $21 +tax & grty. **212-872-4818**

Perfect Partners™
Voice personals for gays & lesbians seeking lasting relationships
— FREE CALL —
212-987-6400

Crossroads—The Gracious Way To Meet Quality Single People. Praised By The NY Times... For Information: **212-972-3594**

A+ Rating! Int'l Singles—Meet Russian & Jewish ladies living in NY. **212-736-6870**

The boy next door can be found even closer.
GAY LIVE NEW YORK
(212) 553-6520
Free to Call. 60-Minute Free Trial.
Questions? Call 1-888-237-8190. Outside local area code, toll charges may apply. Callers not prescreened. We assume no liability. 18 or older, please.

Stan & Jeff Party Crane Club—408 Amsterdam Ave., **Sat, 10/18**, 9pm. $20. Open bar, buffet. Upscale prof'ls. **426-6629**

"Date Bait" Singles Mixers—New, fun, structured... Fri., 10/24, **7pm sharp,** Crowne Plaza Hotel, B'way @ 48th. $20.
212-501-6443 www.datebait.com

The Upscale Crowd – *Ages 30s & 40s*
AU BAR
41 East 58th St (near Madison)
WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 22
6 - 11pm
$20. • DJ & Dancing. • 400+ Expected.
Doc's Parties Info: 718.279.8596

BRITISH LADIES/GENTLEMEN Seek romance/marriage w/Americans. All ages! **English Rose** - Tel: **011-44-1843-863322** Fax: **011-44-1843-863346** 24 hours!

Prof'l Men/Attractive Asian Women—International Match NY: **212-787-6579** Party 10/22 **TG Whitney**, 244 E 53, 6:30.

MARION SMITH PROF'L SINGLES
MAXIM'S
FRIDAY, OCT. 24TH, 6PM -12AM
THE ENTIRE CLUB • $20
680 Madison Ave (61st St)
UPSCALE PROFESSIONALS 28-48
600+ Expected • DJ
Jacket & Best Dressed • 212-944-2112

Date NOTHING BUT THE BEST A NEW singles' network for graduates & faculty of NYU, U of Michigan (Ann Arbor), UCLA, USC, Syracuse, Brandeis, Boston College, Tufts, U of Rochester, Georgetown, UVA, Washington U, Lehigh, Carnegie Mellon, Notre Dame, Vanderbilt. CALL: **1-800-261-0410**

Link Jewish Single Prof. ages 35-55 invite you to our
"October Birthday Celebration"
$20 w/invite **MADISONS** *$25 w/out*
1584 York Avenue (Bet. 83rd & 84th Streets)
Saturday, October 18, 8:00pm-1:00am
For preferred invitations call Link at 914.725.6320. October birthdays receive complimentary admission *bet. 8:00pm-8:30pm... CLUBMED "JEWISH SINGLES WEEK" CANCUN/ TURKOISE INFO: 1.800.388.8850.* Visit our web: www.jewishsinglesscene.com

DATE SOMEONE IN YOUR LEAGUE For graduates and faculty of the Ivies, Seven Sisters, MIT, Duke, Stanford, UC Berkeley, Johns Hopkins, University of Chicago, Northwestern. Over 2,500 members. **The Right Stuff: 800-988-5288**

WHEN FRIENDS AREN'T ENOUGH
WOMEN'S MID-LIFE COUNSELING
You'll talk. We'll listen. Together, we'll look for answers. And we'll discuss your personal concerns in our individual or group sessions.
The Center for Women's Health, Columbia Presbyterian/East Side
16 East 60th Street,
New York, NY
Call Maria at
(212) 326-8540

The Secret To A Successful Date... Is a positive first impression! Let a First Impressions, Inc. consultant help you be your best. Seen on CBS & Fox. **219-0923**

LIFE EXISTS AFTER 40™
Saturday Nite Gala Dinner Dance!
10/18, 7:30, JOE MAYO 41 Madison Av.
DJ, Dinner Buffet, $25. **L.E.A.F. 779-0642**

STRICTLY PERSONALS COUPON

Rate is $37.00 per line, two line minimum. Add $35.00 for NYM box number.
Call 212-779-7500 for more information, or you may fax this coupon to: 212-779-2449.
Mail this coupon to: **New York Magazine Classified,**
Attention: Strictly Personals, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016.
All ads are accepted at the discretion of publisher.

Name ______________________________
Street Address ______________________________
City ______________ State ______________ Zip ______________
Day Phone (for our records only) ______________________________
Payment: Check ______________ MasterCard /Visa /American Express ______________
Card Number ______________ Exp. Date ______________
Signature ______________

Would you like a voice box? If so, check here. ♡
If yes, we will call to give you an access code. All calls are confidential.

AD COPY:
1
2

Strictly Personals

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-779-7500, fax 212-779-2449 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, 11th Floor, New York, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

New York's Premier Matchmaker
• NOW ALSO ON LONG ISLAND •
As featured in NY Times, Crain's NY Business, CNN, CBS, CNBC, ABC, FOX News, BBC, "London" Independent and Cosmopolitan

Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for. The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

Denise Winston

By appointment only 212-935-9350 NY
310-276-0072 BEVERLY HILLS

Love And Marriage—Pretty, blue-eyed blond MD, 5'8", 120, Jewish Manhattanite, seeks a special man (39-55) who loves life, enjoys its finer pleasures and is content alone but believes that sharing is better by far. 8893 ✉ ☎

For The Selective, Class-Act Woman—Only the exceptional should respond. Seeking feminine woman of substance, who is affectionate, sensitive, well-educated, adventuresome, athletic, elegant, slim, early to mid 40s; interested in all that life has to offer and then some. I am a true gentleman, extremely successful, sensitive, charming, romantic, kind, passionate, athletic and good-looking, 6', 175 lbs, who enjoys life and knows how to make a woman feel like a woman. Recent picture, home number appreciated. Will be happy to exchange photo. 8924 ✉

Now's The Time!—40ish, tall guy to meet attractive 30ish gal. Fun in the city, country, dancing. Photo. 8887 ✉

Are You A Fine, Intelligent—Fun-loving, tallish senior who enjoys driving and would like to meet a really attractive, slim, blue-eyed blond Jewish widow for laughter and good times? 8883 ✉

Gay, Young Japanese Male Exec—Who loves opera, jazz, travel, swimming... seeks professional Asian exec, 25-45. Note/photo/phone, please. 8933 ✉

Not Your Typical NY Guy—Secure, 5'6", 42-year-old, just back from London. Born in South America, moved to DC, went to England for grad school and stayed. First a professor, then in financial markets. Lively and intellectual, I am offbeat and informal, not easily identified as a banker! I am health and fitness-oriented, love travel, sports, the beach. I seek a pretty and petite, hip and stylish, youthful woman who is both substantive and lots of fun. Expect to feel comfortable at an initial meeting with me. Photo/phone. 8909 ✉ ☎

What Is Female Magic?—Contact me for the answer if you are an educated nonsmoker, in-shape, 20s-30s, single, white or Latina beauty with a great personality. I am an educated, passionate, single Asian male, 30s, with a 5'8" gymnast's physique. I am a health nut with many interests... and a person who venerates a fine woman. Photo/letter/phone. 8807 ✉

Truly Feminine Woman Wanted—By successful, handsome, athletic, genuine nice guy. This 34-year-old, 6', brown/green, incurable romantic seeks tall, slim, elegant, stylish woman with solid old-fashioned values and sense of humor. Must be as beautiful inside as outside. Some interests should include sports, fine dining, travel and exotic cars. Nonsmoker. Note/photo/phone. 8864 ✉

Pretty, Elegant, Affluent—Woman seeks doctor/lawyer/CEO, 58-65. 8903 ✉ ☎

Industrious, Generous, Romantic—Thoughtful 36-year-old, white, 5'11", successful entrepreneur living on the upper East Side, who is into rollerblading, ballroom dancing and travel, seeks to spoil one sexy, athletic, petite, warm and loving woman who loves to laugh and have fun in a long-term relationship leading to marriage. Note/phone/photo please. 8840 ✉

Will Be Wintering In South Florida—Pretty Connecticut socialite seeks kind, very generous gentleman (55-75) for fun and future. Let's be honest. I am elegant and proper yet sexy and passionate... own a vintage waterfront home and enjoy membership in an exclusive Yacht and Country Club. In return, please be open-minded, patient, emotionally supportive, willing and able to afford dual residences and the wonderful lifestyle. CT/NYC/south FL. Note/photo a must. 8905 ✉

Looking For Magic—You are an extraordinarily successful, fit, funny, passionate, energetic, emotionally open Jewish man, 29-39, who is not afraid to win. Me - I'm knockout gorgeous (and humble too), great body, warm, playful, a professional and successful woman who loves life! We - love family, friends, lots of laughter, great adventures, music, romantic nights, working out and sushi. Should we meet? Respond with photo/note/phone. 8930 ✉

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

The Best Is Yet To Be—Very pretty, slim widow with style and charisma... Loves travel, theater, tennis and a cozy evening for two. Seeks upscale, successful professional man, 55-65, who is intelligent, has a great sense of humor and zest for life. Note/photo. 8892 ✉

Nice Guy—With great sense of humor, passionate, communicative, caring CEO/scientist, with good looks, joie de vivre; cultured, 5'10", muscular, fun, 43. Seeks bright, warm woman under 36, tall, sexy - for best friend, lover for life. For reply, please, a note/photo. 8921 ✉☎

Luxurious Lifestyle—Available for sharing with generous middle-aged male. Please be 18-35, bright, pretty and interested in sun and foreign travel. Send photo and note to: 8665 ✉

Great Catch!—Jewish guy - 30, 5'7", good-looking, nonsmoking teacher - seeks relationship. You should love dogs; watch Seinfeld, Simpsons, or Party of Five; work out, eat, read; love home and adventure too. Must be able to order in, select a movie, and buy Ben & Jerry's. Romantic but realistic - let's exchange photos. Some baggage okay. Prefer carry-on. 8904 ✉

We Could Be Dining In Manhattan—Instead of reading personals. Handsome, retired NYPD detective, 60, now successful private investigator, seeks beautiful, classy lady, 30-55. Photo a must. POB 1559, Cooper Station, NYC 10003

We Are Very Rare—Me: creative, handsome, boyish, successful LI VP. You: exciting, very intelligent and pretty, trim, single white female, 39-49. Future is bright - romance in sight. Photo a must. 8845 ✉ ☎

New and Improved!

HEAR THE VOICE BEHIND THE AD
CALL 1-900-443-1500

$ .99 EACH MINUTE. TOUCH-TONE PHONE ONLY. THIS SERVICE IS FOR ADULTS 18 YEARS OR OLDER.

You can now call ☎ as well as write ✉ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 4 weeks beyond issue's cover date.
PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, 1211 6th Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 852-7700

Japanese Beauty Seeks European—Or American gentleman with upbringing or experience living in Europe, 30-50, with real quality, warmth and sensitivity, refined taste, and success in his professional field. I am in my mid 30s, svelte, genial, elegant, stylish, articulate and discerning. I have an abundance of heart, wit, and extensive cultural interests. Enjoy fine dining as much as a romantic dinner at home or a picnic in a park. Love getting away for the weekend and traveling abroad. Would like to share life with a very special partner. Please send me a letter with a photo. 8839 ✉

Tall, Handsome Asian Male Sought—By blond, blue-eyed, pretty Caucasian female. I am 33, honest, down-to-earth, sensitive and sincere. I enjoy reading, running and nature. Please be 35-45, kind, comfortable with yourself and happy. A note would be nice. 8913 ✉

Corporate President—Tall, athletic, late 40s, divorced, very successful, very romantic, generous, health-conscious, works out, gym, jogs - likes fine dining, international travel and theater. Seeks very beautiful, slim, stylish, sophisticated, affectionate and passionate woman for exclusive engagement, 30-40. Recent photo, please. 8847 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Sexy, Bright—Professional Jewish female, 39, 5'5", slim. I am a woman with old-fashioned values, looking for a professional Jewish male, 38-46, who is interested in a serious romance. Honesty and sincerity required. Seeking soul mate. Photo appreciated. 8900 ✉

Tall (5'8"), Slim, Savvy, Successful—Divorced, 40ish, young professional woman seeks relationship with cultured, athletic man who can dance. 8856 ✉

Rolls-Royce Of Females—Seeks Rolls-Royce of males to share exciting ride of life. I'd love to take this trip with a mid 50s-mid 60s, successful Jewish gentleman. Widower preferred. Photo please. 8899 ✉

Petite, Extremely Lovely Blond—Female, accomplished photographer, part French-Canadian, 40s, chic, sense of *humor, style and je ne sais quoi...* Seeks guy, 45-60, to get to know. 8846 ✉

Gay White Woman—39, tall and slender, very successful and attractive, caring, honest and communicative. Loves city life and the country. Enjoys music, travel and fitness. Looking for a relationship with friendship, romance and laughter with very special woman. Note/photo. 8928 ✉☎

Attractive, Kind Professional Woman—Possesses good humor/intellectual vitality. Seeks male counterpart, 50s-60s. 8817✉

Looking For Love—Jewish man, 40, 5'10", slim. Enjoys exotic travel, cool jazz, a warm heart. Seeks 30s, NYC, Jewish professional woman, 5'3" plus. Photo. 8808✉

Pretty Black Female—37, seeks real mensch. Ohender873@aol.com. 8941 ✉

Nibble From The Full Plate Of Life—With me. Meander through museums, concert halls, cities and countrysides worldwide. Relish the embers of a fall fire. Desire mutuality, respect, passion and beauty. Be rich in mind and spirit. Blue-eyed beauty seeking 55-62-year-old, educated Jewish man. 8940 ✉ ☎

Very Pretty, Smart, Sexy, Sporty—Single Jewish female, 37, blond/green. Seeks single Jewish man, intelligent, handsome, successful, athletic, for best friend, lover, husband and family. 8889 ✉

Very Beautiful, Charming Blond—Late 30s. Classy and cultured career woman. Highly intelligent and sophisticated, lots of fun, with expensive taste, recently single. Wants to meet kind, generous gentleman, mid 40s-mid 50s, for fun and romance. 8906 ✉ ☎

Longing For Relationship—Pretty, petite, bubbly and warm; loves tennis and theater. Seeking Jewish male, nonsmoking, 38-48, sensitive and affectionate, with a sense of humor. Photo. 8843 ✉ ☎

Toronto-Based—Frequently in NY on business - artsy, smart, successful, sophisticated, slim, attractive, saucy, Jewish and modest female - seeks male companion for laughter and conversation, romance and more. He must be handsome, trim, accomplished, cultured, kind, emotionally secure, mature yet playful, age 55-65, (212) area. Photo and brief note most appreciated. 8877 ✉

Attractive Man—Attorney in 60s, seeks age-appropriate, pretty, slim, accomplished woman for long-term relationship. I am financially independent, fit, trim, warm, verbal, good sense of humor. Clear current photo/note please. 8880✉

Life's Too Short—Not to have met my rugged renegade, 34-41, tall, dark, handsome (secure in all ways), entrepreneurial, athletic, and one who lives life to its fullest. I'm 34, Jewish-Italian (fashion, radio and TV exec), extrovert, with long dirty-blond hair and hazel eyes, sexy and chic, looking for her knight in shining armor. I live on the beach and I love vintage sports cars, boating, sports, Yankees, etc., fine dining, comedy and laughter for peace of mind, as well as rock 'n' roll and the best life has to offer. Note/photo. 8920 ✉ ☎

Warmhearted, Attractive, Caring—Shapely 37-year-old, single Jewish female, highly educated professional. Seeking a single Jewish professional male, 34-46, who's sincere, kind and looking for a serious relationship. Phone preferred. 8873 ✉ ☎

Are You An Unusual Woman?—Jewish, 36, handsome international executive seeks a talented, spiritual woman who similarly possesses depth of character and soul, an intellectual curiosity about the world, a passion for what she does, is communicative, strong yet tender and emotionally available and unpretentious, who is ready to build a loving life partnership and family, and to explore the world together. Photo appreciated. 8852 ✉

Hope Springs Eternal!—Still pretty, witty business owner in her 60s, loves the city, the water, the arts and life. Et tu? 8902 ✉

Evolving Spiritual Needs—And growing testosterone levels compel very smart and hard-to-please, good-looking, liberal, Gaia-thinking Jewish gentleman - 51, 5'10", 160 lbs, PC guru - to seek really smart, sweet and stunningly beautiful woman, to 47, for fulfillment, fun and maybe forever. Note/photo. 8884 ✉

Witty, Successful, Athletic-Looking—Nonreligious, single Jewish male, 33, 5'10", 162 lbs. I love to travel, work out, ski and play all sports. I seek to find the same from my attractive and good-hearted soulmate, 28-34. Note/photo please. 8923✉

Extremely Warm, Attractive—Sensitive, professional Jewish woman, 43, with a good sense of humor and wide range of interests, wishes to meet a sincere and decent man. Please send a brief note/phone number. Photo appreciated. 8925 ✉

Directors:

Andrea McGinty

Debra DeJean

Pamela Mohr

The Best Way To Meet People Is Through Friends.

"Even busy professionals want to find romance but they don't have much time to look for it often. An upscale dating service now helps business people improve their personal lives." -**CNN**

"There had to be a civilized and convenient way to meet potential partners. Wouldn't it be nice if there was a dating service that arranged pre-screened lunch dates for busy professionals? So, *McGinty did. Her clients are highly educated:* About 95% graduated from college, and 80% have post-graduate degrees." -***FORBES Magazine***

Nancy Kirsch

Jacqueline Castellitto

Jennifer Guterman

Dating For Busy Professionals

New York 212.644.0022
New Jersey 201.461.2399
Long Island 516.931.9339

IT'S *just* LUNCH! inc.
life, love & dessert.

Very Cute Guy—33, tall, fit, loving, fun, classy, successful professional. Seeks same in financially secure female. Note and photo a must. 8922 ✉ ☎

Let's Fall In Love—Sincere, successful Jewish dad, 49 - well-grounded, trim, athletic and bright. Enjoys jazz, cinema and outdoors. Seeks warmhearted, physically fit, interesting woman to share love and laughter. 8870 ✉ ☎

Big Blue Eyes To Die For—And a room-lighting smile. Tall, slim, very pretty, educated Californian - now New Yorker, seeks sensual, successful, solvent, good-looking man, 27-36. Note/photo. 8700✉

My Female Friends—Would describe me as a handsome man who is a great dad, divorced, Jewish (nonreligious), 43, 5'11", 145, affectionate, compassionate, intelligent and emotionally stable. This successful medical publisher seeks his slender soul mate. You may or may not have/want kids. You're an attractive, affectionate, compassionate and intelligent woman who values open, honest communication. Together we find our magic. I like to travel, the arts, cooking, biking, skiing and the outdoors. Note/photo/phone. 8918 ✉

Glamorous Ad Exec—I'm a pretty Jewish female with great face, body and heart. If you're a male, 39-49, and have everything but me, my number is... 8926 ✉ ☎

Handsome, Warm, Affectionate MD—52, Jewish, loves life - seeks slim, attractive, sincere, playful, kind lady, 38-48 (Jewish, Latin, Italian), to bring out the best in each other. Photo, please. 8841 ✉

Great Package—Really pretty...very, very young late-40s female, slim, great shape inside and out, 5'6", long hair, original, successful, aware, creative, kind - seeks 6'-plus, nonbalding, unusual male, 45-56, very handsome, bright, caring, generous, healthy, very successful. No smokers. Photo essential for reply, please. 8743 ✉

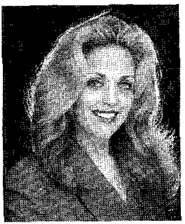
Very Selective? Demand The Best?—Gorgeous, slim, accomplished, affluent, witty, cultured, loving, playful, thin, young 48. Seeks warm, world-traveled, fun-loving man, 48-65, to be my honey. 8898✉

Jewish Man, Many Interests—Movies, theater, baseball, travel, running (NYC Marathon!), reading, you. Managing editor (36, 5'10") seeks smart Jewish woman to treasure forever. 8886 ✉ ☎

SPECIAL OFFER!*

Never called to respond to a personal ad?
STOP HESITATING...
For a limited time, you can call for
ONLY 99¢ PER MINUTE!
(Regularly $1.95 per minute)
1-900-443-1500
Touch-Tone Phone Only. This service is for adults 18 years or older.
Program sponsored by New York Magazine and News America 900,
1211 6th Ave., New York, NY 10036 - (212) 852-7700

Strictly Personals



Only 120 shopping days left until Valentine's Day... make *Barbra K. Brooks* your New Year's Resolution!

Somewhere out there is that *special* someone waiting to meet you. This individual is not someone you will meet in a bar, at a singles party or through the personal ads. The clients I represent are very prestigious, attractive, successful, healthy in mind, body and spirit. If the people you have been meeting are not of the caliber you desire...then call me for an appointment. Afford me the opportunity to make the ***right*** introduction for you.

With my professional and sensitive approach, you can...

LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!

Barbra K. Brooks

Professional Matchmaking Service

WHERE DREAMS REALLY DO COME TRUE!

By Appointment Only (212) 753-3003 (516) 889-9058

Pretty—Slender, sensual, stylish, smart, secure (sweetheart) seeks best friend/lover for life with good looking, fit, refined, romantic, 50s (nice guy). 8937 ✉ ☎

For The Marriage Minded Only—Beautiful, educated, warm woman, 48, seeks tall loving accomplished man willing to adopt a baby. 8935 ✉

Los Angeles/Coup De Foudre—Striking, shapely Asian, 5'6", 115 lbs, long dark hair, sophisticated, ultra-feminine. Prefers witty, wise, 40-plus gentleman in pursuit of excellence. 8859 ✉ ☎

Former Male Model—Now businessman, 36, nice chauvinist with traditional values. Desires intelligent, warm, spiritual, passionate woman, 20-38, for relaxed dinners, sporting and concert dates, possible marriage and children. Prefer attractive, long-haired, full-figured Italian/Spanish type (but not that important). Note/photo/phone. 8890 ✉

European Jewish Male—40, 6'2", 185 lbs, dark hair, sensitive, caring, slightly intellectual - enjoys traveling, hiking and biking (the Jewish way - moderately), classical concerts and movies. Seeks Jewish female, 29-35, for serious relationship. If you are friendly, intelligent, have a good sense of humor and (very important) are not skinny, why don't you write me? Photo appreciated. 8897 ✉

Gay White Male—30s, trim, personable, sensitive, altruistic, serious, fun-loving, sense of humor. Seeks male, 21-40, for warm, abiding friendship. Prefers initial contacts by mail, not phone please. 8910 ✉

Looking For Man—Who has spent time building his life and now wants to start living it! Beautiful blond, green-eyed career woman, mid 30s, with zest for living life to the fullest, wants man to spoil. Note/photo. 8879 ✉ ☎

Unbelievably Lovely—With unusual depth and charm. This very pretty, svelte, brown hair/eyes, Jewish professional with exquisite style, seeks worldly, intelligent, relationship-minded man, 45-58, with zest for life. Note/photo. 8875 ✉

Totally Charming—Pretty and bright young woman, 28, would like to meet a man who is great to go out with and, eventually, nice to come home to. 8931 ✉

Beautiful Natural Redhead—43, seeks easygoing, successful, gentle and tender man who's fit and fun, as am I. Nonsmoker, 40-50. Note/photo. 8908 ✉ ☎

If An Autumn Breeze Riles You Up—Let's throw on our jeans and go hiking or crank out a few miles on our mountain bikes. Handsome, 36, professional, Jewish, 5'10", looking for partner to share adventure, friends, athletics, curiosity, creativity, art, silliness and, most of all, laughter. If you're a nonsmoking, single Jewish female, 27-36, fit, slim, good-looking, 5'4" plus, sincere, playful, intelligent to boot, put on your sneakers. Note/phone/photo, please. 8874 ✉ ☎

Attractive, Adventurous Woman—PhD, with sense of humor and interests in the arts and outdoors - seeks man, 50s, to share life's joys. 8895 ✉

Shapely And Sensual—Single Jewish female, blond hair, green eyes, 5'5", 125 lbs, 40s - enjoys tennis, dancing, movies and travel. Seeks Jewish professional male over 40, who is emotionally secure, has a good sense of humor and can commit to a relationship. 8865 ✉

Looking For Angel—Single white Jewish male, 52 - going on 25, 6'1", thin, funny, good dancer, can carry a tune. Wants to travel southern CA coast. Seeking single white Jewish female, 5'7" and up, 22-35, bright, down-to-earth, sense of humor. Photo preferred. 8848 ✉ ☎

It's Mom's Birthday—And what better gift to give than the gift of friendship? Mom is 58, widowed, attractive, compassionate, artistic, well-traveled, and best of all comfortable in her own skin. If you like driving upstate, going to the theater, enjoy life and want a happily-ever-after companion, seek no further. Note/photo. 8862 ✉

You'll Love It
It's Perfect
Now Come
to

PARTY

I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE

Monday, October 27th

First, fabulous hor d'oeuvres
and conversation at:
REVOLUTION
611 9th Ave. at 43rd St.

Then, enjoy the funny and upbeat hit show -
I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change
at the Westside Theatre. (407 West 43rd St.)

Only 150 tickets available
at the special price of $45 each.

Send your check to:
New York Magazine Party
2 Park Avenue, 11th Fl.
New York, NY 10016
Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.
Information Line: 212-545-3684

Beautiful Blond—36, Italian/Irish, seeks best friend for marriage/family/forever. He should be handsome, successful, 32-45 - with a love for romance and traditional values. Photo/note a must. 8872 ✉

Exceptionally Pretty Jewish Woman—34, clinical psychologist, single, slim, warm, intelligent, insightful, unpretentious, traditional but slightly irreverent, passionate about love, animals and children. Seeks a wonderful Jewish man, 32-42, who is attractive, accomplished, affectionate, intelligent and loving. Sanity a plus. Note/photo. 8866 ✉

Earthy, Attractive Woman—Seeks sensitive, intelligent male, 55-70, to explore autumn leaves and each other. 8869 ✉

Missing One Thing—I am a 32-year-old (6'1", 190 lbs), attractive, athletic, successful man. I enjoy music, working out, going out on the town and quiet evenings at home. Seeking an attractive, down-to-earth, fit woman to share all of life's ups and downs. 8762 ✉

Single Jewish Male—42, seeks kind, fun, articulate, romantic, full-figured, single white female, college graduate, who enjoys reading, movies and New York. 8914 ✉ ☎

Believe—Single white professional female, late 30s, described as upbeat, beautiful inside and out, warm, fun... seeking honorable man, 37-45, with enough heart, brains, financial security, sense of humor and readiness - who desires enhancing relationship leading to sustaining marriage. 8861 ✉ ☎

Autumn Is For Lovers!—Single white male seeks autumn goddess, 25-31, for sharing crisp fall days in the Park and evenings by the fireplace. Please respond if you look and feel great in a sweater, or find the smell of burning leaves enchanting. Trim, handsome, mid 30s, 6'2", affluent executive, available for chauffeuring you through country roads on weekends. Note/photo please. 8871 ✉

To Love And Be Loved—That's all I want. Female college professor looking for a male, 55-70, who likes movies, theater and just plain conversation, late 50s. I enjoy life and fun. How about you? 8838 ✉

Sensuous, Sincere, Sophisticated—Very attractive former model with MA degree, 5'7", slender, blue-eyed blond (and bright, too), with good sense of humor. Witty and warm, successful Jewish career woman with eclectic interests, late 50s, seeks professional gentleman of quality, for friendship and more. 8703 ✉

I Still Believe In Love—39-year-old, tall, blue-eyed, single male - Jewish (nonreligious), with a great sense of humor. Enjoys theater, movies, sports and the company of good friends. Seeking younger female who is witty, attractive and fun. Phone/photo/note. 8851 ✉

Marriage-Minded Catholic Female—34, seeks smart, fun, white professional NYC male who has never been married. Photo a must. 8876 ✉

Handsome, Fit, Secure—34-year-old, single white male attorney, in search of smart, pretty, feminine "soul mate." She is sensible, accomplished, compassionate and honest. Flexible on race/age. 8885 ✉ ☎

Manhattanite—Looking for woman, 45-55, free for travel. Photo please. 8863 ✉

SEND

A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Seeking Smart, Kind, Atypical Man—I'm 31, 5'7", very attractive, very open-minded but also picky. I'm Jewish, live/work Manhattan. Note/photo. 8917 ✉☎

Kindred Spirit Sought—I'm a 40-year-young and good-looking Jewish male, smart, athletic and fit, successful, stable, ethical, open, funny and down-to-earth. Love the outdoors and a variety of music and film. Looking to connect and evolve with an attractive, slim, warm, real and intelligent female, to 36, who is ready for an exciting journey. Photo, please. 8896 ✉☎

Harvard Graduate—Good-looking, divorced Christian male, 5'8", seeks interesting, athletic, vibrant, very physically fit woman, 40-45, to share an active life. My interests include playing sports, the arts, books and travel. Note/photo. 8891 ✉

One In A Million...—Seeks other one. White female, 27, unique, beautiful, in great shape. Creative, sensual, independent and well-balanced. A-Z interests. You are 28-36, over 5'10", very handsome, complex, confident, with healthy mind/body. Carry on baggage only. Recent photo, note, phone for reply. 8894 ✉☎

Asian Jewel From Ancient Family—Exotic beauty, educated, late 40s (looks 20-30s), seeks life partner - successful, intelligent man with huge heart...to devote my passion, healing, magic. Photo. 8854 ✉

Dark-Eyed Beauty—Loves to laugh, warm, artistic, articulate. Seeks intelligent, playful man, 48-58. NY and Berkshires. Photo appreciated. 8901 ✉

Fun-Loving Gay White Male—In my mid 40s, looking for "almost perfection" ...but then again, that's all relative. I love Woody Allen, sipping champagne outside at Da Silvano's, kissing...and sweet, sweet notes. If you're absolutely adorable, 25-30, career-focused, with a melody in your heart and a song to sing, you're in for a treat!! Note/photo. 8868 ✉

Blue-Eyed, Attractive—Slim, Jewish and intelligent white female, 5'3", would like to meet professional, single Jewish male, 35-43, who is tall, intelligent, stable and secure. Photo for response. 8849 ✉☎

Attractive, Petite—Professional woman - loves music, movies and dancing. Seeks active, interesting man, 45-65. 8911 ✉

Unique, Pretty—Extroverted gal, optimistic, active, divorced ad exec who is healthy, witty and wise. Interests: love for animals, cooking, sports, music, fashion, photography, family...homes in NYC and Woodstock. Looking for the same kind of sharp, secure guy, 45 plus. 8878 ✉☎

Very Pretty Brunette—Great figure, 36, warmhearted, fun-loving. Seeks handsome male, well-built, 5'9" plus, athletic, family-oriented, intelligent, with sense of humor. Phone/photo a must. 8860 ✉

Cute Jewish Guy—37, 6', 175, well-educated and successful, easygoing, never married. Seeks attractive gal, 25-37, for happily ever after. NY/NJ. Note/photo, please. 8844 ✉☎

Piercing Blue Eyes—Attractive, independent, single Jewish female, 26, brown hair, petite, writer/graphic designer, who enjoys out/indoor sports, travel, music/theater/movies, is seeking intelligent, single Jewish male, 26-34, of sound mind, body and spirit, who knows where he's going and would like company. Must have great sense of humor and be adventurous. Note/photo, please. 8882 ✉

Heart And Soul—Extremely adorable, single, Jewish, balanced, fit, seeks way-cool, athletic, (com)passionate, cerebral male, 30s, for fun, adventure and cuddling by the fire. Divorced/kids okay. Emotional baggage, no way. Photo a must. 8916 ✉

Attractive, Slim Professional—Manhattan woman. Energetic, open-minded, caring, intuitive. Loves outdoors, movies, art, music, travel. Seeks soul mate, late 50s-mid 60s, nonsmoker. 8907 ✉

Western Connecticut—Petite, old-fashioned Christian lady, 53 - enjoys outdoor activities, reading, fine music, good conversation. I'm seeking a family-oriented, compatible gentleman interested in marriage. Please send detailed letter. 8915 ✉

Jackie Kennedy Look-Alike—Seeks successful, nonsmoking man, 45-60, to share warmth, laughter and NY culture. Tall and slim, I'm smart but low-key. Love travel, theater, music and movies... I'd enjoy them even more with you. Your note/photo could be the start of something wonderful! 8858 ✉

Hurry Up, It's Getting Late—The search is on to find a mate. One must never challenge fate. So let's get together for your first date...with a funny, warm, family-oriented, 30-year-old, professional, single Jewish female who enjoys the art of conversation and everything from a cozy game of Scrabble to the most complex intellectual challenges. If you are a single Jewish male, 30-38, agree with this small sampling of pastimes, and find this attractive, full-figured woman enticing, I would like to hear from you. 8888 ✉☎

COPA
PARTY
NOV. 20

Genuine Jewish Mensch—33, heart of gold, tall, good-looking, Ivy, MBA, successful, from great family, never married. Seeks sweet Jewish female, 24-32, traditional values - loves children, not career-minded, enjoys cooking and smiling. Pleasant surprise awaits. 8867 ✉☎

Attractive Russian Woman—5'6", fit, young 50s. Seeks a real man. 8942 ✉

30/Beautiful/PhD—Eccentric/passionate. Seeking well-established man, doctor/surgeon, 35-45, for friendship, possible long-term relationship. 8850 ✉☎

Make An Appointment!—31-year-old Manhattan MD, single white male, musician, athlete, nonpracticing Catholic, 5'9", blue eyes, handsome, wide range of interests - books, art, cooking, travel... Seeking educated, intellectual, fit, slim, pretty female, 22-32, to explore NYC and hopefully begin something special. Photo, please. 8842 ✉

Fairfield County Nice Guy—Tall, dark Wasp, spiritual, emotionally and financially secure musician/lawyer seeks slender, smart, fun woman for love and companionship. Photo a must. 8939 ✉

LEGS THAT GO ON FOREVER

Beautiful, tall, thin and very athletic with legs that don't stop best describes this exceptional and elegant woman. Equal parts CEO and creme puff, this head of a large manufacturing company is confident, down to earth, has an infectious smile and boundless energy. She loves children, has a heart of gold, wants to slow down and find a perfect partner. If you are between 35-50, exciting, successful and posses a real spirit for living, call THE GODMOTHERS. Great looks will attract her but a quick mind will hold her.

"A gift from us to you".

THE GODMOTHERS©
212-245-7175

Romantic Heart Hunters© Since 1979

New and Improved!

HEAR THE VOICE BEHIND THE AD

CALL 1-900-443-1500

$ .99 EACH MINUTE. TOUCH-TONE PHONE ONLY. THIS SERVICE IS FOR ADULTS 18 YEARS OR OLDER.

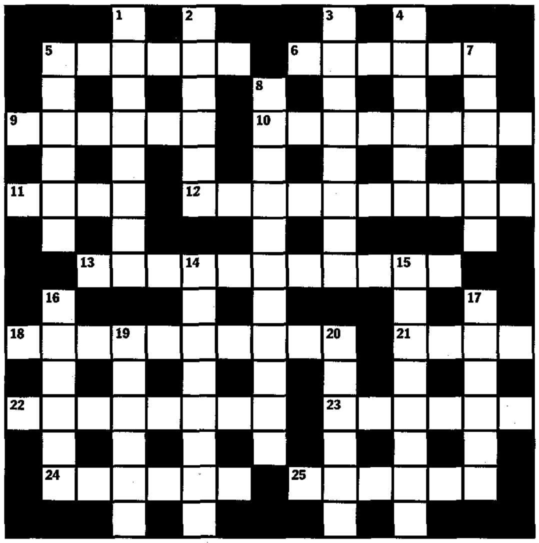
You can now call ☎ as well as write ✉ Strictly Personals advertisers. Look for ads with ☎ to hear a message personally recorded by the advertiser and leave a private message of your own. Advertisers' messages in this issue are accessible for 4 weeks beyond issue's cover date.

PROGRAM SPONSORED BY NEW YORK MAGAZINE AND NEWS AMERICA 900, 1211 6th Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 852-7700

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

5 Hard work, article? Catchy phrase needed. (6)
6 Stay in custody to be watched. (6)
9 Measure gold in falling star. (6)
10 Wine sire ordered to go with fish. (8)
11 Touched material in haberdashery. (4)
12 A horse bolted sadly, he breaking free from it? (6,4)
13 French sweet making poor English trifle look silly. (11)
18 Gosh—op being put back leads to recovery through the body! (10)
21 Unsophisticated enthusiast returning to embrace one. (4)
22 Rodent in classical land held by rebel. (5,3)
23 Rubbish unknown in Irish county. (6)
24 It's most sensitive—therefore put your feet up. (6)
25 Part of tree below ground, as you'd say, in foreign city. (6)



DOWN

1 Rods sailor put down as navigational aid. (4,4)
2 Island bomber. (6)
3 Twit interrupted by bore, someone in trade. (8)
4 Guided submarine to be waterproof? (6)
5 Country holiday region with ideal garden. (6)
7 Hero of Lepanto reportedly in the tower. (6)
8 It could deflect battle spear. (11)
14 In favour of locks to make place very secure. (8)
15 Stretch limo seen in county town. (8)
16 Marsh plant enthrals artist. (6)
17 Bar offering accommodation. (6)
19 Make a mess tucking into food from Frenchman. (6)
20 The ancient sign found by countryfolk. (6)

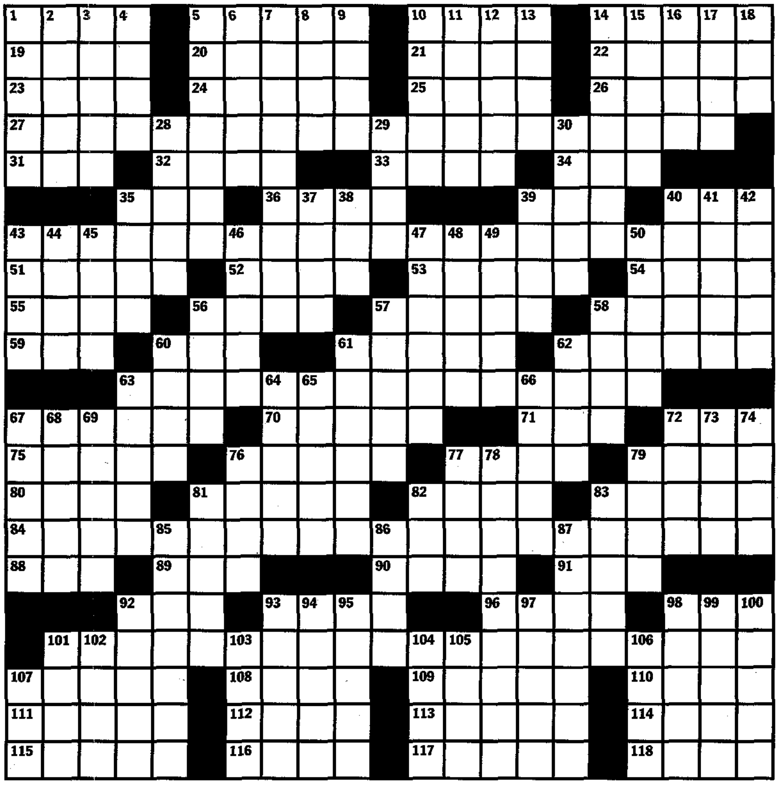
'See 63-Across': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

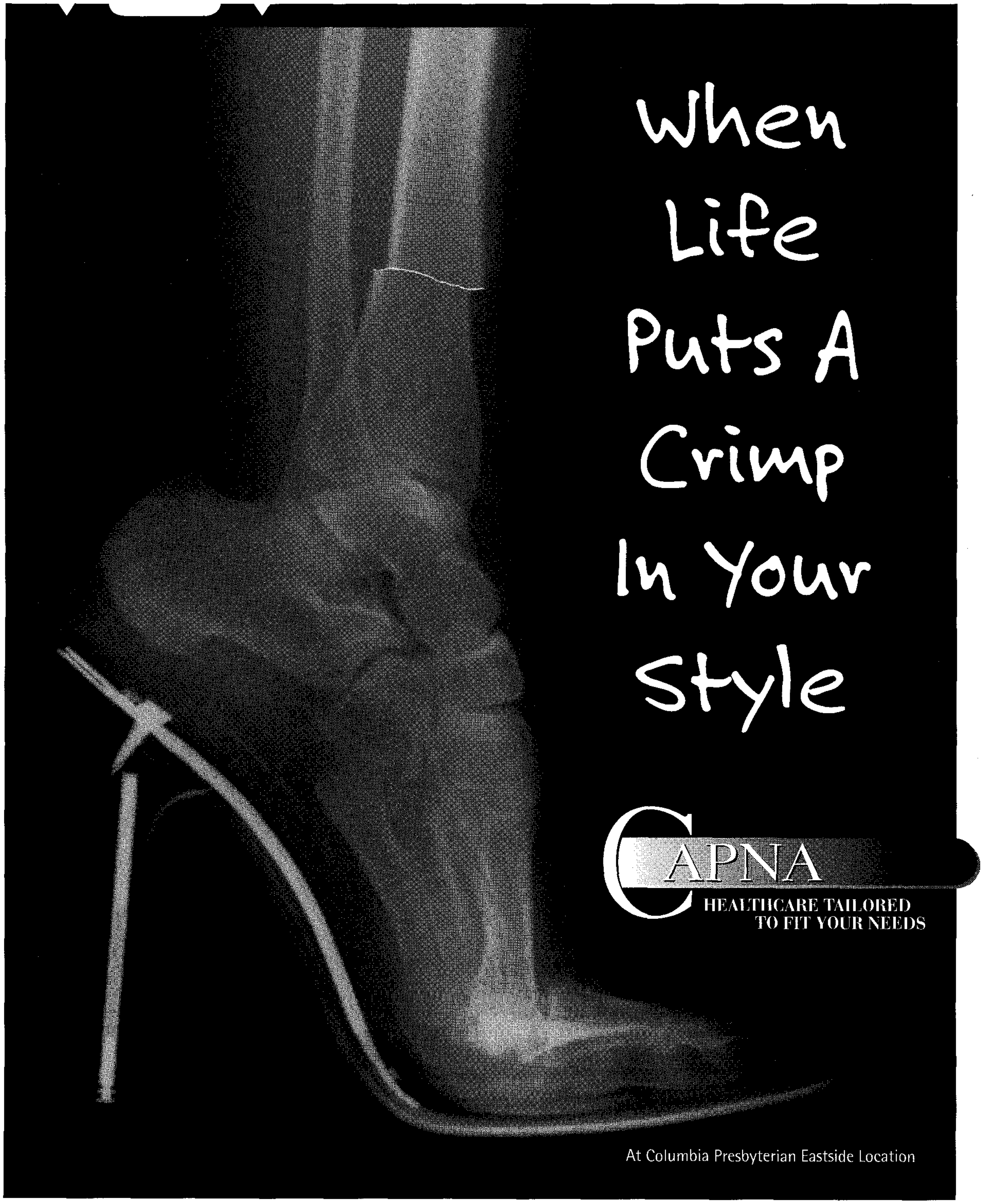
1 Valley of the grapes
5 Error's partner
10 Opposite of don
14 Wire-fence deterrents
19 Airline to Tel Aviv
20 Ergo
21 Face-makeup shade
22 Walled city of Spain
23 Vaulter's need
24 Desert havens
25 Floral necklaces
26 Young Montague
27 THE PROBLEM
31 —— Zeppelin
32 Positive response to "Shall we?"
33 Standing
34 Free of
35 By way of
36 Hit the bottle
39 Norma of a Sally Field film
40 Bran source
43 THE PROBLEM: II
51 Sheeplike
52 Nay voter
53 Mythical weeper
54 List of duties
55 Schooner sight
56 Play divisions
57 —— Ababa
58 Clementine's dad
59 B.P.O.E. member
60 Frequently: poetic
61 Escapee
62 Tension-relieving devices
63 TITLE OF THE PUZZLE
67 Silas of fiction
70 Judge's domain
71 Command to Rover
72 Armies at work
75 African antelope
76 Aesop opus
77 Birthday-party must
79 Like a busybody
80 Plumb crazy
81 Martinique volcano
82 Riddick of the ring
83 "The Divine Comedy" poet
84 THE CONCLUSION
88 Disconsolate
89 Adjective for Abner
90 Smell to high heaven
91 Actress Hagen
92 —— whiz!
93 Pond growth
96 Sunrise direction
98 Overly
101 THE CONCLUSION: II
107 Dessert, in Devon
108 Castle surround
109 Fred Astaire's sister
110 What George couldn't tell
111 Nursery-rhyme porridge
112 Mountain lion
113 More dried out
114 Greek philosopher
115 Proposed
116 Sports-pg. number
117 Hurriedness
118 Paradise lost

DOWN

1 Himalayan kingdom
2 In solitary
3 Blanched
4 Emcee Trebek
5 "Walden" author
6 Do a double take
7 Standing firm on a demand
8 Top pair in poker
9 —— majesty
10 Perry's girl Friday
11 Shakespeare's "vasty deep"
12 Search a suspect
13 Make much ado
14 Hindrance
15 Steer clear of
16 Frozen dew
17 Ran, as dye
18 —— Paulo, Brazil
28 Slur over a syllable
29 Canadian Indian
30 Commerce
35 Exhaust outlet
37 Mel and Ed of baseball
38 Between upsilon and chi
39 Some are prime
40 "A Majority ——," 1959 play
41 Last Grimm word
42 Peter, Paul and Ivan
43 "Drink —— only . . ."
44 White House office
45 Dangerous chance
46 Desert plants
47 Having creditors
48 Successful hitchhiker
49 Watered silk
50 Kind of coffee or whiskey
56 Churchill's "—— Country"
57 Emmy-winner Woodard
58 Marshal Dillon of "Gunsmoke"
60 Was beholden to
61 More offensive, as an odor
62 Adams who wed Kovacs
63 Pester
64 Milan opera house, with "La"
65 "Too proud ——, too honest to steal"
66 Out of whack
67 Thaws
68 Hilo hello
69 Drove the Indy 500
72 Will not, contracted
73 —— spumante
74 Sandwich breads
76 Toppled over
77 Zip or area
78 Alarm clocks
79 Space org. acronym
81 One who pushes on urgently, as with questions
82 Spelling meet
83 Another of the same
85 Warned of danger
86 The E in Q.E.D.
87 Stringent
92 Sillies
93 Approximately
94 Andes animal
95 Apply oneself to
97 Shoelace tip
98 Installed bathroom flooring
99 Cat——tails
100 Start of a Keats title
101 Bedazzles
102 Deck wood
103 Gremlins
104 Diner specialty
105 Mental flash
106 Labyrinth
107 Fitness facility



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 74.


When Life Puts A Crimp In Your Style
CAPNA
HEALTHCARE TAILORED TO FIT YOUR NEEDS
At Columbia Presbyterian Eastside Location

Beauty has its rewards... and its price. So when the pain exceeds the gain, it's time for CAPNA. **Columbia Advanced Practice Nurse Associates.**

Advanced Practice Nurses. A new choice in primary care. They're focused on prevention and will design a personal wellness plan to keep you healthy. They can also diagnose illness, write prescriptions, admit you to the hospital, refer you to specialist physicians, and more.

Advanced Practice Nurses have graduate degrees in a primary care specialty, clinical experience and national certification.

You'll find CAPNA in Midtown Manhattan. We're open early mornings, late evenings and on weekends. We can even make follow-up visits to your home or office.

Advanced Practice Nurses. In partnership with more than 300 physician specialists at our Columbia Presbyterian Eastside Location.

Make CAPNA your primary care provider today.
Call **212-326-5650.**

Visit our website at **www.timeforcapna.com**

Just another innocent get-together?

BAILEYS
Yum.™
BAILEYS

BAILEYS® & COFFEE
The Original.

(With a little BAILEYS, your cups and your coffee will never be the same again.)
These limited-edition BAILEYS coffee cups are available for $14.95 per set,
plus shipping and handling (while supplies last).
Also ask about our other limited-edition accessory collectables.
To order, call 1-800-221-6422 (Catalog: BLE96, Promo: BA37/Item #1A).

©1997 Imported by The Paddington Corporation, Fort Lee, N.J.
Baileys Original Irish Cream® Liqueur 17% Alc. by Vol.
www.baileys.com

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED